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THE McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

VOL. VI.

JUNE, 1896 TO MAY, 1897.

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CONTENTS.

ENGRAVINGS.

		PAGE
Graduates in Arts, 1896	opposite	1
Graduates in Theology, 1896	"	14
A. P. McDiarmid	"	49
Archibald Gillies	"	97
J. I. Bates	"	145
David Buchan	"	193
Adam Burwash	"	241
Decoration of "The Christ" by G. H. Campbell '00	"	289
Samuel Tapscott	"	337

POETRY.

After Trial	G. H. Clarke,	256
In Autumn's Dreamy Ear	Theodore H. Rand	49
In Memoriam	J. H. Farmer	289
McMaster University	Theodore H. Rand	145
Not Dead	W. H. Porter	250
Sleeping Now	O. C. S. Wallace	106
Spring	D. M. Welton	347
The Christ (Decorated)	Theodore H. Rand	289
The Sparrow and the Moth	B. W. N. Grigg	62
Theodore H. Rand	J. F. Herbin	193
To G. v. N. D	Outis	158

STUDENTS' QUARTER.

GRADUATES AND UNDERGRADUATES.

Captain and Mate	Ethel M. Botterill	265
Faith's New Year	O. G. Langford, B.A	169
Lachesis	Ethel M. Botterill	122
Light and Shade	I. G. Matthews	72
My Guardian Angel	O. G. Langford, B.A	69
Protected	O. G. L	216
Resurrection	O. G. L	318
The Snow Fall	J. F. Vichert	222
When and Then	J. E. W. L	119

CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES.

Adam Burwash . . . . . W. T. Graham 241
Archibald Gillies . . . . . A. C. Baker 97
David Buchan . . . . . J. A. Boyd 194
Entomological Sketches . . . . . H. H. Newman 63
In Shakespeare Land . . . . . Florence Carlyle 251
Joseph I. Bates . . . . . D. K. Clarke 146
Samuel Tapscott . . . . . Frederick Tracy 338
The Bible and the People . . . . . J. L. Gilmour 203
The Culture of the Spiritual Life . . . . . Frederick Tracy 159
The Literary Study of the Bible . . . . . D. M. Welton 337
The Relation of McMaster University to the Theological Trend of the Age . . . . . J. H. Farmer 50
The Southern Elective System . . . . . J. H. Farmer 302
Theodore Harding Rand's Poems . . . . . G. Herbert Clarke 353
Two Dramatic Poems . . . . . W. S. W. McLay 108
Worship a Condition of the Highest Morality . . . . . J. Ten Broeke 290

STUDENTS' QUARTER.

GRADUATES AND UNDERGRADUATES.

Annual Report of Fyfe Miss. Society . . . . . C. H. Schutt, B.A. 210
By Susquehanna's Flow . . . . . Ethel M. Botterill 66
Graduates in Arts, 1896 1
Graduates in Theology, 1896 14
Home . . . . . S. E. Grigg 124
Ideals—Their Nature and Value . . . . . G. J. Menge B.A 19
"In Memoriam" . . . . . L. Brown, B.A 25
Leonora's Dream . . . . . Mary E. Burnette 120
MacLaren's Lecture . . . . . C. J. Cameron, B.A 114
Madame Tussaud's, London . . . . . H. Proctor 222
Mrs. Browning's "Vision of Poets" . . . . . W. P. Cohoe B.A 72
Old Scotch Poems . . . . . Kenneth McLeod 258
Student Life at the Univ. of Michigan . . . . . Kenneth McLeod 311
The Ideal College . . . . . L. Brown, B.A 217
The Capital of Peru . . . . . A. B. Reekie 266
The Confab . . . . . G. H. Clarke, B.A 166
The Gift of the Holy Spirit . . . . . J. J. Reeve, B.A 37
The Longest Reign in British History . . . . . J. F. Vichert 360
Whispers from the Pines . . . . . Ethel M. Botterill 172
"Where Every Prospect Pleases" . . . . . O. A. G 306
William Pitt . . . . . A. W. Vining 365
"Zerola of Nazareth" . . . . . E. D. M 315

Editorial Notes 51, 80, 126, 177, 225, 272, 319, 369
Book Reviews 227, 274 323
Here and There 84, 130, 180, 229, 277, 327 371
College News . . . . . 52, 87, 134, 183, 232, 279, 331 . . . 372

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THE

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

JUNE, 1896.

GRADUATES IN ARTS, 1896.

ARCHIBALD GILLIES BAKER.

In the bleak winter month of February, 1875, Archibald Gillies Baker, B.A., was born on the shore of Lake Erie. While yet he was an infant a new home was chosen in the town of Blenheim and a little later again in that of Walkerton. At this town Archie's school life began at the age of seven. After two years another removal changed attendance from the Walkerton school to that of Sarnia. Here his progress was so marked that before his parents left Sarnia for the Eastern Townships, four years later, he had entered the High School. The educational advantages of the east being somewhat inferior to those of the west, Archie was left in charge of very near friends that he might pursue his studies at Sarnia while the family moved to the Lower Provinces. Having matriculated in the summer of 1892 he joined class '96 of McMaster University. During the four years he has spent at the University he has proven himself to be an intelligent student and an expert kicker upon the field. He has won the esteem and good will of the whole college. He leaves his Alma Mater to take a four years' course at the Toronto Medical College. Though Archie is jocular and of a buoyant spirit, yet his religious convictions have been of no shallow depth. The environments of a godly home and the influences of his father, the Rev. A C.

Baker, a much respected and a devoted minister of the Gospel have left impressions indelible. He was converted at the early age of ten and was baptized two years later. He has been a youth of high ambitions. For the past four years there has been an inward contest as to whether his talents and powers should be devoted to seeking worldly advancement and honors for himself or should be consecrated to his Saviour and his Lord. The result is to be judged from his longing desire to administer to the physical and spiritual needs of the benighted heathen.

LLEWELLYN BROWN.

Llewellyn Brown, B.A., was fortunate enough to spend the early years of his life upon his father's farm at Belmont, near London, Ont. Emerson spoke rightly, for in that happy country life he found "solitude and reading, manly labour, cheap living, and old shoes; moors for game, hills for geology, and groves for devotion." All these greet his occasional return. At fourteen years of age, the boy, grown thoughtful and resolute beyond his years, entered Woodstock College. His thoughtfulness, however, did not hinder its possessor's devotion to football and all manly sports,—nay, it emphasized that very tendency. Brown played and worked in good proportion. His judgment was right and steady because of this marked characteristic—upheld always and commended by such men as Arnold, Thring and Huston—honest reflection. Such a guardian genius has been Brown's throughout the years. After a successful graduation, Llewellyn entered McMaster University with the famous Class of '96. In college he distinguished himself again in football, becoming one of the leading exponents of that royal game. Nor was he therefore delinquent in his studies, proving himself again and again an earnest, faithful and highly promising student. He particularly distinguished himself in his favourite study—English language and literature, and administered the affairs of the Camelot Club (the organization of specialists in English), as president for 1895-'96, with marked success. It was not long before the path of the gospel ministry lay plain and open before him. He did not hesitate. During the last two summers of his collegiate course he preached

at Brantford, supplying there also during the winter. Llewellyn Brown is a man on whom McMaster University is proud to set her seal. He means to honour his Alma Mater. It is expected that he will return to complete his theological course before entering finally upon the chosen work of his life.

WALLACE PATTEN COHOE.

Wallace Patten Cohoe, B.A., is a native of Canada, born in the vicinity of Norwich, Ont. Being the son of a Baptist minister, his early education was by no means neglected, although somewhat varied, owing to the fact that he attended no less than three or four different public schools before entering Woodstock College. Here he joined the class of '92 and remained for a year and a half. Here also he enjoyed the life of a boarding school, beloved by all, forming acquaintances with some of those who were to be his class-mates in after years at McMaster University. Quite unlike some of our boys, he was never much taken up with the amusements of college days, but his time was employed in quieter and more serious pursuits. After leaving Woodstock College, Wallace entered the Hagersville High School, where he passed the Provincial Matriculation, taking honours in English, and entered Toronto University. One year, however, was quite sufficient for Wallace at Toronto, and in the fall of '93 he joined class '96 at McMaster, where he has formed many warm friends and life-long acquaintances. From the beginning of his course, Wallace has shown a natural liking and ability for science, and to this special work he has turned his attention, always proving himself to be a diligent and accurate student of nature. He has for the past year, besides his regular work at the University, held the position of Science Master in Moulton Ladies' College. Nor is his ambition satisfied or his course ended. Wallace is looking forward to years of study yet before he settles down in life. Well may we predict that in the near future he will be filling an honourable position in some of our leading Universities. He aims high ; may he attain his aim !

ARCHIBALD DARROCH.

Archibald Darroch, B.A., hails from Arran Township, Bruce County. He is of Scotch descent and manifests many traits peculiar to his nationality. He was reared on a farm and spent the first days of his strong manhood following the plough. To this early rural employment is to be attributed much of the strength of character, and vigor both of body and of mind that so mark his life. Mr. Darroch was a very imagmative youth. Visions of the unseen and future world kept continually passing through his mind like a solemn drama. From early boyhood he was under deep conviction of sin, which finally resulted in a joyful salvation at the age of 18. Like many men in our college to-day he enjoyed meagre educational advantages. Being the only son and the eldest in the family he was kept at home to assist his father in the busy life on the farm. Mr. Darroch enjoyed this youthful employment and would doubtless have remained there all the rest of his life had not the call to the ministry been an imperative one. From the time he realized that his life duty was to preach the gospel he engaged in active Christian work in the church into which he was baptized, and sought eagerly after the conversion of his friends and neighbors. In the prime of his young manhood the gracious privilege of attending Woodstock College was afforded him and there he spent a number of years in preparation for a University course. Here he came under many influences which tended to deepen his spiritual life and whose gracious ministry were priceless in the upbuilding of Christian character and in placing before him a true ideal to follow after in life. Mr. Darroch was, from the day he entered Woodstock to his graduation from McMaster University, a hard worker, and was a remarkably good all-round student. The subjects in which he took special delight at Woodstock College were Latin Prose and at McMaster English and Philosophy. He goes out into the Christian ministry well equipped for service. His warm Scotch nature, strength of character, devotion to the truth, and his loyalty to every call of duty, make him not only an honor to his Alma Mater but also to his Master and the Gospel he so truly exemplifies and seeks to publish abroad. We prophecy a useful future and a noble life for one of the best and most promising members of class '96.

MARY ELIZABETH DRYDEN.

Among the graduates of '96 there is one name, that of Miss Mary Elizabeth Dryden, B.A., especially deserving of notice, not only because she was the only lady in this class, but because of the excellence of the work done by her during the entire course. The Township of Whitby, in the County of Ontario, is noted as an exceptionally good farming district. Of the many beautiful farms, that of the Minister of Agriculture surpasses all others. This is Miss Dryden's birth-place. Her first scholastic attainments were achieved in the school-house on the corner of her father's farm. From this school, at the age of 12, she passed the entrance examination and then attended the Collegiate Institute at Whitby for a short time, till she began her studies in Moulton College, Toronto. Here she pursued the work of the English Scientific Course, until about ready for graduation, when a severe illness hindered her. After recovery she took Latin in connection with her other work, and graduated from Moulton in the Matriculation Course. In October, '92, she entered upon the lengthy and taxing Arts Course in the University, from which she graduated in May, 1896. Miss Dryden brought to this work a mind of exceptional vigor upheld by excellent physical strength, and a gift for doing the most thorough work in all branches of study. Thus equipped, she was able to complete her four years' course without a break, always receiving the highest honors at testing time. Combined with such mental and physical force was a Christian character of earnest consecration, which, instead of being dwarfed, as some think inevitable under a course of such rigid study, has expanded. This deepening of spiritual life which had so good a foundation laid in her home training was largely due to the Christian influences of Moulton College, which she testifies from experience is a Christian school of learning, not in name only but in reality. To whatever sphere of life Miss Dryden may give her energies, we predict for her success in all her undertakings, feeling sure that she will take into her lifework that same thoroughness which has been so characteristic of her in her entire student life. We wait to be sharers in the richness which her pen will yet add to the literary wealth of the century.

WILLIAM FINDLAY.

At summer solstice just 22 years ago, the subject of this sketch was born in a Scotch home upon the farmland of Glanford township, Wentworth, Ont. After a public school training successively at Carluke, Brookes and Owen Sound, he passed the entrance examination at the remarkably early age of twelve. His High School course, begun in Owen Sound and Caledonia, where he received a primary art certificate, was completed in Parkdale Collegiate Institute, Toronto, with the Junior Leaving Examination. After a short time spent in securing a professional third-class certificate at the Junction Model School, discovering that he was too young to teach, his attention was directed to McMaster University, and through the influence of Professor McKay he was encouraged to pursue an Arts course. This he entered in time to begin work with the class that has just graduated. To the lustre of this class he has in no small measure contributed. He has throughout ranked among the foremost members in his general standing and examinations. But especially in mathematics has he been the glory of '96. Whether he has rendered the subject less prosaic to the average student will soon be manifest, but it was at all events as poetry to himself. Not infrequently, I ween, has he given his professor much joy, because of his undoubted proficiency in this *ars artium* and *scientia scientiarum*. If what has been be any indication of what shall be, we need not be surprised if William shall yet rise to a position of eminence because of his undoubted talent for mathematical and philosophical research. He has recently been appointed Fellow in Mathematics and Physics for the ensuing year.

ANDREW IMRIE.

Andrew Imrie, B.A., is the son of Lowland Scotch parents. He was born early in the seventies in a rough-cast house on Church Street, Brockville. His public school education began when he reached the age of three-and-a-half years, and at the age of eleven he passed the entrance examination and entered the high school. Owing, however, to the difficulty of keeping the young growing life within its proper bounds he found

himself, after a few months, excluded from its privileges. His mind then turned to business life, and his next seven years were spent behind the counter of a grocery store in his native town. Here he obtained, no doubt, his keen insight into human nature which characterizes him so thoroughly to-day. It was during this time that he was converted, and the current of his life being changed his thought turned to school again. Accordingly, at the age of nineteen he entered the High School again, and in the summer of '92 passed his matriculation examination. In the autumn of that year he joined the class of '96 in McMaster and has won for himself since that time the reputation of a devoted student. Andrew is a genial warm-hearted, true-souled fellow. His enthusiasm for sports is well known, and during the past season he has been the defender of McMaster's football goal. His work as a preacher of the gospel and as a pastor has been no less successful than his efforts as a student. His first pastoral charge was North Hamilton, where he spent the summer of '93. The next two summers found him at Schomberg, whither he has again returned for this year. He is an earnest and animated preacher, a devoted Bible-student, and a strong defender of the old foundation truths of the gospel. With such powers of body and mind and soul as he possesses we have every confidence that his success as a minister of the gospel is assured.

ALBOURN NEWCOMB MARSHALL.

Albourn Newcomb Marshall, B.A., is one of McMaster's little band of Nova Scotians. His birthplace and the home of his boyhood was Bridgetown, near which the blue Atlantic rolls in its tides. The Annapolis Valley is indeed one of the choice spots in our fair land; and "A. N." is never sparing in his eulogies of its vast apple orchards, its rolling meadows and rugged mountains. With this environment he lived the life of a happy farmer's boy until he went away to High School to prepare himself to become an instructor of youth. After a full course he received his certificate and almost immediately received the charge of a good school. Three profitable and pleasant years were spent in this field of labor, but some-

thing higher was in store for "A. N." It was during this time that he was converted. Until then he had taken little or no interest in things spiritual, but now he came out boldly for his Master, and decided to enter the ministry. With this end in view he came to Woodstock in 1892, and spent one very profitable term there, graduating with one of the finest classes old Woodstock has ever sent forth. With many of his classmates Mr. Marshall was fortunate enough to enter McMaster with the class of 1896. During his Arts Course he has been one of the mainstays of his class, and has played no small part in the life of the student body, winning many warm friends and the esteem of all his fellow students. As a preacher he is very eloquent, speaking directly from the heart. He loves his work and his flock at Oshawa think that no one is quite such a pastor as their own. Room 12 has been the scene of some of the happiest years of his life and we hope to see him take up his old quarters in the Fall.

JOHN JAMES MCNEILL.

A home, no matter how majestic or humble, gives not the truest distinction to its inmates; but true distinction or honour may be given the home by the inmates of it. Men of genius have come from the hovel, the hut, and from the humble home. And we believe that these homes have almost been immortalized because of the true and pure lives lived, and the noble work accomplished by their output. Such, we believe, will be the fact concerning the home from which our classmate, John James McNeill, B.A., has been sent forth into the world. He was born in a humble log home in Bruce County, Township of Elderslee, in the spring of 1874. He is of Highland Scotch extraction, and possesses that sturdy independence, and sterling integrity so characteristic of the Highlanders. At the age of six he entered the common county school, and soon manifested a keen intellect; for at the age of 12 he passed his entrance examination to the High School. The two following years were spent at home breathing into body and soul the blessings of farm life. At the age of 15 he was converted and baptized by Rev. P. H. McEwen of Victoria, B.C. In 1889 he entered Walkerton High School; matri-

culated in 1892, and in the same fall entered McMaster University. It was at McMaster that John made a record for himself, not only as a student, though he is one of the keenest minds of class '96, but as an orator. Recognizing his ability, the Literary Society appointed him as their President; which chair he filled most successfully and satisfactorily. The true spirit of service has seized him. He lives not for himself, but for fallen humanity. He is a man of brains, of sympathy, of true ideals, and one who never puts his hand to anything into which he could not throw his whole self. Because of this spirit we anticipate the time when John shall stand out not only as one of the leading stars of class '96; but as one of the leading pastors of our Baptist denomination.

GEORGE JOHN MENGE.

George John Menge, B.A., was born in the Queen City, Aug. 21, 1872. He is of Celtic and German descent. In his ancestors we find much explanation of George's tastes and abilities so familiar to his fellow students. One was a German professor and a linguist of no mean ability. Another has indelibly imprinted the family name upon the vocabulary of mineralogy. Several of his grand-uncles were missionaries of the gospel in India. Our brother's education has been received in Toronto. It was in the earlier part of 1885 that he began a record of prize-winning which, we believe, has been seldom if ever equalled in the history of our primary and secondary schools. He held unquestionably the first place in all his classes, and received no less than fifteen or sixteen prizes on various occasions. He secured the prize in mathematics at the combined examinations of 1888. Next year he headed the list of all the Junior Fifth pupils of Toronto, receiving a set of Irving's works, and also a silver medal from the W.C.T.U. for an examination in temperance. He graduated, in the following year, from the Senior Fifth form, again heading the Toronto lists and winning the Macdonald gold medal for general proficiency, the first scholarship, the Kent silver medal for proficiency in Canadian history and geography, first scholarship in drawing, and the first prize given by the W.C.T.U. for a temperance essay. His aca-

demic training was received at the Parkdale Collegiate Institute, from which he matriculated in two years with first-class honors in English, history and geography, and classics, and second-class honors in mathematics. It was about this time that he received the call to the Divine ministry, and straightway enrolled himself as a student at McMaster University and as a missionary to the needy parts of his native province. Illness has seriously handicapped him in both of these sacred pursuits, nevertheless he has won a high place in the esteem of professors and fellow-students as well as in that of the Home Mission Board and the churches in connection with which he has labored.

HORATIO HACKETT NEWMAN.

Horatio Hackett Newman, B.A., hails from the balmy South. We are glad that Seale, Alabama, contributed so excellent a member to class '96. Although born in a sunnier clime and in a milder air, he has no regrets that Canada has bestowed upon him her temperate and invigorating gifts. The Southern iron has become the Northern steel. Chiefest among the blessings of youth is a beautiful, cultured Christian home. This Mr. Newman has ever had, and we are not surprised that in such an atmosphere health of mind and spirit is assured. He is reported to have been a mischievous, restless boy; but when his proper ambition was aroused and work begun in earnest, a steady progress ensued, with ever-brightening success, until he captured the ermine at 21. During his University course it became a question of serious moment as to which department of work he should lend his focussed energies. Classics claimed him as a champion, and never ceased granting him honors. English also strongly attracted him; but not until Natural Science opened her treasures so rich and abundant did he find his proper sphere. His "Entomological Sketches," which have appeared in this magazine, need no comment. A son of our esteemed and honored Professor, Dr. Newman, he also aspires to a place in the professoriate. Some University will yet be proud to offer him a chair in Biology. President Newman, (a title given him as highest officer of the class during the last year in course, and extended for the term of four years), though not distinguished by gifts of

oratory, nor yet a protege of the muses, possesses powers which give him companionship with the first rank. Devout, accurate, successful in all his work; strong and manly in conviction and bearing; loyal, generous and true in every relationship, he bears the impress of manhood worthy of his Alma Mater.

JAMES BAXTER PATERSON.

James Baxter Paterson, B.A., familiarly known to all students of McMaster, Moulton and Woodstock as J.B., was born at Pointe Claire, which is on the shore of beautiful Lake St. Louis, about fifteen miles from Montreal. There being no Protestant school in that place, and as J.B., even in boyhood, did not love the Roman Catholic religion, he gained his early education under the instruction of a private governess All his friends feel they owe a debt of gratitude to that governess, for she must have instilled into her young pupil much of the charm of manner and kindliness of spirit, which make him so popular not only in college but wherever he goes. The writer of this article, however, has more than once enjoyed the privilege of visiting his home, and believes that from his mother he inherits the traits of character for which he is so much loved. At thirteen years of age he entered a wholesale fancy-goods warehouse in Montreal, and in four years was successively message boy, salesman and confidential clerk. At eighteen he went out as travelling salesman. It was about a year after this, at one of Mr. Moody's meetings, that he was converted. So great was his love for his new Lord that for three years he worked and waited that he might enter upon his college course to fit himself for the ministry. It was in '89 he entered Woodstock, and there on the campus and in the halls he won hosts of friends. The resident masters still have vivid recollections of the quiet that reigned in J.B.'s room after Morpheus had really secured him in his arms. Oh, J.B., J.B.! In '92 he matriculated with the famous class of which Sycamore, Seager, McCaw, Brown, Hurley and Darroch were members. Most of this class had a glorious reunion in Fall, '92, and entered on the University Course. And this year, as one of the most esteemed members of the famous class of '96, he graduated. He has preached for four summers and now is at Arnprior. He

expects to return to McMaster and finish his B.Th. course. This brief sketch of his career would be incomplete without a tribute of praise to his indefatigable efforts to make the college paper a success. He worked hard for it at its inception as the "Woodstock College Monthly," and last year as Business Manager has thrown his unabated interest into this as in all departments of his loved Alma Mater. Long life and success to Mr. and *Mrs.* J. B. Paterson!

CANBY EDWIN SCOTT.

Canby Edwin Scott, B.A., is one of '96's "great men from the country." He was born on a farm at Coldstream, Middlesex County, Ont., where he spent the first years of his life and received his early education. At the age of ten his family moved to Michigan, and here he spent five years, still attending school and devoting his attention to the three all-important R's. Returning again to his former Canadian home, Mr. Scott attended the public school at Sparta, and passed the entrance examination at Christmas, '84. In the midsummer of '86 he received his second class certificate from Aylmer High School, after which he attended the Model School in St. Thomas. He taught during the two years following, then attended the Normal at Toronto, teaching afterwards again for nearly three years. It was during his stay at Aylmer that Mr. Scott became a Christian, his conversion taking place through his attendance at special meetings held in the Baptist church of that town. During the summer of '86 he was baptized by Rev. G. B. Davis, and transferred his membership from the Society of Friends to the Baptist church. While attending the Normal in Toronto he engaged in Mission work in connection with the Beverley Street church, and it was at this time that he decided to enter the ministry and devote his whole life to a work which had become dear to him. His first work in the ministry was at Dresden during the eleven months from November '91 to October '92. At this latter date he entered class '96 of McMaster University, where his genuine worth of character and genial bearing made him at once a favorite with his classmates. He occupied the chair of Class President during the term of '94-'95, a most prosperous year in

the class history. He is laboring at Newmarket during the summer, and will return to McMaster in the fall to join class '98 in Theology. Wherever future years may find him, '96 wishes Mr. Scott all blessing in the work to which he has been called.

GEORGE NOWELL SIMMONS.

George Nowell Simmons, B A., is a true Christian and a loyal Canadian. Native of our land, he is ever zealous for its welfare; and now a graduate of famed McMaster, who may foretell the outcome of his manful, courageous spirit on the life of the country? He was born at Todmorden, in the vicinity of the Queen City, March 26th, 1872. In '75 his father moved to the city; and George, at the age of four, began his school days on Bolton Street. Courtland was the boy's next home. When seven years old he was attacked by a most serious illness, from which it took long years to recover. Indeed, from this time, attendance at school was exceedingly irregular through impaired health. The age of nineteen saw George in attendance at the Tilsonburg High School; and the summer of '92 his matriculation at the Aylmer Collegiate Institute. It was during his course at Tilsonburg, while studying one day seated in his own room, that he saw the "light from heaven." Thus he became a true convert to Jesus. About a year later he was baptized. He entered McMaster in the fall of '92, he became a member of the already well known class of '96; and this spring was numbered among the graduates of our great University. In life's journey, may "Prosperity be his page"! If persevering, conscientious effort and a scrupulous life is that which brings success, we know that our classmate will succeed. He has always shown, too, a remarkable strength of individuality. This, coupled with his equally strong adherence to his own convictions of life's principles, and his other sturdy traits, make him a character of wide influence, and a member of ninety-six honored and [illegible].

GRADUATES IN THEOLOGY, 1896.

CARSON JOHN CAMERON.

Carson John Cameron, B.A., B.Th., is the son of Rev. John Cameron, of Tiverton, Ont. He was born in Peterborough. After passing through various public schools, he attended high school at Almonte and Walkerton, entered the Hamilton Collegiate Institute, and finally Woodstock College. He taught school for seven years, in Elderslee, Underwood, Walkerton and Hamilton. In October, 1891, he joined the pioneer class of '94 at McMaster, having already taken his freshman year at Toronto University. During his Arts course he specialized in classics and was graduated with honors in that department. He entered upon his theological work in October, 1894, and is now fully equipped for his chosen work. Mr. Cameron is especially noted for his executive and administrative abilities. He was the efficient business manager of THE McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY for the first three years of its existence, and has held office on the respective executives of almost every society in the University, distinguishing himself greatly in his presidency of the Literary and Scientific Society. The crowning honour, however, was reserved for his final year, when he was elected chairman of the Student Body—an officer popularly termed High Kakiac. Mr. Cameron filled this difficult office in so able, genial and dignified a manner that he was made the recipient of a handsome miniature gavel, the symbol of his well-wielded authority, at the closing dinner of the year. Throughout his whole college course Mr. Cameron has been engaged in preaching, and during vacations has served with great acceptance the churches at Dalesville, Port Perry, Cheltenham and Uxbridge. He has just accepted a unanimous call to the pastorate of the Vankleek Hill Baptist Church, where he is now settled and accomplishing thoroughly effective work. Carson Cameron, aiming at a broad and general culture, has touched life at many points—all essential ones. He has thus gained an even impetus that his influence will propagate, as the banian tree accomplishes its work of covering acres with its own robust life and grateful shade.

GRADUATES IN THEOLOGY, 1896.

C J. Cameron, J. W. Kirkpatrick, W T. Bunt, B W. Merrill,
W. W. McMaster, A. F. Hammett, J. J. Reeve, E. J. Stobo, Jr.

JAMES WILLIAM KIRKPATRICK.

James William Kirkpatrick was born in Brownsville, Ontario, and is the youngest son of a family of five. His father died during James' infancy, and the boy resided with his widowed mother until seventeen years of age. About this time he became converted, through the instrumentality of the Rev. J. B. Moore, and was baptized by him, uniting thus with the Brownsville Baptist Church. After three years spent in the cheesemaking industry, Mr. Kirkpatrick entered the commercial department in connection with Woodstock College. While pursuing his course therein, the idea of the gospel ministry as his future vocation claimed much of his thought and attention, but the matter was discovered to none of his friends or acquaintances. He left the college and spent several of the ensuing years in various fields of occupation, especially in the lumber mills and camps contiguous to Parry Sound. Here his decision was finally made and he became ready and anxious to enter upon the work to which God called him. He was greatly helped and influenced in this decision by the wise advice of the Rev. J. G. Brown and the late Principal McGregor. He thus re-entered Woodstock in 1889, and after three years came to McMaster. He spent four years in his Theological Course, and is now not only happily married, but settled as pastor of the church at Bailieboro. Mr. Kirkpatrick is an earnest and devoted Christian man, whose life and work may be confidently expected to glorify the name of his Master.

WILLIAM WARDLEY McMASTER.

William Wardley McMaster, B.A., B.Th., is a son of James Short McMaster, Esq., of Toronto, treasurer of the University. He was born in Lancashire, England, and spent two years in a private school at Hornsey. After this he completed a course of four years' study at Amersham Hall School, near Reading He came to Canada in January, 1885, and for four years was engaged in business with his father. Although he proved singularly successful in this department of life, it soon became manifest that another work was destined for him. God called His

servant to His ministry in the gospel pulpit. He straightway left business, entered McMaster University with the Alphas of the Arts Course, worked ardently and earnestly, and was graduated in 1894 with high honours. Withal he gained much valuable experience through his labours upon various missions fields, and entered upon his theological work in the Fall of 1894 admirably conditioned to perform its duties and appreciate its lessons. He did excellent service as secretary of the Fyfe Missionary Society. He leaves us this year a strong man, devout and faithful, one whose life will reflect and transmit the spirit of his Master. He is stationed at Tiverton, Ont.

BERT WARD MERRILL.

Bert Ward Merrill, B.A., B.Th., comes of good Baptist stock, his father being a deacon of the Hartford church. On Febuary 14th, 1871, Bert and his twin brother Frank, now a druggist in Brantford, took up their abode in the Merrill homestead. At 11 years of age the subject of this sketch passed the High School entrance examination and went to live with his brother-in-law, Rev. A. P. McDiarmid, first in Port Hope, then in Ottawa. He was converted in 1885, and from 1886 to 1888 was a student at Woodstock College. When writing on his matriculation examination in 1888 Mr. Merrill came under the influence of the late Principal McGregor and was led to consider whether he should not devote his life to the work of the ministry. In 1892 he received his B.A. degree from Toronto University, and spent the summer of that year in Fort William. The session 1892-'93 was occupied in the study of theology, and from May '93 until Oct. '94 Fort William again claimed his services. In Oct. '94 Mr. Merrill returned to McMaster and has just graduated B.Th. During the summer of '95 he was in charge of the McPhail Memorial Church, Ottawa. Bert is an enthusiastic student, has great power of application and possesses discrimination "large." He has always been a joy to his professors. He shines too on the foot-ball field, having at different periods been a member of 'Varsity team and captain of McMaster. He is highly esteemed by his fellow students, who, this year, raised him to the presidency of the Theological Society. Mr. Merrill

is a good preacher, having a decided tendency to exposition. He is a faithful pastor and has been a successful soul-winner. On June 3rd he was married to Miss Linnah May Wilcoc of Round Plains, Ont., (formerly of Hartford) a Woodstock student of co-education days, who was also at Moulton during the first year of its history. With his bride he goes back to Fort William, to the pastorate of which church he was ordained on May 15th. May he be as good a minister as he has been a student is our best wish!

JAMES JOSIAH REEVE.

James Josiah Reeve, B.A., B.Th., was born in the city of Guelph. His years of boyhood and early youth were spent upon a farm in the Township of Puslinch. Then he entered the Guelph Collegiate Institute, where he studied over two years. During this time Mr. Reeve was converted and united with what is now the Trinity Baptist Church, in his native city. His first attempts at preaching proved so successful and God revealed His purpose in so may confirmatory aspects that Mr. Reeve at length fully decided to devote his life to the ministry of the gospel of Christ. In 1891 he entered McMaster University and, after a remarkably thorough and successful course, was graduated with the Class of '94. He re-entered McMaster the ensuing Fall, pursued an equally satisfactory Theological course and is now settled as pastor of the church at Pembroke, Ont. Both of his graduating essays, the latter of which we publish in this number, evinced good discrimination and deep study. Indeed, Reeve has always had a laudable preference for

> "Twenty bookes clothëd in black or red
> Of Aristotle and his philosophie."

If the subject of this sketch realizes all the high expectations so confidently entertained regarding his future, he will indeed prove a great man in the eyes of the world. In any event, he will be truly great, for he will fill his place, wherever that may be.

EDWARD JOHN STOBO, JR.

The subject of this brief sketch was born at Kilmarnock, Ayrshire, in Scotland, on January 28th, 1867. His parents were pious, God-fearing people, his father being the Rev. E. J. Stobo, now living in Quebec city. His pure Scotch parentage and early religious training will account largely for the stern uprightness and sterling honesty of his character. In 1872 the family removed to Canada and settled at Fonthill and Welland. Seven years later Edward was converted and baptized at Collingwood. In 1880 he entered the Peterboro' Collegiate Institute, where he studied for two years. At the end of that time he began the stern duties of life by clerking in a store for a year. The next three years were spent in a law-office and the following year he became night-editor of the *Quebec Morning Chronicle*. But God had higher work in store for His servant than the profession of lawyer or journalist. His parents had long been praying that their son might become a minister of the gospel, and in the spring of 1887 he heard and obeyed the summons of the Master. He decided to enter the Christian ministry, and in April of that year was licensed by the church at Quebec to preach the gospel. The summer was spent in preaching successively at Dixville and Arnprior, and in the fall he became a student at Woodstock College, where he remained for two years, matriculating in 1889. In 1890 he became a member of the first undergraduate class of McMaster University, but his health failed during the second year of his course and he was reluctantly compelled to abandon his purpose of graduating with the famous class of '94. After a brief respite from college work he returned to McMaster in 1893 and entered upon his Theological course, which he pursued with earnestness and fidelity, graduating from this department of the University with high honors in 1896. In April of the present year he received and accepted the unanimous call of the Baptist church at North Bay, Ont., to become its pastor. Owing to the distance of this church from sister churches and the impossibility of a council meeting with it he was ordained in the Jarvis St. and Bloor St. churches on May 15th, together with his classmate Mr. B. W. Merrill. During his undergraduate course Mr. Stobo has served the churches at Papineauville, Belfountain, II Mark-

ham, Potton, Sarnia Township, and Tiverton. His ability as a sound Biblical preacher is acknowledged by all who have had the pleasure of hearing him. His talents are those of the teacher rather than of the evangelist. His professors and fellow-students entertain high expectations of the Rev. Edward John Stobo, B.Th.

IDEALS—THEIR NATURE AND VALUE.

In every sphere of human activity there is manifest a dissatisfaction with present attainment. Man is restless. The visible world cannot content him. Because he has a future whose glory is pictured in his imagination. Present realities are insufficient. He has a vision of something grander which thrills his breast with hope, and crowds his mind with stimulating thoughts. That which is the ground of this dissatisfaction with actual achievement, that object to attain which all his energies and activities are set into motion, that image which ever flitting before the consciousness of the individual, impels him to nobler and loftier attainment, is the highest and most perfect conception which each has created for himself and which he recognizes as his ideal.

It is the nature and value of this ideal image that is the subject of the present consideration.

Psychologically, ideals are imaged constructions. Their formation is usually a slow and gradual process. The will is excited to accomplish an end. This end or ideal motive may be the most general notion. An artist desires to make something beautiful or expressive; an inventor, something useful. With this vague thought they begin to select their images, and as the construction proceeds it is as new to them as to others. Later in the growing process the end becomes more definite as the possibilities of the creation become evident.

It is important to emphasize the creative element in the

Note—Owing to the necessity of going to press at once, two biographical sketches (those of Messrs. Sycamore and Foster) in the Arts Class and two in Theology (Messrs. Bunt and Hammett) are unavoidably omitted, as they are not yet received. The omission will be rectified in a later number.

construction of these ideal conceptions. Some may object that the mind does not create anything, but simply reproduces and rearranges the material of sense experience. Even Aristotle overlooked this power of man, and regarded the contemplative activity as in itself synonymous with pure intelligence. But is this the highest of human activities? Must we deny absolutely the independence and originality of mind? Is the mental faculty a mere passive machine for the manipulation of a few perceptions? How then are we to account for the great literary and artistic productions which excelled all before them in brilliancy as the diamond excels the agate? Where was the conception of Paradise Lost before the blind poet of England created it? Where was that famous cathedral, St. Peter's of Rome, before the magnificent conception of Michael Angelo? Where were those masterpieces of musical composition, the grand oratorios of "Creation" and the "Last Judgment" before Haydn and Spohr? These completed and unique results existed nowhere until the originator gave birth to their forms and combined their elements into a harmonious and living whole.

Ideals enter into every relation of life, but in general four distinct classes may be distinguished—logical, æsthetic, ethical, and religious. Logical ideals are systems of thought in mental construction. To this class belong all rationally constructed scientific theories, for example, the Nebular Hypothesis, which is perhaps the grandest conception ever constructed of the prehistoric development of the universe. Æsthetic ideals have beauty for their object, and include ideal conceptions in the fine arts. Ethical ideals have special reference to moral character. The religious ideal is the supreme activity of the human spirit in its effort to gain a conception of God as a being who in Himself comprehends all goodness and beauty and truth.

Æsthetic ideals, in particular, are sometimes defined as the sufficiently beautiful, as that which satisfies, as the great desideratum. To be true and satisfying and beautiful, they must possess at least four inherent qualities. They must have a certain degree of unity. They must not be a mere disconnected confusion of images, or "such stuff as dreams are made of." All minor particulars must harmonize with the one supreme idea. There must be in the whole a certain meaning, a human interest,

a power to excite social and sympathetic emotions. A peasant's cottage or a church steeple in a landscape painting gives to the whole scene a touch that is human. And further, they must be universally valid. Ideals are therefore the forms which our conceptions would take if they possessed a satisfactory degree of unity, harmony, significance, and universality.

Some psychologists make little or no distinction between the moral and the religious ideal. But with due respect to their discriminating judgment, we may have no hesitancy in differing from their view. There is as much difference between moral and religious ideals as there is between the logical and æsthetic. The one is a cold formal rationalism, while the other is an emotion-stirring power. The ethical ideal has its centre in the formulation of a dead rule: the religious ideal is the vivid presentation of a living Personality. It is not a mere abstract beauty, or goodness, or truth, that is presented as the supreme religious conception, but an acting and emotional Individuality that possesses these qualities in their highest perfection.

Proceeding from the nature of ideals to their value, we find that they are indispensable to the life and action of all great artists and reformers. Those who have accomplished the most worthy objects were devoted to high ideals. The great benefactors of mankind were men who set before them one supreme ideal to which they devoted all their moments and thoughts, all their powers and energies. The noble and eminent dead speak to us through their works of the lofty conceptions which like a magnetic power drew them ever on to those grand achievements which have lifted them far above their fellows, and established their fame throughout the centuries.

Ideals are invaluable because of the superior satisfaction which they yield. The real generally fails to give the gratification demanded. Not that there is nothing beautiful in external reality. No creation of man can ever surpass the exquisite beauty of form and color stamped upon the floral world. But nature does not and cannot satisfy the higher impulses of our soul. Where in reality is there a satisfactory exhibition of moral beauty? If existing at all, it exists only in momentary flashes—seldom permanent, and never perfect. To experience a full and satisfying joy, we are, therefore, forced to take the

creatures who are to give it to us, out of reality into the domain of the ideal. It is just this fact that contributes so largely to our high appreciation of portraiture. The portrait is not a mere photograph. It may not represent a man as the sun has ever pictured him. But it is a true presentation of the finest qualities of his soul. And this is the kind of representation which, failing to find in reality, the most of us seek to picture in our imagination. We seek a beauty that transcends reality, craving for a kind of pleasure which is the most acute and exquisite that our soul can enjoy. No physical beauty can make our souls brim over with delight as this moral loveliness when we see it, see it in our mind, not imperfect and fleeting as in reality, but with the steady and complete perfection into which our soul has wrought it.

But that which renders the ideal most invaluable is its power to stimulate efforts to attainment. So great is its apparently magnetic influence that Plato attributed it to a force, a δύναμις, ascribing to it intelligence, life, and motion. He had good reason for so doing. The ideal sets itself prominently before consciousness. It ceases not to incite a restless activity until it gets itself realized. It becomes the great centre from which all efforts originate, the chief focus towards which all thoughts converge, the supreme end to realize which all the energies are brought into action. It possesses a charm which, like the bewitching strains of the Sirens, subdues the emotions and the volition to its fascinating power. Or, to describe more accurately its effects upon some enthusiasts: appearing at first as a cloud in the distance, no larger than a man's hand, it rapidly approaches and increases in volume, filling the whole consciousness with a storm of excited thoughts and desires, lashing the emotional elements into a whirlwind of fervent intensity, until, wrought to the highest tension of their being, it hurls them forward, and sweeps them on to the loftiest and most remarkable achievements.

No better illustration could be given of the power of one all-absorbing ideal than the unexampled series of conquests that won renown for the sword of Islam. Who would have thought that the handful of wandering proselytes of the pseudo-prophet of Arabia would have risen to be leaders of armies and mighty

conquerors, overcoming in pitched battle the Roman cohort, the Grecian phalanx, and the gorgeous hosts of Persia, and carrying their victorious arms from the walls of Byzantium to the western descents of Mount Atlas, from the Ganges of India to the Tagus of Iberia? It is because the ideal appeals to the emotional element in man rather than to the rational. It is largely for this reason that ideals which present a religious aspect have been most successful in artistic production as well as in active life. The greatest artists have received their inspiration from religion. The grandest specimens of Grecian tragic art were the outcome of the religious conceptions of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Aristophanes. The beautiful Madonnas of Raphael were inspired by the thought of adding glory to the church. The sublime architecture of the Gothic style was the outgrowth of spiritual aspirations. The Divina Comedia of Dante was the product of the intense religious feeling of a heart seeking its beloved dead among the eternally living. The earnest plodder may accomplish the greatest amount of work, but the man of impulsive genius will more probably reach the loftier heights of consummate excellence, during the moments of his inspiration.

Before concluding we must ask "Does the artist ever attain to his highest conception?" Does the ideal ever become completely expressed in the real? Yes and no! It may be possible for an artist to transcend his conception if it be very imperfect. But the true artist ever feels that his conception is far superior to his achievement. He sees beauty unattainable, he hears sounds unutterable, he feels emotions inexpressible. Especially must the artist ever fail to represent the spiritual and the divine. No sooner does he attempt the task than he begins to materialize. Even a Michael Angelo could not represent the Deity as Father, but only as a wonder-working God. The Holy Spirit could not be represented by anything better than a dove, expressive indeed, but infinitely inadequate. Of the Sistine Madonna Dr. Pattison has said: "It is the most wonderful representation in all art of the mingled simplicity and mystery of infancy, and seems to anticipate the poet's 'Intimations of Immortality' in the unfathomable beauty of the wide-opened eyes and in the far-reaching expression of the countenance, but," he adds, "turning from Raphael and Murillo to other painters, there is more

than failure to represent Christ." The painter's art can never equal the Christian's spiritual vision. There is a vast world of the most beautiful and sublime conceptions that can never be translated into the realm of reality. The realm of the real is limited and finite: the realm of the ideal is unlimited, and in a sense infinite in its possibilities.

But are ideals after all only vague fancies, changing images, unreal shadows? Have they no further value than that of satisfying our curiosity for visions of the perfect real? Are they mere tormenting allurements like the enticing fruits which ever eluded the grasp of Tantalus? Nay, it cannot be so. The Lydian king sank back despairingly into the overwhelming flood; but he who has pursued a noble ideal, feels that he has himself risen to new power, that he has grown out of his former environment beyond all recall. The flashing beacon which he has been intently following, has unexpectedly revealed itself a radiant star that is indeed far away and unattainable, but which brightens his earthly pathway and fills his soul with heavenly light. He feels the throbbings of a nobler spirit that has burst its earthly shackles and has risen to grasp the eternal reality. He becomes more firmly convinced that not what he has rendered tangible but the intangible and invisible is the everlasting real. We begin to feel that what our imagination and our heart have made for us can never alter and can never betray us, when we suddenly discover that our ideals are after all the eternal and spiritual realities of the universe. They are efforts to aspire to the supreme beauty and sublimity. They are manifestations of the abiding presence and persuasion of the soul of souls, through whose infinite perfection they are alone possible. And thus our soul, unknown, cries out to God, to vindicate His purpose in our life. Why stay we on the earth unless we grow?

Geo. J. Menge, '96.

"IN MEMORIAM."

"In Memoriam," the flower of Tennyson's genius, stands at the very top of the literary productions of this century, in thought so stimulating, in range so far-reaching, and in style so charming. It has brought immortal fame to both the singer and the subject of his song.

"As a poem," says Genung, "it stands inseparably related to what is deepest and most vital in the thought of its time." This age is peculiarly a speculative one. Men of all creeds and conditions have turned their minds to the solution of the great problems of Life, of Death, and of Immortality. "In Memoriam" is thus in a large sense the poetic exponent of its age, yet it is more than this. It is a wonderful revelation of the poet's character and inner life.

It is the history of Tennyson's spirit in its search after the truth as he passes through the dark alley-way of doubt. With Immortal Love as his pilot, he at length finds the light, and the Dawn of Hope breaks in upon his soul. The day of triumph with the song of joy comes at last; its sunshine is all the sweeter for the darkness, and the morning joy the fuller for the night of tears.

At the outset, "In Memoriam" is a dirge of grief, but it climaxes in the noblest and sweetest song of victory which was ever sung over a grave. This is a conquest song, not for Tennyson only, but for all the race. For wherever "In Memoriam" is read, sorrowing hearts will be comforted, faith strengthened, and friendship ennobled.

Tennyson was for many reasons prepared to give utterance to such a noble song. He had passed the young blush of poetic fancy, and had ripened into strong and matured manhood, his ideals thus becoming fixed and his beliefs harmonized. The deep sorrow at the loss of his friend, Arthur Hallam, came too as a great settling power to the poet's life. This bitter cup which he was forced to drink by the hand of an all-wise Providence so affected his heart, his spirit, his vision of life and eternity, his entire manhood in fact, that under its benign influence he was prepared to be the sire of this immortal strain.

"In Memoriam" is read and loved to-day, not from the mere fact of its poetic beauties, although it is rich in them, nor yet from the mere fact that it is a noble expression of grief, and I believe it is the best in our language, but rather because it tells of sorrow passing into joy, loneliness into fellowship, night into day, loss into gain, death into life. For this reason it shall be a joy forever, and prove to be an inestimable heritage to the race.

Arthur Henry Hallam, for five years the college mate and bosom friend of Alfred Tennyson, while travelling with his parents on the continent for his health, was snatched away by sudden death at Vienna, September 15th, 1833. At his death ties of a very remarkable and tender character were snapped asunder. The sad intelligence of Arthur's premature decease plunged the Tennyson and Hallam families alike into a deep and overwhelming grief. This deep sorrow was further intensified by the fact that young Hallam was the betrothed of Tennyson's sister. His death resulted in a loss which meant

> "To her perpetual maidenhood
> And unto him no second friend."

This sad loss to the poet's life and, as he believed, to the world at large, was the inspiration of this lofty elegy. But "In Memoriam" is not only to be a personal lament of grief. On the contrary, it has a nobler mission, a higher purpose,—it is to represent the cry of a restless and sorrow-stricken humanity, and is to bring succour to dwellers in a land where

> "Never morning wore
> To evening, but some heart did break."

This is a humanity theme. Youthful poets write of the particular, the individual, while older and more mature ones tune their lyres to sing of the higher and deeper problems of the race. This great wave of sorrow which swept over the poet's soul placed his individuality forever in the background. And the cry of the "infant in the night," the little human individual cry, passes into the great humanity cry for consolation and rest in sorrow.

Tennyson wrote of these higher themes perhaps more than any other poet of the century, and as the world grows into the higher affections he will always be honored for the profound

ardour with which he sings his song. But so much by way of introduction. I shall now endeavor in the first place to give a short synopsis of the poem, setting forth, in as short space as possible, its main thought and argument.

The elegy begins with a prologue addressed to the Deity, and concludes with an epilogue sung in honour of Tennyson's sister Cecilia on her wedding day. The former is a prayer for faith and divine wisdom, the latter is a song of joy and triumph. Between the two lies the battlefield from which Tennyson comes off the victor.

The prologue itself is a masterly piece of poetic art. Its first stanza breathes in essence the conclusion and the spirit of the whole poem:

> "Strong Son of God, Immortal Love,
> Whom we, that have not seen Thy face,
> By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
> Believing where we cannot prove."

This is the highest summit he reaches, yet he has attained and holds this glorious height by no human skill, for even here he must ever call on the Divine for help and strength.

The prologue is the crouching of the human, the weak, the finite, at the feet of the Divine, the Omnipotent, the Infinite, with a prayer on his lips for perfect submission to God's will:

> "Our wills are ours, we know not how;
> Our wills are ours, to make them thine."

His grief had been deep; it had touched the very vitals of the poet's life. Yet fearing lest he may have cherished too much this sad flower plucked from sorrow's garden, he therefore concludes with the fitting invocation:

> "Forgive my grief for one removed,
> Thy creature, whom I found so fair.
> I trust he lives in Thee, and there
> I find him worthier to be loved."

The loss of Arthur Hallam had not only touched the poet's heart and filled it with unutterable grief, but it had caused him to examine his beliefs, and so he begins the poem proper with the following strain, striking as he does a note of doubt:

> "I held it truth, with him who sings
> To one clear harp in divers tones,
> That men may rise on stepping-stones
> Of their dead selves to higher things."

This had been his early creed, but since his deep experience of grief, he is led seriously to question its truth. Faith's calm sea has been ruffled by a storm of doubt. In his heart he finds a new and difficult problem for solution. Is there

"in loss a gain to match?"

While the poet is attempting to answer this dark questioning of reason, his mind turns to the yew-tree growing in the graveyard, and in it he thinks he finds a fitting symbol of his stony grief. Yonder grows the tree, presenting much the same appearance throughout the whole year, in summer, in winter, in sunshine, in shower, ever the same dark sullen tree.

The poet is in darkness, his spirit seems for ever embedded in the snows of wintry sorrow, and for him there can come no spring-tide with its spring joy.

And why? you ask. A great change has come over Tennyson's life. His happy associations with Arthur Hallam are now but a memory of the past. He has gone, never to return. But the poet is not to be left utterly alone. The

"Priestess in the vaults of death"

has come into his life to be his constant companion. But how uncongenial and distressing he finds her cruel fellowship!

Since Arthur has gone, his soul seems left in utter abandonment. He is out of communion with Nature, his spirit is distracted, his formerly cherished creed is seriously questioned, his whole moral world in fact has all but suffered wreck, and in his life is an awful sense of loss. Sorrow-burdened in his search for comfort, the poet turns a moment from the personal conviction of his grief to consider the fact that bereavement is a universal experience. But all his attempts to find solace in this direction prove to be in vain, but

"Vacant chaff well meant for grain."

The fact that the world is full of broken hearts does not tend to make his happier, nor his spirit more hopeful.

But Tennyson's sorrow as yet is not well defined. His consciousness of Arthur's death seems rather to be that which one experiences when awaking from a sad dream of loss rather than an actual reality. And so, instinctively, and yet half-unconsciously, he is led to ask himself the question: Is my Arthur really gone or is it a dream?

Yet he must endeavor to fix upon his consciousness the fact of his loss. Arthur Hallam has surely gone, but how can I assure myself that he is to be but a memory of the happy past? That is the question. And so the poet goes to the Hallam homestead, and at last his problem finds an easy solution, for the utter loneliness which settles down upon him at his friend's absence leads him to cry out:

"He is not here; but far away."

Tennyson has now come to realize that Arthur has really gone. His death is no more a dreamy questioning, but has become the deepest reality in his life. The mortal remains of his departed friend at length arrive, and are borne to their last resting-place in Clevedon Church. This was the darkest day in the poet's life. But as he reviews it with all its loneliness and inner pain, he realizes that it might have been even darker, and so by Arthur's grave, under the shadow of his heavy grief, the poet breathes a prayer of thanksgiving to God: that

"he in English earth is laid."

Friends in kindness reprove him for carrying such a burden of sorrow, while others lend piteous sympathy, but both alike are empty, ministering no joy or consolation. The starless night of the poet's grief settles down upon him, shedding its dark pall of bitterness over his spirit. In a large sense he is to carry his grief alone, for none loved Arthur nor appreciated his friendship as he had done.

But the calm September day, when the dread news of Arthur's sudden death came to Tennyson, has long since gone. Instead of the

"chestnut pattering to the ground"

we hear the chime of Christmas bells. How the poet had welcomed the ringing of those happy bells in previous years, but for him this time they peal out only dolorous notes of sadness, and tell in their dying echoes a tale of loss—that Arthur has gone, never to return.

This first Christmas-tide which they are to spend without Arthur marks the first main division of the poem. A lonely festive season indeed it is to be for the poet. This occasion of universal mirth brings happy memories of the past up before

the poet. A hunger seizes his heart for the companionship and fellowship of his departed friend. How lonely and how solitary are their lives apart, making pretence of gladness, with an

> "awful sense
> Of one mute Shadow watching all."

> "'They rest,' we said, 'their sleep is sweet,'
> And silence follow'd, and we wept."

But Tennyson is not to dwell for ever on the sad hard fact of his grief. He turns away from the tomb in Clevedon Church, away from the Christmas-tide which

> "brings no more a welcome guest
> To enrich the threshold of the night."

And now he asks himself the question: Whither has Arthur's spirit taken flight? In his attempt to solve this problem, the poet's mind turns to Mary's home in Bethany. "Where was Lazarus those four days when he was absent from Mary's home?" he asks. Of this the Evangelist gives no account in the Gospel. Death now, as ever, is wrapped in the same impenetrable mystery. It is a night study. Yet Mary is found asking her Master no such question concerning Lazarus' absence from the home. Her life under the gentle reign of unquestioning love is tranquil and happy, while his under the dominance of reason is in confusion and his heart in pain. Tennyson could wish that his temperament was more like trustful loving Mary's, but despite his wish he cannot so content himself. His spirit is restless, his heart is full of inner questionings concerning the future, and in an hour of extreme doubt he wonders even if life is eternal. But reflection convinces him that this conception is entirely ungrounded and contrary to all law and reason. Love at last, he feels assured, shall abide the wreck of change, for from its very nature it cannot die, since it is immortal. This conviction brings the poet peace, and the first dark questioning of reason is forever silenced.

But granted that Arthur is gone, that there is a life after death, the next question which suggests itself to the poet is this: "What relation does Arthur now sustain to me, who am left behind?" "Have I so soon faded from his memory?" But in an hour of deep despair, as the poet is all but stranded by gloomy Doubt, the conviction of Immortal Love comes once

again, ministering joy and peace. For although Arthur and he may be separated for the time being by the thin veil of Death, the curtain is soon to be lifted, and they are to be one, and

> "sit at endless feast,
> Enjoying each the other's good."

But even if the future life is, as many hold it to be, absorption into the one absolute Spirit, the poet assures himself that he and Arthur at least shall seek

> "Upon the last and sharpest height,
> Before the spirits fade away,
> Some landing-place, to clasp and say,
> 'Farewell! We lose ourselves in light.'"

This I take to be the sublimest feat of Immortal Love over gloomy Doubt in the whole of "In Memoriam."

But granted that Arthur is gone, that there is a life after death, that he and Arthur shall one day experience a personal reunion, the question which now confronts the poet if this: Is not Arthur changing, and should we meet again, would not the fact that he stands so far in advance of me mar the beauty and sap the joy of our fellowship? But since Love is immortal, it cannot change in essence,

> "And love will last as pure and whole
> As when he loved me here in Time."

He and Arthur shall not only experience a personal reunion, but it shall be a happy and congenial one.

This is a sweet happy thought to Tennyson. But even as he thinks it he shrinks back in shame from the evil he finds in his own heart. Arthur surely is free from any such taint of sin. How can I free myself from it? the poet asks. Love says: "Abide!" He is not to be blamed for human frailty. Despite the fact that he is a sinful man, Eternity will find his wealth safely garnered in

> "When Time hath sundered pearl from shell."

From this conviction of evil within him the poet is led to reflect on its existence in the world without him. What is the purpose of evil in the world, and what shall be the future destiny of sinful men? is the question now uppermost in his mind.

In answering this question put forth by the intellect, the poet addresses a number of strong and charming lyrics setting

forth his views on the above questions. As he stands confronted by such vast problems as these he discovers that he is but a man, and is led to cry out:

> "But what am I?
> An infant crying in the night:
> An infant crying for the light:
> And with no language but a cry."

His knowledge is poor, and his human vision short at best. After considering the whole question, he finds that he can but take an attitude of hope, and

> "stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
> And faintly trust the larger hope."

The poet here strikes a monotone of doubt, but his lyre, tuned by Immortal Love, is soon to give forth a nobler and sweeter strain, for Tennyson is to sing a conquest song, a song of triumph over gloomy doubt. Lyric LVII marks the turning-point in "In Memoriam"; from this onward his song ceases to be plaintive, and becomes one of home. And the spirit of this lonely sufferer that had been in the darkness leaps up out of the night, for he had at last struck solid granite rock on which he could rest. And it is the assured conviction that his friend, although dead and gone, is yet alive, and that they shall one day experience a joyous and personal reunion.

The poet's grief is no longer the wild raging passion it was at the beginning of "In Memoriam." His spirit has come to possess the ocean calm, for joy has taken sorrow's place in the heart.

The fact that there are so many worlds, so much to do, suggests the noble thought to the poet that his loved and departed friend may have been needed by God to fulfil some Divine purpose. This brings him comfort and peace, and resignation is beginning to find a home in the poet's troubled life.

This noble progress is not the mushroom growth of a night, no, no, it is sweet fruition of tears, of hours of calm reflection.

The chime of Christmas bells is once again heard by the poet, reminding him of his loss, telling him that another year has gone, but there is victory instead of defeat in their tones. The second Christmas-tide, which marks the second main division of the poem, finds the poet much more cheerful than he

was the previous year. As he looks down on the past year, he realizes that it has been one of terrible conflict; a new year is coming, and he wonders what it shall bring him. And so he lets his fancy run to see what it will prophesy for him. Although considerably more than a year has gone by since loved Arthur was called out of his life, he still finds him in his associations. Fancy is slow to give him up. His dream was a happy one, for he was dreaming of what the New Year might have brought him had Arthur lived:

> "I see thee sitting crowned with good,
> A central warmth diffusing bliss,"

when suddenly the poet reflects that this is but an empty dream, for Arthur is long since dead and gone. Fancy is to be reproved for stirring up the old bitterness again, but yet as he reviewed his grief, his dreams of Arthur, he could say:

> "I felt it when I sorrow'd most,
> 'Tis better to have loved and lost,
> Than never to have loved at all."

Arthur Hallam and Alfred Tennyson had enjoyed a youthful friendship. Among the happiest and most profitable years spent together were those at Trinity College, Cambridge. Tennyson had been back to his old Alma Mater once again, but to find her full of waking memories of his departed friend,—the town, the college, the flats, the halls, and most of all, Arthur's room, where they formerly held debate. It is jubilant now with the merry laughter of other aspiring youths, a strange name is on the door, and there are new inmates. This visit to Trinity College spoke volumes to the poet, and filled his heart with an awful sense of loss.

But this is a visit lasting only a few hours, he is soon to go back to his new Somersby home, which brought continual recollections of Arthur. How can he keep so much sorrow garnered up in his heart? He must speak, even if he can utter but a broken cry, and so he calls:

> "Ah dear, but come thou back to me:
> Whatever change the years have wrought."

The fact that Arthur is gone is further intensified by the

prophetic chime of Christmas bells once again. This third Christmas to be spent without Arthur marks the third main division in the poem.

The poet is still making noble progress, and this time we find him quite reconciled to his sorrow. And with the ringing of the New Year bells, he leaves the old year with its stony grief behind. And now, rather than bewailing the fact of his loss, we find him breathing out a prayer for nobler manhood, purer laws, for the fuller enthronement of Christ in the lives of the citizens as well as in the State at large.

Winter is soon gone, and instead of the bells which rang out the old year, and in the new, the songs of the birds in the branches tell of Spring's arrival. In Nature about him the poet sees life leaping out of death; joy, peace and promise are in the air: and in his heart he feels something of the rare exhilaration of a live spring day:

> "and my regret
> Becomes an April violet,
> And buds and blossoms like the rest."

The last few lyrics of "In Memoriam" are happy and noble because a victor sings them. He stands upon the mountain-height and looks down into the dark valley of despair, whence by the aid of Immortal Love he was enabled steadily to emerge. How hard and dark his trial and life had been! The strife had been long, but the glory of it is that he at length has in his hand the palm of victory. It was a conflict of which he could say:

> "not in vain,
> Like Paul with beasts, I fought with Death."

And of Arthur he could say:

> "My love involves the love before;
> My love is vaster passion now;
> Tho' mix'd with God and Nature thou,
> I seem to love thee more and more."

Tennyson rejoices in his victory over Doubt; but do all conquer? No, not all! And so for those who are struggling with the high heaving billows of sorrow, and are likely to suffer shipwreck through gloomy Doubt, he concludes "In Memoriam" with a prayer: that even as he they too may conquer. The

poem at its conclusion finds some questions raised by the intellect unanswered by the poet. But he does not need to answer them. He has an easier and better method of solution. In reply to them all he can say:

"Power was with me in the night."
"I cannot understand: I love."

Love was with the poet in the beginning of his conflict with sorrow; Love was the watchword in the midst of the fight; Love gives the shout of victory as he triumphs over the grave.

In attemping to give a resumè of such a masterly poem as the one before us for consideration, anyone must feel it no easy task. "In Memoriam" is a poem so rich and beautiful both in thought and in expression, that in a short review, such as has here been attempted, we are forced to pass over much that is both significant and well worthy of comment.

But, passing from the general review of the poem, we wish, in the second place, to make a few observations regarding the special beauties of "In Memoriam."

The scenery of the poem is one of its most charming features. The downs in the distance; the woodland country; the lawn; the beech; the yew; the sycamore; Clevedon Church; and the Severn; form the general clothing of the poem. Nature is used in diverse ways. The landscape is often spiritualized, and made to image the moods of the poet's mind. This is often done in cumulative fashion, vision after vision succeeding one another. The eighty-sixth (86th) lyric is the best example.

The fine descriptions of Nature found in "In Memoriam" is also one of its most artistic beauties. The poet will often describe some general aspect of Nature, and then throw back on it some special mood of his mind. The ninety-fifth (95th) lyric is the best example.

Tennyson reveals in the poem a natural love for storms. His descriptions of tempestuous days are exceedingly fine. He generally dwells, however, on some particular aspect of the storm. The eighty-ninth (89th) lyric is the best example.

But far surpassing all these, "In Memoriam" possesses for us this great charm: simply that the poet puts here thoughts and emotions, which we could but poorly express at best, in such a noble and pleasing way.

We all sorrow for the loss of friends. We all feel, as Tennyson did, that we should not like to have our loved ones

"Toss with shell and brine."

There is a peculiar human satisfaction in having them placed side by side in the family burying plot. We wonder where our loved ones have gone, if they still remember us, whether we shall one day join them in blessed and congenial fellowship. In "In Memoriam" Tennyson addresses himself to these questions, and answers them in a way that must be not only pleasing but comforting to anyone in deep sorrow.

The poet, too, showed great skill in the choice of the stanza in which he was to sing his song. "In Memoriam" is a lyric, each stanza being of four lines and of the Iambic Tetrameter metre. This is eminently fitted to be the vehicle for the poetic expression of his grief. "In Memoriam" is to be sung, not in the spirit of a war chant, nor yet is it to be a frivolous song of revelry, but on the contrary, it is rather to be a lullaby lay, sung in a minor key, in Sorrow's night-halls, to a spirit overcome by the burden of his grief. And as one reads the poem, he cannot help but feel that the metre, so musical, so sweet, so low, is in perfect harmony with the spirit of the singer of this song.

To sum up and conclude, we may say that "In Memoriam" is given us as the log-book of the great voyage of the poet's soul, lasting for two-and-a-half years. At the outset he is driven far out to sea by a hurricane gale of sorrow, and is almost lost in the waters of an overwhelming grief. For days and months the storm raged wild and fierce, and as the ocean ship is rocked in the cradle of the mighty deep, tossing from billow to billow, so the poet's soul, passing from thought to thought, from argument to argument, finds no rest, no port of security from inward pain, in which he may put his battered bark and rest his wearied heart awhile.

But the storm is not to last forever. For by-and-by the winds cease howling and begin to whisper; and the waters of the homeless deep heave no more, but swell; for the tide, after it has washed the last pebble high and dry upon the shore, is ebbing: the East, after the dark and starless night, is redden-

ing; the mist, which had settled so dense and so cold, is lifting; and when the morning breaks the sunshine brings a calmer sea. Yet the chainless winds are not to be forever still, for betimes they blow, and the whitecaps play about the poet's prow, and grave questionings of the intellect are ever coming in to harass his soul. But Tennyson is a courageous seaman, a stout heart:

> "Strong in faith, to strive, to seek, to find
> And not to yield."

And so, the fiercer the storm, the more resolute does he become in purpose and the harder lean on Immortal Love, his faithful pilot through every storm of Doubt. The port at length after a high and heavy sea comes into view, and with all sails trimmed to victory he makes the haven with conquering joy. Tennyson's grief is consoled, and "In Memoriam" is sung.

Llewellyn Brown, '96.

THE GIFT OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

The doctrine of the Holy Spirit is the holy of holies of Christian truth. Into the depths of this sacred study not many have been privileged to enter, and none of these has ever explored more than a corner of the hallowed room. No one is permitted to enter without blood, the cleansing blood of the Lamb. Sin-defiled hearts must first be purified, and robes of divine righteousness must clothe them before entrance is allowed into this sacred enclosure. Advancing through the rent vail, we may stand in the presence of this Shekinah of grace and glory. The Christian may enter, and there in the light of that holy place may open his eyes to the glory that is his. He can there see, though but imperfectly, because of the exceeding glory of that light, the blessed heritage that is his through Christ.

* * * * * *

Unable here to touch on the agency of the Spirit in the Old Testament, we now pass to the New, and the opening of the dispensation of the Spirit. Again we find Him as the chief agent. John is filled with His divine power from

his birth. How thoroughly the forerunner was thus prepared! What an atmosphere that was for building up a boy's character! His mother filled with the same Spirit, pronounces a beautiful eulogy on Mary. His father gifted with the same holy impulse, prophesies the coming Dayspring. The Saviour of the world is begotten of the Holy Ghost, and when the forerunner stirs the nation to its very centre, the newly baptized Redeemer, emerging from the waters and praying, is baptized in the Holy Ghost. The dovelike form, gentle, beautiful, life-giving, abiding upon Him, shows that through Him the Holy Spirit is to warm and quicken into life the dead heart of humanity.

Only now is the Saviour prepared to work out God's purposes in Him. That enduement of the Holy Ghost is permanent and complete. It is without measure, never losing its efficiency because of the purity of His nature, which offered no resistance. Under that divine power, He is tempted and resists, He moves as a hero to His life-work. He preaches so as to win or antagonize, He casts out devils, He rejoices in God, He teaches, He endures the unspeakable sufferings of a world's sin-bearer, and after His resurrection gives the great commission to evangelize the world.

That anointing by the Spirit on Jordan's banks, was an event of almost incalculable importance to Christ, and through Him to the world. There His spotless soul and intelligent mind, with every faculty of His being, are seized by the divine Spirit, and God is exercising an absolute dominion over Him. He has the royal mind for ruling the kingdom of God, "grace is poured into His lips," the gospel is preached with grace and power. An infinite mind with all its intelligence is in immediate contact with His own; an infinite power controls His members for God-appointed ends; an infinite love bathes His soul in perpetual light; an infinite purity preserves Him from the possibility of defilement; an infinite patience and self-control enable Him to suffer for a world.

Having received such a baptism Himself, although holy in nature, it is unthinkable that He would send forth His disciples against the forces of wickedness in the world without the same enduement. They would seem to have been in greater need of this blessing than Himself. Accordingly, we think it is signifi-

cant that the burden of John the Baptist's message was two-fold. Christ was to take away the sin of the world, and, as mentioned by all four evangelists, He was to baptize with the Holy Ghost. These are the two sides of the new covenant as given by Ezekiel, and afterwards emphasized by the Apostles and especially by Paul. In the mind of His forerunner the greatest work of the Messiah was to exercise the divine prerogative of baptizing with the Holy Ghost. This was to be the distinguishing feature of Christ's work, and to Him alone was it deputed.

There seems to be little doubt, but that John did not know the full meaning of that baptism the Messiah was to bestow. But the Anointed One knew, and if we would learn of Him, we must enter the class of disciples, and listen while He tells them of the One He was to send, who was to envelop those disciples with His divine and gracious energy. We may know something of Him through His names. He is the *Paraclete*, one summoned to their side as a helper. A helper in all things, in thinking, in learning, in understanding, in knowing, in remembering, in praying, in teaching, in wrestling with evil; to keep, to comfort, to strengthen, to uplift, to perfect—an Almighty champion for every necessity and exigency of life. He is the *Spirit of Truth*, and hence without Him, it is impossible to know the truth. Tennyson's "follow the gleam" is the disciple's true attitude, and following that gleam, the soul will be guided into the beautiful Palace of Truth. The Paraclete alone, can keep the mind from falsehood and error. He is also the *Spirit of Power*. He is the will, the blood and muscle of Christianity—God morally renovating the world and extirpating evil. There is no power on earth that makes for holiness but the Holy Ghost. He is the *Spirit of Holinsss*. He alone convicts of sin, righteousness and judgment. He gives a desire for holiness, bestows holy motives, imparts holiness, makes holy, and blesses only that which He sanctifies. All that is pure and holy on earth is due to Him. He is the *Spirit of Grace*, the very embodiment of the great mercy, loving kindness and favor of God. He is the *Spirit of Love*. He can fill the heart so that it may throb with love pulsating from the very heart of God, who is love. He is the *Spirit of Christ*. He is to glorify Christ, not Himself, He

is to reveal Christ and hide Himself, He is to give the things of Christ, not the things of Himself.

Such is the nature of that Paraclete, who was to take Christ's place, and in whom the disciples were to be submerged until every faculty of their being was touched by the finger of God. The promise was definite and clear. It was the promise of the Father—a gift from God to His own children sent by Himself. Certainly it is an unspeakable gift, second only to the gift of His Son, if indeed, it be second to that. It is not the work of the Spirit in regeneration. This is nowhere hinted at as being the same as the baptism of the Spirit. The promise of the Spirit is everywhere represented as a gift to the already believing child of God, to be received by him. "The world cannot receive Him."

Inspired by the hope of this great promise and expecting an immediate fulfilment, it is little wonder that they tarried in prayer at Jerusalem. Regenerated men and women they were, who knew the Lord, who loved Him, and had forsaken all to follow Him, yet, for all the practical purposes of Christianity almost powerless. Ten days they waited. Prayer, that indispensable condition for the gift of the Spirit, was ceaselessly offered. The tenth morn brought the promised Paraclete. Few events in the history of the world, have had greater consequences than Pentecost. "The sound from heaven filled all the house where they were sitting, and there appeared unto them tongues parting asunder as of fire, and it sat upon each of them, and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost." They now had received the promise of the Spirit through faith, and He was poured upon them abundantly.

The succeeding events of that day are familiar to all. but we must touch on some of the more noticeable effects of that baptism. To the inspired historian, the most remarkable was the gift of tongues. The great intellectual quickening due to the contact of that mighty intelligence with the minds of the disciples, was instantly followed by an ability to speak other languages. This astonishing feature, however, was not permanent, for nothing further is heard of it at Jerusalem.

There is also manifested a burning zeal and God-like courage. They are now charged with a message. The Holy

Spirit was to glorify Christ, and now that He has seized them, it is impossible to do anything but proclaim the Christ. As that same Spirit animated the heroes of the Judges, so He now filled those timid disciples with a courage that knew not the fear of man.

Thus endued with the Spirit, they also speak with an authority and certainty as of God. They know they are of God, and they have His message, and He wants them to deliver that message. Thus they wield a sceptre of almost divine authority. For them to preach was to achieve a great moral victory. Such is the preaching of those who have received the Holy Ghost.

But the most permanent feature of this gift, was the new instinct and principle of organization. They are united into a church having distinct principles and ordinances. United before by bonds of sympathy, they are now bound together in the Divine Spirit. They are "all baptized into one body," each becomes a member, and the building up on the mystical body of Christ is begun. The Spirit has now begun the distinct age-mission of gathering the members of Christ and uniting them in a vital union. The visible church now becomes a recognized force among the world's factors. Though regenerated before, this gift of the Spirit is essential to the existence of the Church. For this the Spirit must be poured out, and, if people are to be gathered out of every nation and kindred and people and tongue, it must be poured out upon all flesh. Is regeneration alone then sufficient spiritual qualification for membership in an apostolic church? As there would have been no Christianity without Pentecost, can there ever be a Christian in a God-recognized sense of the term, without the gift of the Spirit in some measure?

The Church newly sprung into existence, lived in an atmosphere of the Holy Ghost. There was no doctrine of the Spirit in those days. It is not a theory or simply a belief, but a consciousness; in the Holy Ghost they consciously lived and moved and had their being. The Paraclete was their all-sufficiency. When persecution arose, and some were thrown into prison, a prayer-meeting was held, the place is shaken, and they are refilled with the Spirit, speaking then the word with great boldness. Pentecost may thus be repeated, in kind but perhaps

not in degree. It needs no more than a glance at mediaeval and modern missions to substantiate this statement. It seems impossible that it should be otherwise, for how shall the whole body of Christ receive the promise of the Spirit? It is not sufficient to say that the Spirit is in the world since Pentecost, and all that is necessary is to receive Him. Was He not in the world before, and will He not always be? Wherever there is no church or a dead church or a dead church-member, there is needed an out-pouring of the Spirit. There is a long step of advancement between regeneration by the Spirit and receiving the gift of the Spirit.

Possessing this early fulness, this rich taste of the heavenly gift and powers of the age to come, the Church was stamped with a character and with principles it did not soon lose. The moral sublimity to which they had been lifted by the promised Paraclete, made them sensible of their need of Him for every duty of life. To be fitted to serve tables, men must be filled with the Holy Ghost. Barnabas was specially noticed because a good man and full of the Holy Spirit. He might have been the former without the latter. Stephen's sublime defence and martyr death reveals the power of the Spirit in the greatest crisis of life. It might almost have been expected then, that when Philip went down to Samaria and made many believers, the apostles should desire to have the work completed. It lacked one feature, very important to an apostle's mind—they had not received the Holy Ghost. When this lack was filled, the Church might be left to fulfil its own mission. The Samaritan believers received the gift through the laying on of the apostles' hands in addition to prayer. The former, however, is not always necessary, for Peter freely promises it to the repentant, the baptized and obedient. It seems incredible that the apostles could have laid hands on the thousands at Jerusalem. As nothing is said of the gift of tongues in Samaria, that gift would appear to be incidental to receiving the Spirit, not essential. The same is true of the other miraculous gifts. The great purposes and effects of this baptism of the Spirit are spiritual. The graces are better than the gifts. In view of this action of the Apostles in Samaria, the question forces itself upon us, are we right in claiming to be apostolic in our belief and practice?

Pentecost is repeated at the introduction of Christianity among the Gentiles. Upon Cornelius and his household the Holy Spirit fell as they heard the word, and they "spake with tongues and magnified God." Peter recognized this as another Pentecost, for he says, "As on us at the beginning," and this because of the promise "Ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost." This outpouring of the Spirit was the one convincing fact to Peter, that the Gentiles, as well as the Jews, could be saved. Other outpourings are recorded. The church at Antioch seems to have been established under a special effusion of the Spirit. Paul is filled with the Holy Ghost immediately after his conversion, before baptism, before beginning his ministry or his study of the Christian system. He is now properly qualified to study Christianity. At Antioch, at Iconium, in Galatia, in Thessalonica, the Spirit was manifested in mighty power. Little is done at Athens, but at Corinth it is in demonstration of the Spirit and of power. At Ephesus an incident occurs that is full of interest, because of the light it throws upon the Apostle's methods and teaching. He finds certain men who are believers, but imperfectly instructed in the way of Christ. What is his first question? Not about regeneration, baptism or doctrine, but "Did ye receive the Holy Ghost since ye believed?" Their answer of ignorance leads to the question of baptism and soon they are baptized into the name of the Lord Jesus. Then laying his hands on them, they receive the Holy Ghost. This time the gift is accompanied by the gift of tongues, but as we have seen, this is incidental, not essential, suggesting, however, the power of the tongue in the spread of Christianity. Notice the Apostle's order. First, there is required belief on the Lord Jesus, perhaps an imperfect and fragmentary teaching; then baptism into His name, and in the third place, though the order of the latter two may be reversed as in the cases of Cornelius and Paul, receiving the Holy Ghost. To say that we receive the Holy Spirit in regeneration and no further special gift is possible, is, we believe, not only unscriptural but antiscriptural, contrary to experience, misleading and inimical to the very genius of Christianity. Which of the above three does the Apostle regard as the most important? Perhaps it is not safe to form any conclusion on that point, but the incident shows how necessary to the Chris-

tian is the enduement of the Spirit, in the estimation of the Apostle Paul.

We have said that this incident furnishes us an example of Paul's methods and teaching. If it be objected that this is but a single instance and a special case, so that nothing can be argued from it for the present, we urge on the other hand, that it is given for the express purpose of showing apostolic ways and work. Paul must have taught faith in Jesus Christ for salvation, baptism, and, as the completion and climax, the gift of the Spirit. If he insisted upon these three with the twelve Ephesians did he not with others? If he did not, would he have been consistent with himself and faithful to his great trust? Would he not have been guilty of an offensive partiality in securing the priceless blessing for some and not for others? Can we conceive of Paul purposely withholding this gift from those to whom he knew it had been promised? Among the Thessalonians the word was received with "joy of the Holy Ghost," and he adds that God "giveth his Holy Spirit unto you." It was so among the Galatians, for they received the Spirit by the hearing of faith. It was so among the Corinthians, for all then had some spiritual gift. It was so among the Ephesians, as we have already seen. Was it not so everywhere? The laying on of hands is not necessary, for Paul's question implies a bestowal of the gift without it. Again we feel like asking the question: Are we following the Apostles in doctrine and practice? Is our Christian theology not woefully defective in respect to this gift?

In the course of the above remarks you may have noticed that the Scriptures have employed different terms to represent the same great blessing. It is called the outpouring of the Spirit, the baptism of the Spirit, the fulness of the Spirit, the gift of the Spirit, the promise of the Spirit, receiving the Spirit, and further it is called the sealing of the Spirit and the anointing of the Spirit. These are different ways of viewing the same truth. They describe the manner, the means, and the effects. It may be summed up in Paul's significant words, "Receiving the promise of the Spirit through faith." Gal. 3: 14.

Let us now consider some of these expressions more carefully. There is the fulness of the Spirit, which seems to imply that all the soul's faculties are seized and placed under the con-

trol of the Spirit. The flood of divine holiness, love and joy lifts the soul up into the life of God until it realizes that it is sitting in the heavenly places in Christ Jesus. Our Lord was full of the Spirit, and retained that fulness throughout His life, for His nature knew no sin. John the Baptist apparently did not retain it during his melancholy imprisonment. Peter did not or he could never have made his fatal blunder at Antioch. John and Paul seemingly did, for we hear of no mistake in their lives. The infant church did not retain this fulness but it was soon rebaptized. There have been many others who have kept this blessed fulness, but very many more have not. The church did not, for how soon it fell back. Corinth, Galatia, Ephesus, the entire church soon lost the fulness of the Paraclete, and the eclipse of the fourth century was followed by the long night of Papal darkness. It was a double night. Both Saviour and Paraclete were lost sight of in the deep gloom. To a few despised mystics and others they were both known, and chiefly through these the Saviour was again revealed. Comparatively little notice was taken of the Paraclete. Of late years only has His place begun to be recognized. Mercifully were the Scriptures preserved to make Him known. This is the hope of the church. To how many has it been plainly and repeatedly taught that every child of God has the privilege of enjoying the fulness of the Holy Ghost at all times? Fresh and repeated baptisms of the Spirit may be wished for, and we have already seen that they are possible. We might, if time permitted, produce scores of illustrations of these facts from Christian biographies and from histories of mediæval and modern missions.

This doctrine of the fulness of the Spirit, is, however, attended with some subtle dangers. A perversion of it has resulted in the theory of sinless perfection, or of instantaneous and entire sanctification. It is not difficult to understand how one, enraptured by a baptism of the blessed Spirit, and feeling for the time that sin in him was crushed down under the power of that Spirit, should make the mistake of believing that it had been completely eradicated. In this way they may fall into a snare and lose all sense of the sin, crouching like a wild beast at the door, curbed for the time, perhaps, but never slain. Fanatical faith healing is another form of error into which numbers

have fallen. There is genuine faith healing. We believe that one possessing the fulness of the Spirit may enjoy it. This may be proved from both Scripture and Christian experience to be possible, but fanaticism has brought discredit on a precious truth. Extreme mysticism is another form, but, as a real mysticism is necessary, an extreme one is better, we believe, than none at all The greatest burlesque of this blessed truth, however, is found among certain lower sects, who have an experience, which they call, "getting under the power." How true are the words of Godet, "God never put a man upon the stage, that Satan does not immediately bring forward an ape."

The fulness of the Spirit may not always be the result of a definite and conscious act of faith. On some it has come without expectation, as with Finney and others. There may have been in these cases an unconscious submission of the will to Christ, and an immediate and rich effusion of the Spirit. With some it has been after many years of progress in the Christian life and scarcely recognized as a distinct gift of the Spirit. With the majority, however, and more in accordance with the plan of Scripture, it is the result of a conscious exercise of faith after deep submission and fervent prayer. In the light of experience it seems to be a far more difficult thing for a believer to receive by faith the gift of the Spirit, than for a sinner to receive by faith the gift of salvation in Jesus Christ. Is this because it is in God's sight a greater gift?

Further, this special bestowal of the Holy Ghost is called a *sealing*. Jesus Christ was sealed by the Father. There seems to be no doubt that this took place on the banks of the Jordan. Now, a seal is something placed upon an article already possessed by the person who seals. It is a something additional, that marks the property of the owner, so that it can be at once recognized by all. The seal of the Christian is the Paraclete Himself. It cannot be regeneration itself, for "after that ye believed ye were sealed with the Holy Spirit of promise." We must be His first. It is "*in Him* we are sealed." It is not the work of the Spirit but the Spirit Himself. Our own personality becomes stamped with the divine personality and thus bears the imprint of divinity. We are recognized by ourselves and others as God's own possession. A sealed Christian can never be mis-

taken for a non-Christian. This sealing signifies ownership. We are God's and the work we do is supposed to be done for Him alone. It means also holiness, for the Holy One abides permanently upon us. Can this be said of every regenerated person? One thus sealed has definitely and permanently become a partaker of the Holy Ghost. This sealing may or may not take place at conversion; it may or may not be accompanied by the fulness of the Spirit, for the Corinthians were somewhat carnal, but we maintain that it does imply a special bestowal of the Spirit.

Another aspect of this gift is called *anointing*. In some respects it is similar to sealing, but the purpose and effect are very different. The Lord was "anointed to preach the Gospel." Examining passages referring to this, we find that it means an equipment by the Paraclete for work that requires mental activity. It is an intellectual endowment, an unction, bestowing the truth itself upon the soul, so that it may possess spiritual knowledge. The mind then has power to discriminate between truth and error, to know "all things." "The things of God none knoweth save the Spirit of God." An omniscient mind is thus in permanent contact with ours, lending itself as it were to our needs: a Paraclete in the intellectual realm. Can anyone conceive of the measure and value of such a gift? Can it be said that a merely regenerated soul has this power? Must it not imply a special enduement?

That in the teaching of the Apostles the gift of the Holy Ghost received a tenfold greater emphasis than at the hands of theologians, does not seem to admit of a doubt. To them it was the culmination of all gifts and promises concerning the present life. In the letter to the Galatians Paul gives us a passage of far-reaching import. Here he places the promise to Abraham, realized in Christ Jesus, as but the stepping-stone to another promise. "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, *that* upon the Gentiles might come the blessing of Abraham in Christ, *that* we might receive the promise of the Spirit through faith." The open door to the Holy Place, the blessing of Abraham, sonship and heirship, is faith; the open door to the Most Holy Place, the gift of the Spirit, is faith. Has not Christianity been largely content with the one? How many have entered

into the other? The two promises are equally broad. Every one who has accepted Jesus Christ as Saviour is entitled to, and expected of God to accept the Holy Ghost as Paraclete. God has made this twofold provision because He saw the need of it. Is not the *receiving of the Spirit* essential to what God considers success in the Christian life?

* * * * * *

In the opening verses of the eighth chapter, the Apostle says, "God.....condemned sin in the flesh that *the requirement of the law might be fulfilled*.....by walking after the Spirit." What means he when he says, "Ye are not in the flesh but in the spirit. if so be that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you." Does he mean that the Paraclete is only one of the inmates? "By the Spirit mortify the 'tricks' of the flesh." *i.e.*, have the passions subdued so that they are powerless to manifest their strategies. One "led by the Spirit of God is a child of God": "the Spirit Himself beareth witness with our spirits." If these things are possible at all, it is inconceivable how they can be approximated without a large enduement of the Holy Ghost. It is well for us to remember that the Paraclete is among us as vicegerent of the risen and glorified Jesus to *make possible* to His people the riches of the glory He Himself possesses. He sits above re-invested with power, re-clothed with glory and re-endowed with the infinite treasures of grace purchased for us on the cross.

On behalf of the churches at Ephesus and Colossæ the Apostle offers prayer and asks blessings that seem to transcend all possibilies in this life. What a mighty tide of Holy Ghost power must have lifted the soul of Paul to conceive of such petitions as these. What a fulness of that same Spirit's power they imply in the Ephesians and Colossians. Were they never intended to be realized, or did the Apostle ask for what he knew to be impossible? Did he not realize them very largely in his own life through the great Paraclete?

Peter recognizes a special gift of the Spirit, for he speaks of the "Spirit of glory and of God which resteth upon you." John speaks of "the anointing which abideth upon us," and Jude's expression, "praying in the Holy Ghost," seems to imply a greater effusion of the Spirit than is generally known.

If then, we believe with the Apostles that there is a baptism of the Spirit possible to all believers, we must guard ourselves against an error, common regarding the purpose of this gift. It is held by some to be only for some special public service such as preaching, etc. We believe it is also for *living*, supposing we are called to no particular service. All life is a service, and all of life needs the Holy Ghost. The New Testament scarcely recognizes as Christians those who did not receive the Holy Spirit. Are not all the leading characteristics of the new life and the new man produced by the indwelling and power of the Divine Spirit? This baptism seems to be the immutable condition of accomplishing a divinely appointed life and mission. It does not seem possible to begin to realize God's ideal of a Christian character without the bestowal of this marvellous power. We believe from the teachings of the New Testament that in the estimation of God and the Apostles, no man is properly fitted for any sphere of Christian activity unless gifted with the Holy Ghost to a more or less marked degree. With this wondrous gift, the natural powers are quickened into unwonted energy and activity, the soul in the presence of a great mind, has imparted to it great thoughts, deep emotions and vast energies. Forms of activity otherwise impossible are undertaken and accomplished. Consciously brought under the power of an infinite mind, we can move and act according to God's thoughts, emotions and activities, possessing moral and spiritual power to accomplish all things as God wills. With it there will be soul-transforming apprehensions of truth. Spiritual teaching then will be relished and the Bible will no longer be a sealed book or a dead letter. Without this blessing there must be servitude to natural propensities, faintings under chastisements, falling when under temptations, and despondency over repeatedly-broken resolutions. Then only will the words of Jesus be fulfilled, "Out of him shall flow rivers of living water."

This unspeakable gift does not generally come to believers unsought or unexpected. In the case of Finney and others it did, but in examining Christian biographies, we find that it is generally after seeking and waiting. This is the Bible method. "Tarry ye in Jerusalem until ye be endued." Many instances

might be given to substantiate this. Men and women in mediæval times, among the Puritans, missionaries and especially in the great revivals of the last two centuries in England and America, and an even greater number in recent years, after prayer and waiting have "received the Holy Ghost."

Such people have preserved Christianity. If the Church be the salt of the earth, they are the salt of the Church. It would be intensely interesting, if time permitted, to trace the relation between evangelical Christianity and the doctrine of the Spirit. We know of no more accurate thermometer of the spiritual temperature of the Church than the place and work they assign to the Holy Ghost. A hopeful feature of this age is the revived study of this subject. But how few are deeply interested. A blessed day it will be for the Church and the world when the doctrine of the Spirit is proclaimed in every pulpit, when the important question will be, "Did ye receive the Holy Ghost since ye believed?" That day will not come until the men of the theological schools are men baptized in the Holy Ghost: when they are ready to answer Paul's question in the affirmative. Ordination councils could put no more pertinent question than this. Will the day ever come when an affirmative answer will be required? On the other hand, when men are possessing the fulness of the Spirit then are they properly qualified for the laying on of hands. The question of orthodoxy would then settle itself. "It is not theological schools except in so far as they are controlled by the Spirit, not theological works except in so far as they are dictated by the Spirit, not theological parties except in so far as they are filled with the Spirit," not ordination councils except in so far as they are directed by the Spirit, "but the Holy Ghost Himself is the conservator of orthodoxy." This He ever has been and ever will be. The measure of the Spirit's power is exactly the measure of Christianity. The proportion cannot vary. Vital religion can be maintained in no other way. May the day come when every pastor will first experience, then teach and preach that the baptism of the Spirit is of greater importance than the baptism is water; that, not only is there salvation in Jesus Christ by faith, but also the gift of the Holy Spirit by faith.

Jas. J. Reeve, '94.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Since the last issue of the McMaster Monthly, our Canadian Confederation has entered upon another year of its national life, and a new era has dawned upon our political horizon. It will be the prayer of every devout and patriotic heart that the record of our nation's doings from this date forward may be in every respect pure and honorable, and that the men who have been chosen to administer the affairs of the state may not only rule so wisely as to secure widespread prosperity, but also do business on principles so fair and square as to command the hearty approval of all right-minded men throughout the Dominion. The best of administrators may err in their calculations regarding questions of policy, but there can not be any excuse whatever for wilful dishonesty. Such a thing should never be heard of in a Christian nation.

The new Calendars for McMaster University have been ready for some time, and many have already been distributed. In typography and general appearance, they leave nothing to be desired. The work of the curriculum has this year been arranged by subjects, following the names of the respective professors, which will be found to be a decided improvement upon the old plan. In the departments of Classics and Moderns, there are several changes of text-books which students will carefully note before purchasing books. The prevailing cool weather is favorable to study, and we expect to hear that many of our specialists have been doing heavy reading during the long holidays.

A number of our leading educators, observing the effect on the minds and bodies of students of a whole month of "grinding" and daily written examinations are disposed to pronounce emphatically against our present system of determining a student's academic standing, and some of the wisest heads in University circles have been earnestly seeking a simpler and less expensive method of examination. In periodically making special efforts to gather up and thoroughly grasp the details of a subject, and afterwards in putting forth all his powers to express quickly and in accurate language his knowledge of many different phases of that subject, the student is gaining a mental equipment without which his university course will be of little use to him in practical life. The various exercises included under the appellation of term-work may test whether he is intelligently taking in his preceptor's instructions; but it is the terminal examinations which will prove and strongly develop his ability to retain and effectually use the knowledge he has gained.

All this, however, does not justify the practice of putting all these test examinations at the close of the college year. There is no gain to the student, but rather untold injury in thus forcing him to endure the mental tension consequent upon three to six hours of daily written examinations for three and even four weeks at a time. A number of subjects could just as well be written off at Christmas, thereby relieving both examiners and students of much of the hurry and high pressure now incident to the close of every academic year.

MOULTON COLLEGE EIGHTH ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT.

The closing exercises in connection with Moulton College took place last week. On Tuesday evening, June 8th, a musical recital was given by the pupils of Miss Smart and Mr. Vogt, in the Sunday-school room of the Bloor St Church. Piano solos were played by Misses Mayberry, Kirk, A. Nicholas, and O. Matthews, and Miss Boehmer sang Luckstone's "Delight" in a very charming manner. The chief feature of the evening was Henry Smart's Cantata, "The Fishermaidens," rendered with much taste and expression by a full chorus of the young ladies, under the direction of Miss Smart. The solos in this were taken extremely well by Misses Boehmer, Maud Jamieson, McKay, and the accompaniment was very skillfully played by Miss Mabel Bertram.

On Wednesday evening, the Alumnæ of Moulton had their annual dinner. The attendance of members was unusually large this year, and the banquet, with accompanying toasts and speeches, was thoroughly enjoyed.

On Thursday evening, Miss Hart's pupils gave an entertainment in elocution and physical culture, in the school-room of the Bloor St. Church Miss Cornell recited "Papa Puzzled," and Miss Jessie Dryden "The Wayside Inn." Both these recitations were given in very simple and pleasing style, without any of that attempt at elocutionary display which so often mars such occasions. After a number of young ladies, in pretty gymnastic suits, consisting of blue skirt and cream-colored blouse trimmed with blue, had gone through exercises with wands, clubs, and balls, colored lights were turned on the platform and some very beautiful æsthetic movements were given by Misses Alway, O. Clarkson, Cornell, Cutler, Dryden, Main, A. and M. Nicholas, O'Connor, Piez, and Rosser, all being attired in flowing Grecian robes. Then followed an elaborate and most perfectly executed series of scarf groupings, by Misses Cutler, Brophey, Jamieson, Mayberry, Erb, Clemens, Dyer, Conger, and Needler, which elicited much admiration. Some quaint and dignified "Spainish Exercises" followed, and the entertainment was brought to a close with an illustrated recitation of the "Lotos Eaters," in which the members of the graduating class covered them-

selves with honor by their fine rendering of the poem, and their artistic and expressive posing. The success of the evening reflects great credit upon Miss Hart for her artistic skill and untiring energy, as well as upon the pupils for their diligent study and practice. The music on this occasion was furnished by the pupils, a beautiful "Schaferlied," by Miss Boehmer, deserving special mention.

On Friday evening the Graduating Exercises took place in the Bloor St. Church, which was tastefully decorated with flowers and the motto of the class of 1896, "NON PRO NOBIS." The following was the programme, the music being provided by Mr. Vogt and the Jarvis Street choir :

Invocation . . . . . .
REV. W. G. WALLACE.

Quartette, "The King of Love," . . . . . *Shelley.*
MISSES PICKELL, IMPEY ; MESSRS. LYE, DAVIES.

Essay, "Where Music Dwells," . . . . . .
HELEN MARY HARRIS.

Essay, "Wordsworth," . . . . . .
ANNA CAROLINE CORNELL.

Solo, "Show me Thy Way," . . . . . *Torrento*
MISS DORA L. MCMURTRY.

Essay, "Unpractical People," . . . . . .
EDITH ALICE TAYLOR.

Essay, "A Group of Noble Dames," . . . . . .
JESSIE ERNESTINE DRYDEN.

Duet, "Love Divine," . . . . . *Stainer*
MISS JAMES ; MR. LYE.

Principal's Address, ...
Presentation of Diplomas, ...
CHANCELLOR O. C. S. WALLACE.

College Song, ...
MOULTON STUDENTS.

Address to Graduating Class, ...
REV. C. A. EATON.

National Anthem.

The pupils marched in to music, in order of classes, each wearing the colors and flower of her class. Diplomas, on the completion of the Matriculation Course, were awarded by Chancellor Wallace to the following young ladies : Anna Caroline Cornell, Jessie Ernestine Dryden, Helen Mary Harris, Louise Darling Matthews, Sarah Belle Rosser, Edith Alice Taylor, and Mabel Ruth Wallace. Miss Dicklow's words to the graduates were few and well chosen. Mr. Eaton's address was brief and appropriate, closing with the lines beginning, "Bear a lily in thy hand," from Longfellow's "Maidenhood." Beautiful bouquets of flowers, sent by the friends of the graduates, were presented to each as she left the platform. The prize offered by the Moulton Alumnæ to the member of the graduating class who should win the highest standing during her final year, was awarded to Miss Jessie Dryden. In this connection the work done by Miss Helen Harris, which also ranked very high, was referred to by the Chancellor in highly complimentary terms. After the exercises were over, many of the friends adjourned to the College for a farewell reception, and the pleasant hour which followed seemed a fitting close for the happy and prosperous year just ended.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE CLOSING.

The annual closing exercises of Woodstock College were held on Wednesday and Thursday and were, as they always have been, a great success. Everything was favorable to their success. The weather was delightful, and the surroundings beautiful, the students were enthusiastic, the visitors interested in the students and their work, and the teachers and their wives warm in their greetings and generous in their hospitality. The citizens of the town were present in large numbers at the various meetings, and thus showed that their interest in the College has in no way diminished. There was also a considerable number of Alumni present, a gratifying evidence that the men and women who have gone forth from the halls of the dear old school do not waver in their affection and loyalty to their Alma Mater. The presence of Chancellor Wallace, of McMaster University, added much to the interest of the occasion. These were the first closing exercises that Chancellor Wallace has attended in his official capacity, and he won the admiration of all by his able address to the students, and the rare tact he displayed in the presentation of the prizes to the winners. His kindly words for the College, and his congratulations upon the successful completion of the year's work, were gratefully received by all present.

The Graduation Exercises.—The graduation exercises were held on Thursday afternoon, in the chapel-room of the College. The students had decorated the room with evergreens, and these, combined with the presence of so many tastefully-attired young ladies from the town, gave the room a very charming appearance. On the platform were Chancellor Wallace, Rev. James Grant, Rev. W. H. Cline, Principal Massé (of Grande Ligne), D. W. Karn, Esq., and the members of the Faculty.

Essays were read by Messrs. LaFlair and Grigg. The latter also acted as valedictorian of his class, and read an appropriate and touching farewell to the teachers and students. Messrs. Bowyer and Gazley delivered spirited orations for the prize in public speaking. Both orations were worthy of praise, but the committee agreed in giving the palm to Mr. Bowyer. Then followed the reading of the class lists and the presentation of prizes, after which short addresses were delivered by Chancellor Wallace, and Mr. and Mrs. Massé, of Grande Ligne. The class and prize lists are as follows:

Junior Matriculation—Part I.—English—Class I.—Arkell, Coumans, Phipps. Class II.—Bowyer, Carswell, Guyatt, Kipp, McDonald, Pembleton, Sayles, Stone, Vichert, Wilson, Welsh. Class III.—Alexander, Brown, Gazley, Wallis, Welsh, Welwood.

Arithmetic—Class I.—Arkell, Brown, Carswell, Coumans, Guyatt, Kipp, McDonald, Pembleton, Phipps, Vichert, Welsh, Welwood. Class II.—Alexander, McDonald, Sayles, Stone, Welsh, Wilson. Class III.—Bowyer, Brophey, Gazley, Wallis.

Physics—Class I.—Welwood. Class II.—Brown, Pembleton, Stone. Class III.—Carswell, Sprague.

History—Class I.—Arkell, Coumans, Guyatt, Kipp, McDonald, Phipps, Sayles, Stone, Pembleton, Vichert, Welsh. Class II.—Bowyer, Brown, Carswell, Gazley, Welsh, Welwood, Class III.—Alexander, Wallis, Wilson.

Junior Matriculation—Part II.—English—Class I.—Grigg, LaFlair, Roberston. Class II.—Brophey, Brownlee, McLennan, Pengelly, Snelgrove, Sprague, Walker, Welsh. Class III.—Alexander, Canfield, Cornwall, McLean, Smith. Whittaker.

Mathematics—Class I.—Cornwall, Grigg, Robertson, Snelgrove, Welsh, Whittaker. Class II.—Alexander, LaFlair, Pengelly, Sprague, Walker. Class III.—Brophey, Canfield, McLean, McLennan, Smith.

Bible—Class I.—Brownlee, Cornwall, Grigg, Pengelly, Robertson, Snelgrove, Sprague, Walker, LaFlair, McLean, McLennan, Welsh, Whittaker. Class II—Atkinson. Class III.—Brophey, Canfield, Smith.

French—Class II. Whittaker, Wood. Class III.—Alexander, Canfield.

German—Class II.—Smith, Sprague. Class III.—Canfield.

History—Class I.—Grigg, Robertson, Sprague, Walker. Class II.—LaFlair, McLean, Pengelly, Snelgrove, Welsh, Whittaker. Class III.—Alexander, Brophey, Canfield, Cornwall, McLennan, Smith.

Latin—Class I.—Alexander, Grigg, Robertson. Class II.—Brownlee, Cornwall, Pengelly, Smith, Snelgrove, Sprague, McLennan, Walker, Welsh, Wood. Class III.—Atkinson, Brophey, Canfield, Whittaker.

Chemistry—Class I.—LaFlair, McLean, Snelgrove, Sprague, Whittaker. Class III.—Alexander, Smith.

Greek—Class I.—Cornwall, Grigg, Robertson, Snelgrove. Class II.—Alexander, Brownlee, Pengelly, Walker, McLennan, Welsh, Wood. Class III.—Atkinson, Brophey.

F. C. Elliott was granted full *ægrotat* matriculation standing. J. S. LaFlair and A. McLean were granted diplomas in the English Scientific Course.

Scholarships Won.—The following prizes, medals and scholarships were awarded :—In the fourth year, the Hiram Calvin scholarship, to W. E. Robertson of Toronto. In the third year, the S J. Moore scholarship, to H. B. Coumans, of Lockport, N.S. In the second year, the D. W. Karn scholarship, to S. McLay of Woodstock. In the first year, the Dr. Thomas prize, to W. C. Pearce, of Toronto. In the preparatory year, the William Davies prize in drawing, presented by Miss J. C. Hendry, to F. D. Hood of St. Louis, Mo. The first prize in essay-writing, to S. E. Grigg, of Hatch, Eng. The second prize in essay-writing, presented by Mrs. J. Codville, to J. S. LaFlair, of Cape Vincent, N. Y. In the manual training department, Senior year, the Bartlett gold medal, to F. J. Wellwood, of Wingham ; Middle year, the W. J. Copp prize, to F. Wolverton, of Marshall, Texas ; the Mrs. D. L. Clarke prize, to E. Scarlett, of Powassan ; Junior year, the John White prize, to L. LeGrice of Woodstock ; the A. M. Scott prize, to S. McKechnie, of Woodstock. The prize in public speaking, to W. Bowyer, of Woodstock. The athletic championship medal of 1895,

to J. E. Pengelly, of Peterboro'. The athletic championship medal of 1895, to E. Scarlett, of Powassan.

The Alumni Meeting.—The annual business of the Alumni Association was held after the reception. The following were elected:—Honorary Pres., Chancellor Wallace; Pres., Rev. W. H. Cline; 1st Vice-Pres., Miss C. Thrall; 2nd Vice-pres., G. R. Welch; Sec'y, Rev. G. B. Davis; Treas., N. S. McKechnie.

The platform meeting in the evening was largely attended, the chapel room being filled to overflowing. Rev. Mr. Cline, President of the Alumni Association, acted as Chairman. The College quartette, which has furnished such excellent music during the afternoon, sang several selections during the evening and were heartily cheered for the excellence of their singing.

Mr. L. Brown, B.A., representing the graduates of Woodstock in attendance at McMaster University, read a good paper on "The Ideal College and What it Should do for the Student." The writer paid a tribute to Woodstock College, and commended McMaster University to the graduating class. Mr. I. G. Matthews, of Brantford, also representing College graduates in McMaster, recited "Spartacus to the Gladiators," with effect.

Mr. E. R. Cameron, B.A., of London, read an exceedingly interesting paper, which he modestly termed a few "desultory remarks." Among other things he said that it was a lesson worth learning to know that it was not necessary to work six days out of every week of every year of one's life. A month's camping with congenial companions and books such as those of Burroughs, Thoreau, or White, of Selborne, will repay the time apparently lost.

Rev. T. Trotter, B.A., of Wolfville, N. S., sent his paper on "What Woodstock College Has Done for Me." This was a magnificent paper, to which no justice can be done by a digest. It has been suggested that it should be published, and it is to be hoped that the suggestion may be put into effect. Such a paper should be read by every Canadian Baptist.

Perhaps the most interesting number on the programme was the reading of "The Sheaf" by Mrs. W. H. Cline of Paris. Old students of the College will remember "The Sheaf" and "The Gleaners," whose organ it was, and will be able to appreciate the pleasure afforded us who were fortunate enough to hear from them again. In its palmy days the Gleaner Society had the good fortune to have Miss Emma Crawford as editress of *The Sheaf*, and it was a happy thought of the Alumni Associations to select her to edit it on this occasion. Among those who aided her in publishing *The Sheaf* were Mrs. Eva Rose York, Miss Belle Crawford, Mrs. J. W. A. Stewart, Mrs. John Firstbrook, and Mary Sinclair Lang. May *The Sheaf* appear annually hereafter, is the wish of all who had the pleasure of hearing it read this year.

A. P. McDiarmid.

THE

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

NOVEMBER, 1896.

IN AUTUMN'S DREAMY EAR.

In autumn's dreamy ear, as suns go by
Whose yellow beams are dulled with languorous motes,
The deep vibrations of the cosmic notes
Are as the voice of those that prophesy.
Her spirit kindles, and her filmy eye!
In haste the fluttering robe, whose glory floats
In pictured folds, her eager soul devotes—
Lo, she with her winged harper sweeps the sky!

Splendors of blossomed time, like poppies red,
Distil dull slumbers o'er the engagëd soul
And thrall with sensuous pomp its azured dower;
Till, roused by vibrant touch from the unseen Power,
The spirit keen, freed from the painted dead,
On wings mounts up to reach its living Goal.

THEODORE H. RAND.

THE RELATION OF McMASTER UNIVERSITY TO THE THEOLOGICAL TREND OF THE AGE.*

The founding of a University anywhere or at any time is an exceedingly noteworthy event. That a University should spring up in this province with its splendid system of state education and under the very shadow of the noble University which crowns that system, is something that may well challenge enquiry. And when it is known that a great merchant prince of this city, an honored Senator of the Dominion, invested in this enterprise the accumulations of a life time, and that tens of thousands of the best people of these Provinces beheld in its inauguration the fulfilment of long cherished hopes, the answer to many a prayer, and the fruitage of long and patient endeavor, it is time to ask what it all means.

I. What does it mean? Let the charter answer. It says that "McMaster University shall be a Christian school of learning." That means just what it says It means more than a mere varnish of Christianity, or an infusion of the culture of so-called Christendom. It means that within Christendom McMaster is to be distinctively and emphatically Christian—Christian in its aims, its spirit and its methods, Christian through and through in deed and in truth. Christ is our ideal of character and of life. This University is, by its charter, committed to an honest, earnest effort to be just what Christ wishes it to be—Christian.

Lest there should be any doubt of this, any danger of diluting that word 'Christian' to the weak solution of the age, the great Educational Convention at Guelph in 1888 resolved that "McMaster University shall be organized and developed as a permanently independent Christian school of learning, with the Lordship of Christ as the controlling principle." Indeed the paramount reason for developing the University independently was that we might be free to give the fullest possible effect to this principle and make the Lordship of Christ not nominal but gloriously real. May we never surrender to custom or convention what we denied to legislation.

*The substance of the address delivered at the opening of the University, Oct. 16, 1896.

Do we apprehend the full significance of that resolution? Let us see. We have in the Chancellor a visible Head of the University. He presides in the deliberations of the Senate, sits as Chairman in the meetings of the Faculty, teaches in the class-room, and has the freedom of every class and the oversight of every department. His wishes and plans go far toward shaping our policy; his character and spirit will largely become the character and spirit of the University. He is the Head, and we all recognize his right to a say in everything pertaining to the life and work of the colleges. But, as is best in all things human, his is a limited monarchy. He counsels with his brethren. But over him and over us all we have formally and solemnly installed Christ as our absolute Lord and Head. In every gathering of the Governors, in all the deliberations of the Senate, He, the unseen Head, is to be recognized, His voice heard, His plans adopted, His slightest wish crystallized into statute. In all the meetings of the Faculties His presence must be known, each mind and heart must turn to Him, seeking His wisdom and resolved to do His will. And so in the class-rooms and in every department and detail of our work His must be the controlling mind, His the informing spirit.

To this we are solemnly committed. To carry it out may, nay doubtless will, involve leaving many a well-beaten path and entering ways but little trodden, as was pointed out by Professor Trotter, the mover of the Guelph resolution. Humanly speaking, it is no easy task. If the world, the flesh and the devil conspire against the individual Christian, they may be counted on to oppose a Christian University with all its untold possibilities for good. The courteous overtures of the world, the pleading self-indulgence of the flesh, and the subtle deceptions of the Master Mind of Evil must be met and vanquished. It means perpetual vigilance at a hundred points. We need divine insight and wisdom, strength and courage, glowing zeal and unfaltering faith in our Lord, if, in the conflict, victory is to be ours. If this University is to fulfil its mission in this age all of us who help to mould its life must seek to be filled with the Holy Ghost and with faith, to have Christ's thoughts written on our minds, and to have our hearts touched into a passion of sympathy with Him and His great purposes of grace for the world.

II. What is the character of the age to which we are to minister? What is its theological trend? Where there are so many currents and counter currents, it is not easy to indicate the general drift. But as a glance back along the railway track reveals the grade unnoticed from the window of the car, so a glance at the past will help us to understand the trend of thought to-day.

The "ages of faith" were ages when faith was sadly overlaid with superstition. In the 15th century, Humanism sought to discard faith and exalt reason unduly. The Reformation sought to give faith and reason each its due. It was natural, however, that rationalism should seek to assert itself in those times of recoil from the ignorance and oppression of mediæval days. But it was not until the 18th century that it attained to power. In the early years of that century there was a great uprising of it in England. Its watchword was the denial of the supernatural, and, as deism, it was openly and aggressively anti-Christian. It spread to France, where also it was anti-Christian, and often atheistic. But a strange thing happened when, later in the century, it entered Germany. There it was welcomed at the Court, petted in the Universities, and found a home within the Church. Since then it has had a strangely chequered history and has been marvellously kaleidoscopic. Sometimes it has been eagerly historical, and again it has disregarded history; at times it has dragged religion at the chariot wheels of philosophy, and again it has eschewed philosophy; at one time it would submit itself to physical science, at another it would treat science with disdain; it has sometimes run into blank atheism, and sometimes it has approached orthodoxy. Almost every conceivable theory for accounting for Christianity on purely natural grounds has found learned and able advocates.

This rationalism, within the pale of professing Christianity, has had many fine things to say of Christ, and has claimed to place faith in Him on surer foundations. Accordingly the attack on the supernatural has been turned chiefly against the Bible. Gigantic efforts have been made either to eliminate the supernatural from it altogether, or to reduce it to the smallest possible proportions. At times it seemed as if these efforts had succeeded, insomuch that, under the pressure of the attack, even the ortho-

dox schools made large concessions, and accepted a lowered estimate of the Word of God. This was due partly to the prejudice against the supernatural which was like a malaria in the atmosphere; partly to the desire to be considered liberal and to concede as much as possible without surrendering the citadel of the faith; and largely, be it noted, to the fact that to the German mind, unacquainted with the jury system and so with the common laws of evidence, certain apparent discrepancies formed an insurmountable barrier to the acceptance of anything like plenary inspiration.

This German criticism, with its dislike of the supernatural and its free and easy method of dealing with the Bible, has come over to England and America during the last half century. Here it has received at once a check and a reinforcement. It has been checked by the much greater prevalence of experimental religion, and spiritual life. It has been reinforced by the theory of evolution which is England's return gift to Germany. This hypothesis has furnished it with that which it had so conspicuously lacked before, an instrument for constructive work. So we find to-day strenuous efforts being made to reconstruct the history of Israel on the lines of natural development, and much free handling of the Old Testament Scriptures to suit that theory. In some cases the supernatural is frankly denied; in others it is admitted in some hazy, indefinite shape, whilst the criticism proceeds on the lines marked out by the anti-supernaturalists, and largely accepts their methods and results. This latter is the position occupied by many of the most talkative representatives of the Higher Criticism in England and America to-day. They protest their loyalty to the Bible, and claim to be the true friends of Christianity. But their position is an untenable one as has been clearly and emphatically stated recently by two of our foremost scholars on opposite sides of the gulf—Mr. Goldwin Smith and Sir William Dawson. This intermediate school must ultimately swing to the one side or the other.

Rev. F. Relton, in an address before the Christian Evidence Society, has pointed out that this great battle of the Bible has had two phases. The first dealt with the genuineness of the documents and, as far as the New Testament is concerned, has been already won. The Old Testament is still under fire. The

battle may be longer, because of the greater age of the books and the greater lack of other historical material. But just as history vindicated the genuineness of the New, so archæology is marvellously coming to the defence of the Old. The trend to-day seems to be strongly in the right direction, and we may abide the ultimate result with composure and hopefulness.

The second phase of the discussion, now at its height, affects the value of the Book and the authoritativeness of its teachings. Admitting the genuineness of the documents, many are now discussing their inspiration and interpretation. Again we encounter a variety of views. Some still seek to explain it all as a merely human book, and maintain that natural development explains everything. Others grudgingly admit a divine element, but strenuously insist on the human. How far does the former go ? What is the value of the latter ? Is there, after all, any means of determining the soundness of any doctrine other than our own consciousness and reason ? Since the human element is there, and "to err is human," and since the boundary between the divine and the human element is undetermined, must we not after all sit in judgment on Scripture teachings even where they are unmistakeably clear ? Is even Christ infallible ? If He is, still what about Paul and Peter and John ? If their teachings are repugnant to reason are we not bound to reject them ? And so it comes to pass that we have a *new phase of rationalism*, a serious phase ; for not only does it claim the right to accept or reject the teachings of Scripture, but it strikes even at the authority of Christ himself. Under its influence, and in the face of Christ's great commission, a learned Professor in a great Christian University, dares to pronounce the enterprise of Christian missions folly and failure !

This brief sketch is sufficient to show what one of the most striking theological features of our age is. Let me conclude it with a sentence or two from Bishop Ellicott. He says : "The active principle in the genesis and development of the analytical view is disbelief in, or inability honestly to accept, the supernatural." "Nought will stay the course of modern biblical criticism when once inability to accept the supernatural has become a settled characteristic of the soul." "If it be obvious that certain theories about the Old Testament must ultimately conflict

with our Lord's unerring authority, a Christian will pause before he commits himself to these theories." Let me not be understood as saying one word against criticism, as such. It has its place, both the Lower and the Higher. But we do raise the danger signal against any criticism that proceeds upon the denial or dislike of the supernatural.

Akin to the better phases of this rationalistic criticism is the New Theology, or, as Dr. Dale calls it, the New Evangelicalism. This accepts the Bible as the Word of God, but as the first point in its divergence from the old, according to Dr. Munger in his "Freedom of Faith," it claims a larger place for reason. How much is meant can only be known by a careful observation of the positions thus reached. And what are they? The doctrine of future punishment is toned down, and room is found for a future probation; special stress is laid upon God's Universal Fatherhood; the incarnation is exalted at the expense of the atonement, and justification is explained wholly by an acquired righteousness. Now whilst, no doubt, good is being done by putting emphasis on phases of truth that had not received proper recognition, yet, in these teachings it is not hard to discern the rationalistic spirit and a departure from the plain implications of the Bible in order to make its teachings appear more palatable to human reason and the human heart.

All this lowered thought of the Bible and free handling of its contents has begotten a spirit of doubt and unrest which is more and more percolating through the masses of the people. One of the effects of it may be seen in a growing latitudinarianism of which the Parliament of Religion was to a large extent an outgrowth; for if we make the Bible a merely human book, we are ready to put Christianity on a par with other religions, or, at best, as *primam inter pares*. It is seen also in the growing numbers who openly declare themselves unbelievers. In Germany to-day these are fourteen times as numerous as they were twenty-five years ago. This striking at the authoritativeness of the Bible, moreover, makes it easier for professing Christians to drift into worldliness; and how much we have to-day of the form of godliness without its power! It gives freer rein to the materialistic tendencies of our mercenary age; furnishes a soil in which *isms* of all kinds grow rank, and

so promotes the thirst for mere novelty of doctrine, a thirst created perhaps by the rapid inventions which make one decade almost antiquated in the next.

Still while all this is true McMaster would be poorly prepared for her work if she failed to recognize the redeeming features of the age. This maëlstrom of discussion has done immense service. Christ's peerless perfection is acknowledged on every side; Christian evidences are more unassailable than ever; emphasis is being placed on life as perhaps never before; the offices of the Holy Spirit are being recognized more fully; missionary activity is growing more widespread, and the work of God is being pushed all over the world by larger numbers of men of great faith than the world has ever known before. Pessimism may hide her head, "He maketh the wrath of man to praise Him." Out of the fires of testing God has been bringing purified faith and life.

III. What now is McMaster's relation to the trend of thought that has been thus briefly and imperfectly outlined? What is the highest service she can render the age? The answer can be put in a few words. Let this University be true to her ideal, and confess humbly, yet boldly and fully, the unchallenged Lordship of Jesus Christ. We hail him as Lord, not simply because among the characters of history our reason recognizes His pre-eminence, but as those who have been born again we have been enabled by the Holy Ghost to call Him Lord, and yield Him the homage of our whole being. "To this end," we know, "He both died and rose again that He might be Lord." To all whom He saves He must be Lord. This involves three things at least that must be mentioned here.

1. *McMaster honors Christ as the Infallible Teacher.* Were He merely man, we should still believe Him to be the safest guide among the sons of men. With intellect unclouded by sin, sensibilities unblunted, and will ever unerring, who among the mighty so sure of knowledge and of truth as He? His judgment on matters of criticism, would, even on the wholly human plane, be incomparably superior to that of any other. But we know Him to be "God manifest in the flesh." The scriptural declaration about His self-emptying we unhesitatingly accept. But we cannot accept the inference that some draw

from this doctrine of the κένωσις, that He was ever fallible in His teachings. Whatever may have been the limitations of His knowledge, we are sure He was too wise a Teacher to deal in anything but His knowledge. He Himself declares, "We speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen." He always spoke with authority. He declares again and again that He spoke the words that the Father had given Him. He is the Lord of truth. He is the Truth. He is Light, and in Him is no darkness at all. And so His words are always absolutely authoritative to us. We accept everything He says. A plain statement from Him, whatever its reference, ends all controversy. He may say things we do not understand. Our implicit faith in Him receives such sayings without misgiving. We trust where we cannot trace. For nearly all we know about the future, for example, our only evidence is that He said it. "Faith is the evidence of things not seen." So we have no fellowship at all with any theory that questions Christ's infallibility. We will serve our age by repeating with authority the teachings of Christ.

Many will agree with us thus far who are not prepared to take the next step with us. But when we think about Christ as our infallible Teacher, we are compelled to enquire as to how we may know what He has taught. We believe on evidence which our reason accepts that we have a divine record of it in the Bible. This leads to our second statement.

2. *McMaster accepts the Scriptures as the sole rule of faith and practice.* This is the position of the churches we represent. Not that any professor is asked to teach what he cannot teach conscientiously. No man is compelled to teach here at all. But it would be immoral for any man to receive a salary from Baptist churches and teach doctrines radically antagonistic to the beliefs of those churches.

We believe the scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, as originally given, to be God's record of His revelation to man, and, as such, infallible. Our reason for this belief is very simple for it rests at bottom on the infallibility of Jesus Christ. He endorsed the Old Testament; He promised the New. When we know, as we do, what books He had in mind when He spoke of the Old Testament, we know what books should be included

therein. When we know what books are properly certified as belonging to the New, we know what books are covered by His promise. We welcome all light that historical research can give us on this point. Moreover when these limits have been determined, we are sure that God's book is closed. For since the revelation is completed in Christ, the record of this final revelation should close the volume. It was closed, we believe, as might be expected, within the life-time of those who beheld Him in the flesh.

Moreover all parts of the book are equally *authoritative.* Revelation was progressive. Matt. v. 17 suggests the analogy of a building. God is the great Architect, the prophets were His workmen. Each builds according to the divine plan. When the Old Testament closes, the building is still unfinished. But incompleteness is not error. As far as it has gone the building is true and good. The Master approves of it, and declares that He "came not to pull down but to complete." Much of the current criticism of the Old Testament confuses this sort of imperfection (incompleteness) with error, and betrays an utter failure to understand this whole section of the Sermon on the Mount (Matt. v. 17-48). For the same reason we dissent from that form of New Testament criticism which, when it cries "Back to Christ," means to appeal from Paul or John to Jesus. The epistles are as truly authoritative as the gospels. Indeed the whole book, being simply the record of God's self-revelation through Jesus Christ, becomes, to change the figure, a living picture of Christ. Take away any part of it, and the portrait is to that extent marred. Not that all parts are of equal absolute importance, any more than all details of a picture or building are equally important. But every part is in its God-given place and serves its God-appointed purpose

Further McMaster University stands for a pretty definite body of teachings and, to quote from the present Chancellor's inaugural address, "exists for the teaching rather than the pursuit of truth." We hold the common body of evangelical truth as well as our more distinctive doctrines of regenerate church membership, believer's baptism and soul liberty. These things we shall teach without reserve and without apology. We believe that this age with its latitudinarian tendencies needs

positive teaching. We can serve it best by giving it our convictions rather than our speculations.

If it be objected that this leaves no room for investigation, we reply that we have every stimulus to investigate. We love truth, and have no desire to hold to error. But our convictions are the result of careful investigations, and rest, we believe, on secure foundations. We recognize it as our duty to search history, philology, and every other field, that we may "Know how we ought to answer each one." In thus standing for the defence of the Scriptures, we enjoy a distinct advantage in having no settled prejudice against the supernatural. We welcome with equal readiness all classes of facts, natural and supernatural, outward and inward. Moreover, we are among those who, like the old Puritan, believe that there is more truth yet to break forth from God's holy Word. And here we have every incentive to the most diligent investigations. We are not, however, like Columbus, in search of a new continent; but rather, like Livingstone, exploring a continent already known. Thus new doctrines may come to light, and especially may we hope to reach a fuller understanding of the doctrines already received. We recognize the wide difference between a fact and any theory that seeks to explain it, as for example, between the atonement and the theories that are advanced in explanation of it. But in all such investigation we shall keep reason lovingly loyal to the Word of God, which reason has already accepted, and call a halt whenever our theory runs counter to its plain declaration. Within that limit we remember that there is room for differences of view. We shall not think it strange that in our partial views we should differ when we know that God has found it necessary, may I not say, to use so many men for giving us the complete picture of our mighty Lord. Remembering this, we shall always hope to be found speaking the truth in love. And this leads me to the third point to which I wish to refer.

3. *McMaster's great business is to urge personal loving self-surrender and obedience to the Lord Jesus Christ.* The commission charges us with "teaching them to observe whatsoever He has commanded." This, after all, is the all important thing. The Bible is not an intellectual plaything. It is God's

guide to Christ-like living. The spirit of obedience furnishes the key to unlock the treasures of God's Word. "If any man willeth to do His will, he shall know concerning the teaching." The knowledge of any truth in its essence is only possible to those who surrender to it. God hides it from the wise and knowing, and reveals it to babes. The Bible is full of difficulties to the disobedient; it becomes clearer and clearer to the obedient, even as Christ Himself is a "stone of stumbling" to some, and to others "the chief corner stone, elect, precious." The story is told of a woman who complained again and again to her pastor of the difficulty she found in understanding her Bible. Finally he told her to begin obeying the first command she met in it. She did so and soon afterwards went to him with beaming face, testifying to the marvellous helpfulness of the book. This is illustrated on a large scale in history. It was the shameful corruption of the churches of the Restoration in England that gave rise to the disastrous wave of unbelief to which reference has already been made. And it was mainly through the obedient spiritual lives of the devoted Moravians that that unbelief was overthrown both in England and on the continent. And though McMaster may serve the cause of sound doctrine by broad and accurate scholarship, she will serve it much more effectively if she succeeds in imbuing her children with the spirit of unreserved surrender to Jesus Christ. Let her covet for them the enthronement of Christ in the heart through His Holy Spirit, and as the natural outcome of that, a character clothed in humility, faith, patience, self-control, kindness, unselfishness, and ever thoughtful, ever hopeful love; let her launch them on a life career of uncalculating obedience to Christ's commands; and she will do this and succeeding generations the greatest possible service, because she will be carrying out the dictates of infinite wisdom and love. Such men and women will do more alike for a true theology and a world's salvation than all the critics can ever do. They will be the Spurgeons and the Gordons, the Careys and the Judsons of the coming century.

Take, for example, the one command to evangelize the world. McMaster should be so eager to see that command obeyed that she will earnestly strive to send out every graduate

with the resolve to do his or her part in that great work. Some of her brightest sons and daughters she will send out into the front of the battle; others, as pastors, will become recruiting serjeants at home; whilst others still will, in business, bend their disciplined powers to securing the means for carrying on the struggle. The suspension of lectures for one full day every month, and the gathering together of professors and students on that day for the deepening of spiritual life and the consideration of missionary work, is one indication of the spirit in which this institution is addressing herself to this part of her task.

To conclude. The business of McMaster University is to do Christ's will, to carry out His great commission. Her holy task is to give the gospel to the lost, and discipline saved souls that they may be meet for the Master's use, and go forth in the spirit of loving obedience to their God-appointed duties. For her instructions she looks to the Word of God; for guidance and power she depends on the Holy Spirit. Thus will she most effectively help all the good and correct all the evil in the thought and life of the age. As surely as we hold to this, God will have a large sphere for us. Upon Him we can depend for men and money. It is an inspiring thing to feel that we have come to the kingdom for such a time and such a ministry as this.

Is this a narrow conception for a great University? The motto emblazoned on our crest protests against such a thought. "In Christ all things consist." That motto suggests heights and depths and lengths and breadths that pass all telling. We learn of Him Whose thoughts are a great deep; we walk with Him Whose paths are in the mighty waters; we rejoice in His works Who weaves the splendors of the day, and marshalls the glories of the night. The Universe becomes our home; all nature with her myriad forms and manifold laws is invested with a new, glad interest. For in glittering dew and flaming star He is alike at work, and in studying them we may be learning Him. This is no narrow conception. "All things are yours," since "ye are Christ's."

And yet there is an element of truth in that charge. Our ideal is narrow in one sense. But it is the narrowness of truth as opposed to error. It is the narrowness of the way of life.

It is the narrowness of the mountain path that threads defiles, shuns abysses, skirts precipices, and climbs the heights into the cloudless sunshine of heaven. And they who walk this way of life, "will enter through the gates into the city," of whose eternal day Christ is the sun,

"And join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all."

J. H. Farmer.

THE SPARROW AND THE MOTH.

St. James 4-3.

My soul had sought and yearned to be freed,
To burst all the locks and the bars of creed—

To think and to dream in uncloistered air,
Without staff or scrip to wander there.

Too narrow had seemed the monastic cell
That so long had harbored me safe and well.

When I saw a blue-winged moth that would fain
Escape through my window's translucent pane.

It flutters and floats and bruises its wings
Then resting and panting despairing clings

To the glass. A sparrow with gaping beak
Flew toward the wraith with a hungry shriek.

But the moth was safe in its prison held—
Saved by the bondage 'gainst which she rebelled.

And I thought "In obeying just laws I'm free :
Faith's cell is God's shelter ; I'll stay with thee.

O Truth, thy favor is life and breath
As license is fatal, and ends in death."

It seemed Christ's lips touched my brow with a kiss
While He said "ye received not, ye asked amiss."

B. W. N. Grigg.

Montreal.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SKETCHES No. 3.

GOLDEN-ROD.

Seldom if ever is the entomologist more overjoyed than when in his rambles through forest and meadow he encounters a large patch of golden-rod. The ordinary observer sees nothing more than a minature forest of sunlit, golden flowers. "No mean sight," you say. I grant it; but to the collector, far more attractive than all the floral beauty and bright sunlight is the prospect that such a patch affords, of a rich and varied catch of insects.

The golden-rod offers inducements to nearly every tribe of my insect acquaintances. The frivolous butterfly finds nectar mixed to his fastidious taste, our industrious friend the bee and all his kindred manufacturers swarm to the yellow masses of bloom for their raw material, beetles of the flower-feeding varieties, which are almost invariably among the brightest and most delicately colored members of their family, fairly revel in the luxuriance, and even the despised bug with nauseous odor nestles away from the light under the fragrant canopy.

As I carefully approach this little grove my roving eyes drink in the prospect, and I am satisfied that much pleasant labor is in store for me. Near by are several butterflies, feeding contentedly with wings folded together over their bodies like the leaves of a book. Have you ever noticed that the wings of butterflies are usually far more handsomely colored on the lower than on the upper surface, while those of the moths are just the reverse? While kneeling for a few moments on the outskirts to arrange my implements of chase, an explanation of this rather striking phenomenon occurs to me. Is it not natural for the vain creatures to wear their finery where it can be viewed to best advantage? Butterflies, both when fluttering above us and when resting with wings folded over their heads in cherubimic attitude, display only the lower surface. Moths, however, flying as they do only by night, have no reason to be concerned about their appearance in the dark; but, when resting all day on the bark of a tree or in some shady nook they spread out their wings in a horizontal position and exhibit only the upper surface.

This, to me, is one of the most significant examples of adaptation that insect life affords. The arrangement, especially in the case of butterflies, is a very unsatisfactory one from the stand-point of the practical entomologist. If he follow the prevailing custom of setting all insects "dorsal surface up," much of the beauty of his collection is necessarily hidden from view. But what does the matter-of-fact scientist care for beauty? Very little, I am afraid; but the time is coming when scientists will pay more attention to the æsthetic side of their work. No science, I believe, affords wider scope for advancement in this direction than that of entomology.

While still kneeling my revery is interrupted by the sight of a butterfly within arm's length of me. Evidently intoxicated with deep draughts of nectar, she hangs limply downward, scarcely moving. I notice that her wings are dotted with large silver spots arranged upon a ground-work of golden brown. Here then is a silvered butterfly drooping from a golden flower; truly a happy combination, yet by no means an uncommon one. Her striking appearance indicates that she is one of the Fritillaries *(Argynnis Aphrodite)*, as beautiful as her namesake. No net is needed to capture a creature so languid. A carefully applied finger and thumb consign her to the place of painless death, the ever-ready cyanide bottle.

As the flowers are parted I catch a glimpse of several Longicorns, of the family *Leptura*, beetles with attenuated bodies, delicately colored wing-cases, and, as their name indicates, long curving horns or antennæ. Along with these several emerald beetles scurry away, and only by a hasty dive am I able to secure a specimen. Perhaps this little fellow (*Chrysochus auratus*) is the most highly colored of all our Canadian beetles. Certainly he is a veritable gem, with his wing-covers golden-tinted and flashing forth the rainbow hues.

While securing a supply of bees and wasps my heart leaps within me as I see alighting a few yards away a specimen of the coveted Painted-lady, one of our most beautiful butterflies. Her trembling wings indicate that she is yet undecided whether to go or stay. I dare not move for fear of disturbing her, so I patiently await my lady's decision and meanwhile gaze longingly at her gorgeous apparel. It is beyond my weak descrip-

tion. Have you ever seen a piece of variegated marble with streaks of pink and white and olive and fawn, crossing and interlacing in endless patterns? If such a sight has met your eye you can form some conception of this fair one's dainty pinions.

She seems settled and stealthily I creep toward her, net extended, scarcely breathing. "Now I have her sure!" think I exultantly; but there is many a slip in net-wielding. With a dexterous dodge she eludes me and flutters away over the patch of golden-rod. Of course I follow regardless of consequences. and finally, after several unsuccessful casts, captured my prey, but alas! I have created such a commotion by my exertions that all the other butterflies have taken warning and fled to other feeding-grounds, leaving me to the company of the beetles and bees, who forsake their pastures for no man.

Resolved to make the best of present company I beat about me assiduously for some time, and am rewarded by the discovery of quite an extensive colony of Mimics. Seldom does the hunter meet with more than two or three of these curious beetles at once, but here are dozens of them within the radius of a few yards. They receive their name from the striking resemblance they bear to various kinds of bees and wasps. One species especially (*Cyllenæ robiniæ*), if a few feet distant, might deceive even the practised eye of a collector, so perfect is his make-up. His black body is covered with numerous yellow bands, arranged in a very wasp-like pattern. Nature shows a degree of partiality towards these helpless creatures in thus allowing them to mimic the garb of the well-protected stinging insects, while the majority of beetles are left quite defenceless. Birds know by sad experience that the honey-makers are undesirable articles of diet, and therefore avoid everything that bears even a slight resemblance to them.

A careful selection of these beetles satisfies my nomadic instincts for the time being, and with well-filled collecting boxes I seek the dusty road, carrying the added burden of a huge bunch of golden-rod, which I know full well will be more appreciated by the ladies at home than all the trophies of my afternoon's investigations in the realm of practical Entomology.

H. H. Newman.

Students' Quarter.

BY SUSQUEHANNA'S FLOW.

Along the wooded shore of the Susquehanna, where the river breaks through the hills before joining the Juniata, lies an oak-encircled valley in which myriads of daisies grow. We all know how beautiful these daisies are, larger and whiter than any others, and with great gleaming, golden hearts. But not many know how they first came there, for that is one of the secrets of the river, and the Susquehanna only tells her secrets to those who know and love her well.

Very many years ago, in this valley there dwelt an old man and his daughter. The father lived in his little hut and studied the wonders of Nature in great books, while the child roamed through the beautiful world outdoors, and thought and sang whole volumes of poetry. The old man called his daughter Vrysais, and the wood nymphs made music out of the name and chanted it. At first the child was unconscious of the presence of such strange neighbors, but stealing out into the moonlit woods soon after her arrival in the valley, she chanced upon a sorrowful company of spirits. She had wandered down into the lowest part of the dell, where the trees shut it in on every side, only letting a few moonbeams through the branches to dance on the moss. Such a sight as the wondering child saw! Beautiful nymphs, and furry-eared fauns, comical sprites and graceful fairies, bashful rabbits and brisk little squirrels, but all so sad. What could be wrong? She listened to a mournful nymph who was telling how everything had to give way to mortals, and how they changed the forests, driving out the spirits who had been used to hold dominion there. "We must go!" she wailed, swaying in the wind like a lily, and her sisters took up the refrain and sighed, "We must go!" Then the mortal child broke through the branches and stood among the nymphs, as beautiful as they. A star up in heaven smiled brightly on her, and she smiled back, looking so fair and gentle that a rabbit slipped his velvety nose lovingly into her hand and then scampered away to his hole ashamed.

"Stay!" she said, "You will only see me"; and the fauns thought it was well worth while staying for that alone. The nymphs kissed her with cool, damp lips, the little sprites tangled themselves in her hair, and they all frolicked together. But when day dawned and they had all fled, Susquehanna's naiad rose and stretched her arms longingly toward the child's home. No one came, so she sank unsatisfied beneath the waves again.

For ten long years the child lived among her forest companions. They loved her dearly, but never ceased to wonder over the old man who cared more for his candle and books than for the light and life outside his cottage.

Susquehanna sunsets are the most beautiful in all the world; Vrysais knew it, for she always watched them, sitting on a mossy rock and seeing the pearly clouds slowly set in gold, and a shower of amethysts and rubies dropping into the river. As she sat there the naiad would rise in a golden robe with fiery jewels, and hold out her longing arms, but the poet-maiden always shook her head and laughed. As a shade fell over the earth the nymphs and fauns came out of the cool recesses where they had hid from the sun's fierce heat. They frolicked around the maiden, telling her the sun would scorch her up, too, some day. Then she would try to tell them how, beyond the clouds, deep in the very heart of the sunset, she had seen strange beings, more beautiful even than the nymphs, which she thought must be angels. But the nymphs had never heard of angels, they shook their heads—

"More beautiful than we are?" they said, "we, the spirits of nature, of stream and spring and tree? Ah, no, little mortal sister, that can never be!" and they dragged her away, a laughing captive. The naiad of the river sighed as they vanished, for she had often seen the angels, and she sang a song about them to the lapping of the wave-tongues in the pools along the shore.

One day a poet wandered into the valley, and because he had written a book the old man received him gladly. He was one who might have made men's souls sing, but instead he laid hearts bare that he might be able to describe their writhings in his rhymes. When he heard Vrysais speak he was enchanted,

for her voice was music and her words were poetry. The merry folk of the forest hated him. They hid away, and when the maiden sought them out the dryads tried to hold her captive and the squirrels scolded, but she grew angry and broke away, saying, "He will teach me many things." When she had gone all the wild creatures of the forest, and the very leaves of the trees sang softly and sadly together—

"He will teach her, he will teach her many things."

He did teach her. She sat long hours in the close room learning to write her poems from her mind into a book. Her head ached, and nymphs called her imperatively; her hand ached, and the spirits of the wind shook the casement angrily, but she did not heed them; and by-and-by her heart ached too. Then the spirits became invisible, and she never looked for the angels.

At last one night as the nymphs were watching they saw the poet and Vrysais taking leave of each other. The maiden wept and pleaded, but there was no sorrow in his face, rather a gleam of triumph; and even as he stooped to kiss her they saw him slip her book of poems beneath his cloak. He left the hut hurriedly, and she fell to the floor as one dead. Then the spirits of the wind followed him, and wrapped him in a hurricane, and buffetted him roughly, snatching the book from his hands. The nymphs took it to the glade, and tore the pages into fragments, scattering them over the dell. All the long day they waited in their hiding-places hoping their playmate would return to them now. The naiad of the river lashed it into a sheet of foam, but when the sunset came it was calm again, and she leaned out of the waves, watching and waiting.

As the sun sank down the west Vrysais came out of the cottage and walked down to the water's edge. The nymphs, peeping out, clapped their hands softly in delight to see her come to watch the sunset as in the days before the poet came. She began to sing, but her song was a strange one, it reminded them of the last song of a wild swan.

She stepped upon a rock out among the waves with her eyes fixed intently on the sunset. Then the river naiad drew nearer and held out her arms, and the maiden gave herself into

them. The naiad smiled tenderly as she received her, and the waves closed over both. The nymphs, forgetting the sun, ran out, but she was gone, only they still heard the singing, and was it possible they saw the angels flying upward?

The poet went back to his city and wrote many great poems about sorrow and suffering. Men praised him; he grew famous and his soul was satisfied. The old man in the forest missed his poet-daughter, for he had now no one to trim his light, he was obliged to break off in his study to do it for himself. The forest folk went back to the glade, sorrowing deeply for their lost companion. They made daisy petals of the torn pages of her book, and bound them to green stems. Then they deserted the vale forever. After they were all gone the daisies covered the dell, and Susquehanna's naiad rose and gave them hearts of gold. They grow there to this day, and when the wind blows through them those who listen can hear the story and songs of Vrysais. And the naiad waters them still.

ETHEL M. BOTTERILL.

MY GUARDIAN ANGEL.

I.

A form of chastened beauty
Gazed upon His face
In Paradise,
Waiting to do His will.

Jehovah speaks: "Go forth,
Take thou this child of mine,
Lead him through yon dark vale
Of sin and woe,
Forsake him not,
I charge thee,
Day or night,
Guard thou his dreams,
Attend his waking hours,
Slack not thy vigil keen;
For this I hold thee fast.

"Hold thou his hand,
Watch thou mine eye
And I will say my will
Each day to thee and him.
Teach him to sing
The songs of Paradise
Which thou hast heard.
I shall direct
His long and devious way,
Serve my behest
And I will thee reward."

II.

"Sweet Seraph!
Art thou charged to keep!
My wayward feet?
Dost know my every thought
Humble or proud?

"Is 't thee I see
In sylphine form?
Evade me not,
O let me see
Thy radiant face
To cheer my drooping heart
And fan my love!
O let me grasp thy hand!

"Dost say I may not yet?
Was it thy voice
I heard yestreen
Singing of rest?
Dost yearn to be at home
Rid of thy charge?
Art weary of me?
Dost thou not often mourn?

"Dost love me?
Wonder divine!

And yet I may not say
'T is altogether strange,
Thy King is love."

III.

"I kept thee
E'en since thou wert a child,
Taught thee to sing
The first weak strain
Of that Immortal Song.

"Ah! ne'er shall I forget
When Shaddai touched thy lips
And first the strong clear note
Of that new song
Broke forth;
Since then I sing with thee
And ofttimes He doth hear
Our blended tones.

"I do not say
But I have often mourned;
Where'er thy wild
Capricious will would lead
There I must go,
And often sad I came;
I dared not leave thy side.

"But in these later years
Gladly I walk with thee,
For thou art willing now
To walk His way,
I knew too well
When'er thy young
Rebellious spirit
Disobeyed His voice,
He wept,
And I would wave my hand
And beckon thee,
But oft in vain."

Follow me close to-day
And I will shew to thee
A vision of His face,
  Thy soul shall glow
  In fervent rapture sweet."

IV.

  Silent I waited,
  Lightly drew my breath,
The soft faint rustle
Of His filmy robe
  Entered my ear,
  I saw His form
  Glorious and sweet,
  But fell upon my face.

  Enough, enough,
I wait, O Lord,
Till I am changed,
  Then shall I know
  Even as I am known.

O. G. Langford.

MRS. BROWNING'S "VISION OF POETS."

"The Vision of Poets," as its name indicates, is well adapted to show the literary tastes and sentiments of its writer and above all to explain her ideal of the true poet, his soul, and his life. Nearly every poet has written something on poetry and the poetic art. These poems aid us very materially in gaining a true idea of what poetry should be All poets agree in saying that the poet is born not made. Mrs. Browning has gone farther than this however. She would tell us that the poet's life is a potent factor in his development. The poet is not only born a poet, but derives the truly poetic power from life itself. She has endeavored to show us that the poet's life is made up of

suffering as well as joy. We know that the life she describes in the poem is almost identically her own. She has tried to teach that—

> "Knowledge by suffering entereth
> And life is perfected by death."

In a preface she has said, "I have attempted to express in this poem my view of the mission of the poet, of the beauty and glory of what Balzac has beautifully and truly called "*La patience angelique du genie*," and of the obvious truth above all, that, if knowledge is power, suffering should be accepted as a part of knowledge."

When we read these words and then again the poem we are more than ever convinced that the poetess is giving her own experience. We know that she did have the cold and bitter experiences she so vividly describes. The Muses, however, did not on this account forsake their fair votaress. Anyone who has read her poems both feels and knows this. Without doubt she has been near the majestic chief-poet she describes.

Let us take the story and as we proceed we shall observe how the poetess reveals herself to us. She begins—

> "A poet could not sleep aright,
> For his soul kept up too much light
> Under his eyelids for the night:
>
> And thus he rose disquieted,
> With sweet rhymes ringing through his head,
> And in the forest wandered;
>
> . . . . .
>
> His aimless thoughts in metre went,
> Like a babe's hand, without intent,
> Drawn down a seven-stringed instrument.
>
> Nor jarred it with his mood when as,
> With a faint stirring down the grass,
> An apparition fair did pass.
>
> . . . . .
>
> . . . a lady, riding slow
> Upon a palfrey white as snow,
> And smooth as a snow-cloud could go.

The lady tells the poet that she has come to crown all poets to their worth. Whereat he cries—

> "To their worth lady they are scorned
> By men they sing for, till inurned.

The lady to show him the truths she wishes to teach answers—

"Come on with me, come on with me;
And learn in coming! Let me free
Thy spirit into verity.

The poet follows. In turn he is made to drink of the waters of "World's use," "World's love," and the cold bitter draught of "World's cruelty."

After the last draught the poet swoons and in his dreams

. . . "Spiritual thunders, born of soul
Not cloud, did leap from mystic pole
And o'er him roll and counter-roll.

Crushing their echoes reboant
With their own wheels. . . ."

At last came silence. A slow kiss
Did crown his forehead after this:
His eyelids flew back for the bliss.

. . . . .

"Rise up," said she, with voice where song
Eddieth with speech—"rise up be strong
And learn how right avengeth wrong."

. . . . .

The poet rose up on his feet:
He stood before an altar set
For sacrament, with vessels meet.

The place is thus described:

The altar filled the central place
Of a great church, and towards its face
Long aisles did shoot and interlace.

And from it a continuous mist
Of incense . . . . . .

Wound upward slowly and throbbingly
Cloud within cloud, right silverly
Cloud above cloud, victoriously,

Broke full against the arched roof
And, thence refracting, eddied off
And floated through the marble woof

Of many a fine wrought architrave—
Then, poising the white masses brave,
Swept solemnly down aisle and nave.

And now in dark, and now in light,
The countless columns, glimmering white,
Seemed leading out to Infinite.

Plunged halfway up the shaft they showed !
In the pale shifting incense-cloud
Which flowed them, by and overflowed,
Till mist and marble seemed to blend,
And the whole temple, at the end,
With its own incense to distend ;
The arches, like a giant's bow,
To bend and slacken—and below,
The niched saints to come and go.

In this most wonderful description of a most wonderful place we can read between lines the admiration of the poetess for grand and beautiful churches.

The spell cast over the onlooker was not due, however, to the charm of the temple but rather to the presence of the chief-angel.

His eyes were dreadful, for you saw
That *they* saw God. His lips and jaw
Grand-made and strong, as Sinai's law.

. . . . . .

While at his side, twixt light and glooms,
The phantasm of an organ booms.

Gradually becoming accustomed to the glories of the place, mystic in light and shadow, the poet looks around him and perceives that the sanctuary is filled with

" . . . a strange company around
And toward the altar, pale and crowned,
With sovran eyes of depth profound.

. . . . . .

Sublime significance of mouth,
Dilated nostril full of youth,
And forehead royal of the truth.

These lines should interest us as describing Mrs. Browning's idea of the personal appearance and mental attributes of the true poet. These were the poets

Who died for Beauty, as martyrs do
For Truth,—the ends being scarcely two.

A truly beautiful conception !—one which shows the master mind of the poetess. When we consider more closely we see the absolute truth of this, for is not perfect truth the highest beauty ?

" God's prophets of the beautiful."

Their beauty consisted in perfect truth.

Here we see before us all the great poets, ancient and modern. In this the poetess has revealed to us most fully her own personal tastes. We see how she estimates the different poets, and how highly she values their work. First comes Homer—the father of poetry. Next to him Shakespeare wearing "The crowns o' the world." Beside him stands Æschylus—feared both by gods and men. Further on Sophocles the kingly, and Hesiod the old, appear. There the electric Pindar. All alone by herself is Sappho "crowned with aureole"—the only woman deemed worthy by our poetess to stand amid the throng. Theocritus, and Aristophanes, the writer of comedies, are here also. Virgil, crowned with bay, holds a place of honor. Lucretius, the sceptic, also. Ossian stands next to Spenser, who in turn leans his head upon the Italian Ariosto's. Then Dante the stern, who saw in his life mingled joy and sorrow. Alfieri, Berni, Tasso, Racine, Corneile, Camoens, Calderon, and De Vega stand amid the throng of singers. Gœthe is here and Schiller

> . . . . . with heroic front
> Too large for wreath of modern wont.

Here is our own poet Chaucer. Next Milton who had untold mysteries revealed to him. Cowley there, while beside him stand Drayton and Browne, painters of nature. Here stand the Elizabethan school who "sowed our furrows." Shelley the "white ideal," Keats, and "poor proud Byron" have their places and last of all "visionary" Coleridge.

In these descriptions we see the decided preference of Mrs. Browning for the classical writers, a characteristic quite noticeable in other of her poems. The modern poets are not described so happily as are the classical. Indeed we are compelled to confess that some of her descriptions of the latter are decidedly weak.

After our poet has gazed upon the throng the lady addresses him:

> "Now hear the angel in my stead.
>
> His organ's pedals strike along
> These poets' hearts which, metal strong,
> They give him without count of wrong,
>
> From which foundation he can guide
> Up to God's feet, from these who died,
> An anthem fully glorified!

Whereat God's blessing . . . IBARAK
Breathes back this music--folds it back
About the earth in vapory rack :

. . . . . .

So works this music on the earth !
God so admits it, sends it forth,
To add another worth to worth—

A new creation-bloom that rounds
The old creation, and expounds
His Beautiful in tuneful sounds.

. . . . . .

Then rose and fell (with swell and sound
Of shapeless noises wandering round
A concord which at last they found)

Those mystic keys—the tones were mixed,
Dim, faint and thrilled and throbbed betwixt
The incomplete and the unfixed :

And therein mighty minds were heard
In mighty musings, inly stirred,
And struggling outward for a word.

Until these surges having run
This way and that, gave out as one
And Aphrodite of sweet tune—

A harmony that finding vent,
Upward in grand ascension went,
Winged to a heavenly argument.

. . . . . .

Of perplexed chords, and soared at once,
And struck out from the starry thrones

Their several silver octaves, as
It passed to God.

The strain finished, the chief-poet questions the poets and in conclusion asks

What say ye unto this ?—refuse
This baptism in salt water ?—choose
Calm breasts, mute lips, and labour loose ?

Or, oh ye gifted givers ! ye
Who give your liberal hearts to me,
To make this world this harmony—

Are ye resigned that they be spent
To such worlds help ?
The Spirits bent
Their awful brows and said—"Content."

After this the chief-poet again asks:—

> What living man will bring a gift
> Of his own heart and help to lift
> The tune? The race is swift!

In answer there appears a motley throng of mortals, unused to the glories of the holy place. These are the poets of to-day. One thinks to achieve fame by imitating Homer, another Dante, a third Æschylus. Their leader speaks

> "in sleek and proud exordial periods

He contends, according to his philosophy, that the poet's life should be one of ease. No labor should wear upon his soul. . . He would have said more had not the scorn of the dead poets silenced him.

All this our poet has viewed spell-bound, but now he falls at the feet of the angel, and prays to be made a true poet.

> Only embrace and be embraced
> By fiery ends,—whereby to waste,
> And light God's future with my past.

The angel with a smile divine grants the request, and the suppliant arises

> . . . . . And so as erst,
> A strain more noble than the first,
> Mused on the organ and outburst.
> With giant march from floor to roof,
> Rose the full notes; now parted off
> . . . . . .
> Now dying off into a song.
>
> Fed upon minors, starry sounds
> Moved on free-paced, in silver rounds,
> Enlarging liberty with bounds.

The music ceases. The lady's kiss is pressed on his forehead. He awakes

> Then he looked round: he was alone—
> He lay before the breaking sun,
> As Jacob at the Bethel-stone.

Near him is the bitter pool of world's cruelty. Slowly and calmly he arises, and returns home praying

> Thou, Poet-God art great and good!

And though we must have, and have had
Right reason to be earthly sad,
Thou, Poet-God art great and glad.

In the conclusion the poetess describes herself as walking down the same wood the poet trod. She too felt when she viewed the beauties of nature around her that

This Poet-God is great and good.

In the wood she meets a troop of children who are seeking decorations for the tomb of a dead poet. His son, one of the children, sadly tells the story—a story of one who had labored long but not for reward, of one who had sought it not. It was the story of one who had gone to stand with the chief-angel, and had become a note in the swelling organ. One who at his death could cry

Glory to God—to God! he saith,
KNOWLEDGE BY SUFFERING ENTERETH;
AND LIFE IS PERFECTED BY DEATH.

WALLACE P. COHOE, '96.

LIGHT AND SHADE.

Come sing with me,
For music 's in the air,
The sun gleams warm,
And hope beats high within;
The wind is whispering love,
The brook is warbling soft,
The dulcet day is glad,
And all the world is one full chord,
Pealing the music of my life abroad.

Oh weep with me
For I am sad and lone,
The light is gone,
And blindness gropes within,
The trees are sighing sore,
The stars are weeping dew,
The silent night is sad,
And all the world is but a harp
Wailing the mournful echoes of my heart.

I. G. MATTHEWS, '97.

Editorial Notes.

With this number the McMaster University Monthly enters upon the sixth year of its existence, and passes into the hands of a new managing editor and editorial board. The occasion seems a fitting one upon which to review its history for a moment. The honor of having founded The Monthly belongs to Dr. Rand, for its inception was due to his energy and far-sightedness, more than to anything else. Nor has it ever had a more faithful friend or more generous contributor than he. Dr. Newman was its first editor, and for two years gave to it the invaluable benefit of his experience and ability During the last three years Professor Clark has acted as managing editor, and only those most closely associated with him in University work can be aware of the time and labor he has bestowed upon it As a result of the exertions of Dr. Newman and Professor Clark and those who have aided them so generously, The Monthly has won a success beyond the hopes of its most sanguine supporters. To follow two such capable and successful editors is no easy task, and were it not that we have the assurance of cordial support, we should feel like declining the responsibility imposed upon us by the Faculty of the University. Relying upon that assurance, however, we shall gladly give our best efforts to sustain, and, if possible, raise the reputation and high standard already attained. We believe that there is a sphere of influence in which The Monthly may work without fear of encroaching upon any other publication of our denomination in Canada, and we look forward to its continued exercise of ever increasing influence within that sphere. It shall always be our earnest endeavor to make it a magazine of high literary quality, and an exponent of the best thought of our University. But no one person can do that. An editor can best help in the achievement of such an end by leading out and directing the efforts of others. We are certain that the graduates and friends of the University will gladly co operate in making our magazine a powerful agent for good, and with the assurance of their loyal and active support we anticipate the future with confidence.

In writing the above we have omitted all reference to the students, but we have done so only that we might more fittingly refer to their work by itself. In estimating the success of The Monthly, and in considering its prospects for the future, the excellent work that has been and will be done by the undergraduates must never be forgotten. Several departments of the magazine are under their direct super-

vision, and their successful efforts to render them interesting are deserving of the highest commendation. A college magazine should offer opportunity and encouragement to students to do literary work, and in this respect THE MONTHLY shall not be found lacking. With regard to the past we think we may congratulate ourselves upon the general good quality of the contributions of our students, and we shall see to it that in the future there shall be no deterioration in this respect. The student-editors and business managers in the past have done splendid work, but some have been particularly active. We feel certain that no one will accuse us of making invidious distinctions, if we single out Messrs. C. J. Cameron, G. H. Clarke, O. G. Langford and J. B. Paterson as gentlemen particularly deserving of thanks. During their entire undergraduate course they were intimately connected with the student and business departments of THE MONTHLY, and were untiring in their efforts to make the magazine a success. They have worthy successors in the present staff of student-editors. Indeed, the students are to be congratulated upon the able representatives they have chosen. Under their care the student departments should in no way be lacking in interest. If they will but devote themselves actively to the responsible work they have undertaken, they will be able to produce a magazine that will reflect the highest credit on themselves and their Alma Mater.

The death of Principal Bates has deprived the University of a faithful friend, and Woodstock College of a devoted and successful principal. From his youth Mr. Bates was closely connected with the educational work of our denomination. He believed in the principles upon which that work is founded, and had the fullest sympathy with the ideals it attempts to attain. The son of a noble father, and trained as a youth under the influence of the sainted Dr. Fyfe, he grew up under conditions well suited to make those principles and ideals living things to him, and never once did he falter in adhering to them. For years he was a teacher in Woostock College, and there are hundreds of men and women all over Canada who have vivid recollections of his genial. cheerful nature, his kindly humor, and his beautiful Christian character. Many will fondly call to mind their first steps in Latin under his guidance, and will always bear in grateful remembrance the name of him who helped them in that difficult task. Neither can they ever forget that he always held up before them a lofty ideal of manliness and honor, and that his own daily example of high living was an inspiration to the attainment of that ideal. His memory will smell sweet to them from

his grave, and will continue to exert an uplifting influence upon their lives.

Of his work as Principal we shall say but little on the present occasion. His unwavering loyalty to our institutions led him to answer yea, when asked to step into the responsible position made vacant by the death of the late Principal Huston. For four years he devoted himself with ceaseless energy to the duties of his position, and considered no expenditure of thought or labor too great to be bestowed upon the performance of them. The financial problem of the College in these days of financial depression bore heavily upon him, and so careful and practical was the attention he gave it that he had solved it so far as any one man in his position could have done. He had won in a very marked degree the respect and affection of the students, and was continually moulding their lives for high uses in life. But the Call came in the very midst of his manhood and labor, and he had to lay down the burden he loved to bear. The loss to the University and denomination cannot be estimated, but in spite of all we have perfect trust that things are working together for good. At some future time we hope to be able to present to our readers an adequate appreciation of his life and character. What we have written is only the feeble, though sincere and loving tribute of an old student. To his devoted wife and helpless children we offer the deepest sympathy of the Faculty and students of McMaster University. May He who has taken to Himself the husband and father, be an ever-present comfort and strength to them in their hour of affliction.

The University opened on October the 5th, and began the work of the year promptly. A majority of the students were present on the opening day, and the remainder came in within a day or so. The number of students in attendance upon lectures has been considerably increased, and at the present time of writing there are twenty more enrolled than at the same time last year. This is an exceedingly satisfactory condition of affairs, and one highly encouraging to the friends of the University. The Freshman class is a particularly large and enthusiastic one, and if we may judge from their stand at the matriculation examination, one that will prove one of the best classes that has ever entered the University. We think we may predict great things from the "Class of 1900." The students of all the years have entered upon their work with their old-time activity and enthusiasm, and the Professors are already offering them abundant opportunities for work. In a word, the year bids fair to be one of the most successful in the history of the University.

The attendance at both Woodstock and Moulton is large and continually increasing. The vacancies on the staff have been satisfactorily filled, and the work at both institutions is going forward with great earnestness. Mr. McCrimmon has been appointed Acting-Principal at Woodstock, and is already proving his fitness for the position. Of his undoubted ability and splendid qualifications to fill the responsible position we shall say nothing now, reserving what we have to say for some more fitting occasion. We believe in him, and can gladly give the welfare of the college into his keeping. He may rest assured that he has the fullest confidence and sympathy of his brethren of the University Faculty.

In this number we present to our readers a photogravure of the Rev. A. P. McDiarmid, Secretary of the Foreign Mission Board. Brother McDiarmid is too well known among our churches to require any introduction at our hands, but we are certain that his picture will be a welcome addition to those we have already published. As a pastor of one of our leading Ontario churches he long ago proved his strength as a preacher of the Gospel and a winner of souls for our Lord and Master. As a Foreign Mission Secretary he has done and is doing noble work. His devotion to the cause of missions, and his consecrated activity in behalf of them, have done much to strengthen the missionary spirit in our churches. May he long be spared to the work he so much loves.

We are glad to observe that several of our graduates are doing acceptable literary work for American and Canadian magazines and newspapers. The *Canadian Baptist* announces that it will publish a continued story on a Canadian subject by Miss Minnie Smith, B.A., a member of our first graduating class. Mr. W. J. Thorold, B.A., has been writing a series of entertaining articles from London, England, in *Massey's Magazine*. Mr. S. R. Tarr, B.A., has an interesting article in this month's *Westminster*, and has been commissioned to write a couple of articles on Canadian college life, for an American magazine. We are proud of our graduates, and believe that many will shed lustre, and all reflect credit, on their University. We shall follow their careers with affectionate interest, and shall rejoice with them in every honorable success they may attain. We bespeak from them the utmost loyalty to their Alma Mater, and the remembrance that her reputation is to no little extent in their hands.

Here and There.

A. M. Overholt, Editor.

The oldest college periodical in America is the *Yale Literary Magazine*, established in 1836, and now in its sixty-first volume.—*Ex.*

The honor system in examinations is coming into favor in many of the larger eastern colleges.—*Ex.*

The Cornell faculty has determined to improve the quality of English used by the students. A resolution has been passed recommending that every examiner reject any paper containing bad spelling or faults of expression.—*Ex.*

"Have you ever considered that the diction of an immortal poem is itself eternal? Colors blend and notes harmonize—the word wrought here must be inevitable. Else no expression. Words are so vital, so worthy, that they hate the false and shallow. Seize and confine as we will, the imprisoned rebel. They flee away, and the fabric crumbles into doom."—*Selected*

The following clipped from one of the exchanges gives a valuable hint to college papers along the line of literary work. "We are glad to mention a new publication, *The Waste Basket*, devoted to the interests of amateur writers. It is the purpose of the publishers to print a paper which shall be worthy of general reading and study. All accepted contributions will be paid for, and any that may be rejected will be returned with suggestions for improvement. The special features of the number which we received, are: the frontispiece, a particularly attractive engraving; the literary department, containing a number of well-selected stories and poems, which furnished many valuable suggestions to writers."

During the recent visit of Dr. John Watson to this city, one of the papers reported him to have made the statement that the works of J. M. Barrie are superior to the works of Dickens and will live longer than those of that celebrated novelist. With this opinion of Mr Watson let us compare that of Mr. Stephen Fiske in an article on "The Personal side of Dickens," in the *Ladies' Home Journal* for September, 1896. He says: "Dickens is an immortal man. More copies of his works are sold now than were sold while he lived; more were sold last year than during any previous years; more will be sold next year. It is true that his books are cheaper than ever before. The works of Dickens are not so popular because they are cheap; but so cheap because they are popular. Dickens is to novelists what Shakespeare is to dramatists, and his memory should be equally honored.

POLLEN.

Mounted on Zephyrs the amourous host
  Rise from their warm, translucent bowers :
Lured by the fragrance that each loves most
  Into the hearts of the flowers.

Nestling now close to the gentian's breast,
  Now in the rose's bosom hidden ;
Now by the lily coyly caressed,
  Whisper sweet things forbidden.

What do they whisper? Delicious things !
  Secrets too shy for the sense to capture—
Vague like the breath to the poppy that clings,
  Murmurs that swoon with rapture.

Heavy with incense the golden dusk ;
  Flushed are the virgin pulses chilly ;
Richly exhales the rose's musk,
  Bent with the balm of the lily.

HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN, *in Bachelor of Arts.*

THE student who is fast asleep at eleven o'clock every night and wide awake at seven every morning is going to surpass another student of the same intellectual ability, who goes to bed after twelve and rises before five.

THE vacation number of *The Bachelor of Arts* contains an able article by Mr. Stambury R. Tarr, '95, on "Canada's Change of Government." The article is written in an excellent style, and gives in a brief compass an unbiased account of the causes that led up to this change of government, the main one being of course the Manitoba School Question.

WHAT GOES ON INSIDE A DIAMOND.—Sir Robert Ball, in an address, described the diamond as consisting of an enormous number of separate molecules, swinging to and fro among themselves at a rate of some millions of vibrations a second, all in action together, and quivering with the shocks of impact. If we had a microscope which would magnify a million times, we might be able to see this action ; all we can do at present is to believe it The cause of the diamond's extreme hardness and impenetrability is that, when a steel point is pressed against it the active molecules batter that point with such vehemence and rapidity that it cannot get beneath the crystalline surface. In cutting glass the molecules of the diamond drive the molecules of glass before them, or mow them down like a mitrailleuse.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

THE KEY-BOARD.

Five-and-thirty black slaves,
  Half-a-hundred white,
All their duty but to sing
  For their Queen's delight,
Now with throats of thunder,
  Now with dulcet lips,
While she rules them royally
  With her finger-tips.

When she quits her palace
  All the slaves are dumb—
Dumb with dolour till the Queen
  Back to court is come :
Dumb the throats of thunder,
  Dumb the dulcet lips,
Lacking all the sovereignty
  Of her finger-tips.

Silent, silent, silent,
  All your voices now :
Was it then her life alone
  Did your life endow ?
Waken, throats of thunder !
  Waken, dulcet lips !
Touched to immortality
  By her finger-tips.

WILLIAM WATSON.

THE June number of the *Ottawa Campus* needs a special word of mention, even at this late date. Normally, it is one of the most carefully edited, and handsome exchanges that reach our table, but the June number surpasses any of the previous numbers. On the alternate pages are photo-engravings of the editorial staff, officers of the different classes, musical organizations, football clubs, etc. A magazine printed in this way at the end of a college year would be especially prized by those who are leaving.

College News.

L. Brown, B.A. Miss E. Whiteside, '98.
W. B. Tighe, '99.
Editors.

" We are the flower, Thou art the sun,
Forgive us if, as days decline,
We nearer steal to Thee ;
Enamored of the parting west,
The peace, the flight, the amethyst,
Night's possibility ! "

Freshie, dreaming.—" O, I'm so glad to be in your arms once again ! " (But he said he meant his Ma).

Theolog., at breakfast table.—" Passez le lac s'il vous plait."

Inquisitive Junior.—" Well, how do you feel over the McKinley election ? "

Benevolent Sophomore.—" Good ! for it means the opening up of the silver mining industry, which will afford work to thousands of laborers."

Mathematical professor, to class : " This is known in the study of Algebra as the *Fox and goose* theorem, and for an explanation of it I shall call upon Mr. Fox "

Announcement in the dining room : " The Executive Committee of the student body will meet to-morrow at 5 o'clock, The place of meeting will be on the bulletin board."

A theolog. accustomed to wear a large linked watch chain, was met by a Senior in the hall way the other day, who exclaimed : " Hello, Chap ! where did you get that logging chain ? I suppose that is what you go theologging with."

We were pleased to receive short visits from Rev. J. C. Sycamore, B.A., of Brockville, Rev. J. B. Paterson, B.A., of Arnprior, and Rev. W. W. McMaster, B A., B.Th., of Tiverton. We wish them all success in their respective pastorates.

We were glad to have Rev. J. E. Davis, of the Telugu field, India, with us at our chapel service not long since. After conducting the usual exercises he spoke a few words, which were heartily received by the students.

One of the most noticeable features of the opening of a new College year, is the re-organization of the various years clubs and societies. Most of these in McMaster have re-organized and are showing signs of very active life.

On Oct. 22nd., the Theological Society re-organized with the following officers :—President, Mr. A. J. Darroch, B.A. ; Vice-President, Mr. R. Routledge, B.A. ; Secretary-Treasurer, J. S. LaFlair ; Councillors, Messrs. O. G. Langford, B.A., and W. S. McAlpine, B.A.

Class '98 in Theology has taken a new step this year, in organizing with a full staff of officers. These are :—Hon. Pres , Dr. Welton ; President, Mr. C. H. Schutt, B A ; Vice-President, Mr. C. E. Scott, B.A. ; Secretary, Mr. J. R. Webb ; Treasurer, Mr. A. N. Marshall, B.A. ; Prophet, Mr. A. J. Darroch, B A. ; Minstrel, Mr. J. Chapman ; Orator, Mr. J. J. Ross.

A large number of the students attended Rev. C. A. Eaton's lecture on "Kith and Kin Beyond the Sea," given in Walmer Road Church, October the 9th. Mr. Eaton has already won a large place in the affection of the students, and there was a general expression of appreciation on the part of all present as to the excellence of the matter, style and delivery.

The Natural Science club, which has been in the past of so much interest and benefit to all science students, re-organized with an able staff of officers :—President, Miss M. D Eby, '97 ; Vice-President, Mr. A. G. Campbell, '97 ; Secretary, Mr. J. J. Paterson, '97 ; Councillors, Messrs A. N. McKechnie, '97, J. A. Ferguson, '98 and J. F. Ingram '99.

An enthusiastic meeting of class '99, was held on Oct. 23rd, for the purpose of re-organization. The following officers were elected :—Hon. Pres., Chancellor Wallace ; President G. R. Welch ; Vice-President, Miss Dubensky ; Secretary-Treasurer, E. J. Reid ; Corresponding-Secretary, A. M McDonald ; Poet, H. C. Newcombe ; Minstrel, A. J. Thomson ; Orator, F. J. Scott ; Historian, W. B. Tighe ; Councillors, Miss Cohoon and E. W. Parsons.

It is a generally acknowledged fact among the students of the University, that Prof. A. C. McKay, B.A., is one of the most popular Professors of the staff. We miss very much his genial presence, and he may know that he still holds a warm place in the hearts of McMaster's sons and daughters. Best wishes for every success in his work at Cambridge University, are most heartily expressed on behalf of all the students of the University.

One of the most enjoyable features of the University is the Choral and Orchestral Union, which under the able direction of Mr. W. S. McAlphine, B.A., has attained such a high degree of success. This union organized for the present year with the following officers :—President, Mr. I. G. Matthews, '97 ; Vice-President, Mr. A. M. Overholt, '97 ; Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. H. B. Tapscott, '97 ; Musical Director, Mr. W. S. McAlphine, B.A. ; Assistant Musical Director, Mr. J. Chapman.

One of the most interesting and helpful clubs in the University is the organization of the Specialists in English. The "Camelot" met for reorganization on the 21st inst., President L. Brown, B.A., in the chair. The following officers were elected :—Hon. Pres., Prof. T. H. Rand D.C.L. ; President, Mr. I. G. Matthews, '97 ; Secretary, Mr. J. T. Jones '99; Councillors, Miss M. E. Burnette, '97, Mr. W. B. H. Teakles, '98, Mr. E. J. Reid, '99.

A most enthusiastic meeting of the Tennysonian Society was held in the chapel on the evening of Wednesday, Oct. 21st., for the election of officers. Those elected were :—President, Mr. C. L. Brown, '99 ; Vice-President, Mr. B. R. Simpson, '99 ; Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. S. E. Grigg, '00; Councillors, Messrs. C. H. Emerson, '99, and W. E. Robertson, '00; Editors, Messrs. G. H. Campbell, '00, and F. E. Brophy, '00. Judging from the first meeting, which was held on Friday evening, Oct. 30th, there is a very successful year ahead of this Society.

If the enthusiasm with which the freshmen entered upon organization is any mark of their future achievements there is a brilliant career before them. This class met on Friday, Oct. 30th, and elected a full staff of officers :—Hon. Pres., Mr J. W. Russell, B.A. ; President, Mr. A. E. Brownlee ; 1st Vice President, Miss J. E. Dryden ; 2nd Vice-President, Mr. E. V. Rossier ; Recording-Sec'y, Mr. A. O. Fanjoy ; Corresponding-Sec'y, Miss B. E. McLay ; Treasurer, Mr. J. J. Nicol ; Bard, Mr. F. E. Brophy ; Minstrel, Mr. W. S. Fox ; Historian, E. E. Wood ; Artist, Mr. G. H. Campbell ; Marshall, Mr. R. S. Baker ; Critic, Mr. F. J. Cornish ; Orator Mr. S. E. Grigg ; Councillors, Miss O. A. Gaylord, Messrs. J. Cornwall and S. Brodie.

McMaster University has entered two teams in the Intercollegiate Football League. The first team has already played two matches, one on Oct. 17th with 'Varsity's first eleven, and another on Oct. 27 with Knox College. Notwithstanding the fact that our men put up some excellent playing, the victory was won by the opposing team in each case. The second team has however been more fortunate. Their first game was announced for Oct. 17, with Pedagogy's second. As the latter team did not put in an appearance, McMaster won the match by default. The second game was played with Victoria on Oct. 24. In this contest victory turned in favor of McMaster. Both the first and second teams have had several additions from the new students, who have rendered excellent service to the club.

The Literary and Scientific Society is a very necessary factor in the life of the University ; excellent opportunity for the development of their various talents is afforded to all the students. This Society has had a grand history in the past. The success that has always attended it is due largely to the untiring efforts of the officers and the united sympathy of the student body. The meetings are looked forward to with peculiar interest, and their general tone is of an uplifting and stimulating character. The annual elections have resulted as

follows: Pres., J. H. Cameron, '97 ; 1st Vice-Pres., M. C. McLean, '98 ; 2nd Vice-Pres , Miss Cohoon, '99 ; Rec. Sec., F. J. Scott, '99 ; Cor. Sec., W. J. Pady, '97 ; Councillors, Misses M. D. Eby, '97, E. Whiteside, '98, Mr. A. J. Darroch, B.A.; Reading Room Committee, Messrs. A. N. Marshall, B.A., I. G. Matthews, '97, W. J. Pady, '97 ; Editor of "Student," O. G. Langford, B.A., Asst. Editors, Miss M. Wolverton, '97, Mr. P. G. Mode, '97.

THE Ladies Literary League re-organized the Society with the following members :—President, Miss M. E. Burnette, '97 ; Vice-President, Miss M. D. Eby, '97 ; Secretary, Miss J. Dryden, '00 ; Correspondent, Miss E. Whiteside, '98 ; Pianist, Miss E. Whiteside, '98 ; Critic, G. Kerr, '99. As the Society has received quite a reinforcement, a very interesting year is anticipated. It is with a very definite sense of loss that the Society recognizes the absence of their former honored President, Miss M. E. Dryden. B A. One meeting has been held already, the following was the programme :—Instrumental, Mrs. E. Whiteside ; Life of George Elliot, Miss Botterill ; Life of Miss Hemans, Miss B. E. McLay, '00 ; Instrumental, Miss Bailey, '98 ; Life of Harriet Beecher Stowe, Miss Eby, '97 ; Selections from Mrs. Stowe, Mrs. Mellick.

THE annual reception given by the old boys to the freshmen in Arts and Theology was a grand success. On the evening of Friday the 16th inst., an unusually large number of students sat down to partake of the excellent dinner prepared by our Matron. This interesting feature of the evening was rivalled only by the rare treat in wit and eloquence which followed. Mr. J. F. Vichert, chairman of the student body, after calling the meeting to order, introduced Mr. D. Brown of '98 Theology as the first speaker of the evening. In his wonted jovial style, he heartily welcomed the Freshmen in Theology to their new Christian home. This toast was responded to by Rev. O. C. Elliot. Mr. G. H. Sneyd, '97, in a very witty and eloquent speech, welcomed the Freshmen in Arts. This was responded to by S. E. Grigg, '00. Messrs. J. A. Ferguson, '98, and H. C. Newcombe, '99, also spoke words of cordial welcome. After singing "Auld Lang Syne," the meeting adjourned.

Among the different branches of our University work there is none which finds a warmer place in the hearts of all the students than athletics McMaster, although a young institution, with comparatively small attendance, is by no means behind in this respect Early in the season a football meeting was called by President H. N. McKechnie, and amid great enthusiasm the following officers were elected :—Hon. President, Chancellor Wallace ; President, L. Brown, B.A., '98, Theology ; Vice-President, H. B. Tapscott, '97 ; Secretary-Treasurer, G. H. Murdoch, '97 ; Custodian, J. A. Ferguson, '98 ; Captain, H. N. McKechnie, '97. Apart from the intercollegiate league in which we have entered two teams, there is considerable interest manifested on the part of the students in the coming inter-year series. Ryrie Bros. have

kindly donated twelve neat gold pins to be given to the victors, and it is a question that will take more than words to decide who shall have them.

Class '97 held their meeting for organization on the 13th Oct. President McKechnie presided. This meeting was of a most enthusiastic character. The seniors conducted themselves in their usual dignified manner. Brilliant passes of wit and wisdom, as well as undergraduate eloquence flowed from the lips of many an inspiring senior. The main business of the meeting was the election of officers for the current year, which resulted as follows :—Hon. Pres., Prof. James Ten Broeke, Ph.D.; President, J. A. Tiller ; Vice-President, Miss E. M. McDermid ; Secretary-Treasurer, A. G. Campbell ; Chronicler, Miss M. D. Eby ; Orator, T. N. Ritchie ; Bard, Mrs. J. T. Marshall. General regret on the part of the class was expressed at the loss through sickness of one of the most brilliant and promising members, D. B. Harkness. Mr. Bridgeman, a former member of '96, was welcomed into the membership of the class. Should the present promise of success be realized, McMaster's fourth year class will out-number that of any Canadian University at such an early stage of its history.

The opening meetings of the Fyfe Missionary Society, were held on Wednesday, Oct 21st , and were of an exceedingly interesting and helpful character. The morning services were opened by devotional exercises led by the Pres. Prof. J. H. Farmer. Chancellor Wallace gave a very helpful address on the relation of the Fyfe Society to the University. He said that the meetings were in no sense an interruption of the work but an integral and important part of our University life.

Dr. Rand in a few well chosen words, introduced Mrs Armstrong a Missionary from Rangoon Burmah. Mrs Armstrong spoke a few earnest words which will not soon be forgotten by the students. She dwelt on the immense possibility which lay before McMaster, if none of the students ever made a mistake as to what God would have them do, and gave us as a guide in life the words, " If any man will do his will he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God." Mr. J. H. Cameron then gave an interesting account of his summer's work at Lachute Que. Mr. C. H. Schutt, B.A., closed the morning session with a pleasing talk on his work at Cobourg for the last seventeen months.

The devotional exercises of the afternoon session were led by Mr. W. S. McAlpine, B.A. The remainder of the time was devoted to accounts of work on mission fields for the summer. These were given by Messrs. R. Routledge, B.A., M. C. McLean, and A. B. Reekie Of these that given by Mr. Reekie was perhaps the most interesting to us. He spent his summer in Peru and Bolivia, and had many things to tell us about the life and customs of the people.

The annual election of officers also took place upon that day and resulted in the following :—Hon. President, Chancellor Wallace ; President, Dr. Goodspeed ; Vice-President, Mr. W. S. McAlpine, B.A. ; Recording-Secretary, Mr. C. H. Schutt, B.A.; Corresponding-Secretary, Mr. W. J. Pady ; Treasurer, Dr. Welton ; Executive Committee, Prof. Farmer, Dr. Newman, Messrs. A. J. Darroch, B.A., L. Brown, B.A., O. E. Kendall, P. G. Mode, T. N. Ritchie.

THE formal opening exercises of the University were conducted in the Bloor St. Baptist Church, on Friday evening the 16th inst. After the singing of a hymn, the Scriptures were read by Dr. Rand, and prayer was offered by the Rev. C. A. Eaton, M.A. Chancellor Wallace in the course of his remarks spoke of the gratitude of his heart for the success which had attended the work of the University with her affiliated colleges during the past year, and of the promise that this opening session affords. The attendance at the University was never so large in any year of its history, and the earnestness with which the students gave themselves to their work never excelled. The number and quality of the freshmen class in Theology was a matter of special gratification. If they are spared to see the year of their graduation, '98, it will be the largest theological class ever graduated from a Baptist College in the history of Canadian Baptists! The fact that no less than ten arts graduates formed a part of this class was one of its happiest and most promising features.

The Chancellor in speaking of Woodstock College lamented the loss, by death, of the late Principal Bates, and a student of the same institution, Mr. Stone. He gave a beautiful testimony to the purity and strength of his character, and his ability as Professor and Principal. The marked success which attended his efforts during the five years of his Principalship was a matter of great gratification on the part of all interested in the College, and but deepened the sorrow which filled all hearts at his early removal. The teaching staff of Woodstock College had undergone considerable change. Mr. A. L. McCrimmon, M.A., had been asked by the Senate to act as Principal until a definite appointment is made by the Senate. Mr. H. L. McNeill, B.A., had been promoted from the preparatory department to the chair of classics, Mr. S. R Tarr, B.A., had been chosen to the chair of mathematics, vacated by Mr. W. R. Smith, B.A., who resigned his position to pursue a post graduate course in Chicago University. Mr. J. Weir, a graduate of the college, was put in charge of the preparatory department, while R. D. George, of the fourth year in Arts, was rendering temporary assistance in the work of teaching. The number of students in attendance at the College this year was about the same as last and there was every promise of a very successful year's work. The work at Moulton College, under the principalship of Miss Dicklow, M.Ph., had been very successful during the past year, and the work during this session was being pursued with marked earnestness both on the part of pupils and teachers. The staff of Moulton College had undergone considerable change. Miss L. Porter, who had charge of the Preparatory Department, had resigned, and Miss Schultz, of Brantford, had been chosen to take her place. Miss H. G. Hart, who had rendered such excellent services as teacher of Elocution, had resigned, while Miss Trotter had been chosen to fill her place. The attendance at Moulton was about the same as last year, good faithful work by students and teachers was being done and success was sure to crown their efforts. It was with peculiar pleasure that the Chancellor introduced Prof. J. H. Farmer, B.A., to the students and friends gathered as the speaker of the evening. His topic was "The Relation of McMaster University to the Theolo-

gical Trend of the Age." The address was earnest, scholarly, and was thoroughly enjoyed by all present. As the address is published in this number a synopsis of it will not be here attempted.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

ELIZA P. WELLS, B.A., SARAH ROSSER, EDITORS.

WE were pleased to have Miss Hart pay us a brief visit last month. She holds a warm place in the hearts of many here, and her sunny face will always be warmly welcomed.

MOULTON is looking quite fresh and charming this fall in her new attire. All agree that the fresh paint and paper, new carpets, and so forth, are extremely suitable, and add much to the comfort, as well as to the appearance of the College.

LAST month we had the pleasure of hearing Dr. Bigsby, of Cambridge, lecture on "The Public Schools of England." He gave brief historical and descriptive sketches of Winchester and Rugby, which were exceedingly interesting. He himself is an old Rugby boy, and his stories of his own schooldays, now bright and humourous, now pathetic, moved his hearers to alternate smiles and tears.

THE first social event of the year, which formed a pleasant interruption during the early days of settling down to hard work, was the customary reception given by the "Old Girls" to the "New Girls." The "Old Girls" of Moulton have a unique and delightful method of initiating the new comers, of which the latter most heartily approve, and which certainly seems to be in advance of most of the modern forms of "hazing." It takes the shape of a social evening, enlivened by games, music, and refreshments, and is invariably happy and successful.

AMONG the "new departures" this year, one of the most important and interesting is the Lecture Course, which is to run through the entire school year, one lecture to occur on the second Friday evening of every month. The first of the series, delivered by Dr. Bigsby has received special mention in another paragraph. The second is to be given by the Chancellor on Nov. 13th, his subject being the "Tribute of Christian Art to our Lord." The third lecture, on Dec. 11th, will be delivered by Dr. Rand, on "Tennyson." Next time we are looking forward to hearing Mrs. Dignam on "Dutch Art," and also Professor Farmer and others, concerning whom fuller announcement will be made at a later date. We are anticipating much pleasure and profit from these lectures, and appreciate the care and forethought shown in arranging for them.

The first literary meeting of the Heliconian Society was held Friday evening, Oct. 23rd, and was one of great interest. The evening was devoted to the study of Bryant and Washington Irving, and a very good and interesting programme was presented. In answering the roll-call, each member of the society replied by giving a paragraph on the life of Bryant. These being arranged consecutively, the result was a complete biographical sketch. Then followed the reading of the "Thanatopsis" by Miss Lena Burke, and recitations of "The Water-fowl," "To the Fringed Gentian," and "The Death of the Flowers," by Misses Edwards, Putman, and Maud McKay. Then followed the reading of "Rip Van Winkle," by Misses Brophy and Margaret Nicholas. Several of Bryant's songs composed the music of the occasion, and all agreed that the first meeting of the year had been a decided success.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

S. R. Tarr, B.A., F. H. Phipps, Editors.

There is a steady practice on the foot-ball field now, and by Thanksgiving Day the team will be ready to conquer, or to meet with an honorable defeat.

Rugby Football has been started among the Juniors, and it is expected that the Seniors will also take it up. Black eyes and broken noses, will be given free of charge.

It is expected that we shall have a series of open meetings this term. There is sufficient talent in the two societies to afford some very entertaining programmes, and we are sure that the meetings will prove a success.

On the evening of Oct. 29th., the famous Bengough paid a visit to the town. Many of the students went down, and were delighted with the highly entertaining and varied programme which was rendered. Several local celebrities were portrayed most naturally. Mr. Bengough's character imitations were very amusing.

All were gratified to learn that Superintendent McEwen was much benefited in health during his short stay here. We feel quite sure that the pleasant and healthful surroundings of the College will have the same beneficial effect on everyone, and we advise all who suffer from ill-health to try the effect of a few days of our College life.

Dr. Bigsby, a former student of Rugby, delivered a lecture here, some time ago, on that famous school. He drew many striking pictures of the old school, and related many anecdotes in which wit, humor and pathos were blended. These had an added charm, since he had passed through scenes similar to those described in "Tom Brown of Rugby."

Mrs. Armstrong, a returned missionary from Burmah, gave a very interesting and instructive talk in the regular meeting of the Judson Society. She gave a short history of the work in Burmah, and mentioned several interesting features in the religious and social life of the Hindoo. She believes that one ought not to question whether he is called to work there, but should rather ask whether it is right for him *not* to go.

This year Hallow'e'en passed away with a gentle sigh of resignation and at the time when, in other years, confusion would have reigned supreme, the boys were safe in the arms of Morpheus. Great fears were entertained lest our mathematical master might imagine himself back in Toronto again, and become riotous, so the precaution was taken to have him locked in. But the "witches and warlocks" were not allowed to dance unmolested, nor was he long in bursting his prison door. It is to be hoped that the presiding spirit of Hallow'e'en will not be offended at the lack of celebration. Perhaps, when the year rolls around again, due observance will be given to its time-honored customs.

If the shades of the heroes who struggled for victory under the shadow of Mount Olympus could have been present at our games on September 25th, they would have been stirred with memories of the past. They would have seen the lithe, well-formed limbs of the runner, the heavier and more sturdy limbs of the jumper, and the massive muscles of those who contested in the tug-of-war, all exerted to their utmost strength for victory. They would have joined in the acclamations of the fair ladies and brave men who were gathered there to witness and to applaud; and although the coolness of the day and the slight, intermittent showers of rain might have seemed severe to them in comparison with their own warm and genial climate, nevertheless they would have been content to endure it for the cause of sport. Among the most interesting of the events were the water-race, the 100-yard dashes, the tug-of-war and the relay races; the invincible fourth year being victorious in the two last named. The old boys' race was also very exciting. A large number, having laid aside the dignity and gravity which become first year University men, entered the race, and ran with the same speed and vigor as characterized them while College boys. The prizes and badges were distributed in the chapel room, the winner of the cup being Mr. E. Howell, who had proved himself to be an all-round athlete, and well worthy of the trophy.

GRANDE LIGNE.

E. Norman, B.A., Editor.

From the amount of applause that sends its echoes through our halls, it would seem that the Literary Society is flourishing again this year. It is too near the beginning of the term to predict much about its future, but judging from the material at hand, we ought to have some very successful debates and entertainments this year.

Some of our old students have lately favored us with short visits. Among these were Ernest Roy and Jacob Nicol, who were on their way to McMaster University, and Philip Nicol, who is entering upon his course at Laval. The two former will meet with old schoolmates in Toronto, and the latter in Montreal. We expect them all to give a good account of themselves where they have gone, and we wish them the best success, for they deserve it.

Grande Ligne sports seem to be flourishing this year. There is some change from last year. Instead of Association Football, Rugby seems to be the favorite, as it claims the larger number of advocates. Our boys have had but very little practice in this game as yet, and we hope that when they become more proficient, the game may not become a mere display of brute force.

There are a number of changes this year in the teaching staff. Miss Laporte's health does not allow her to return, so that Miss Piché takes the position of Matron. Miss Moseley, of St. Hyacinthe, takes charge of the girls instead of Miss Piché, and Miss Wilton, of Hamilton, Ont., takes Miss Baker's place as assistant Music teacher. One of our old pupils of last year, Miss Permelia Bullock, takes charge of the preparatory work. Otherwise the arrangements are the same as last year, except that Mr. and Mrs. E. Norman no longer reside in the school, but have taken a house near by. All seem to be getting their work well in hand, and to be making themselves at home in their new surroundings.

Feller Institute opened as usual on October 1st. One marked feature of the opening was the more than usual promptness of the students in arriving. We hope this may characterize their work throughout the year. We miss this year quite a number of old faces. Some of these have gone to the universities, and some to other schools. We wish them all success. As a class we think our students are younger and not so far advanced as last year. Their quality remains to be tested during the year. Some four or five Catholic boys who apparently came with good intentions, have found the school too rigidly Protestant and have gone back again, some of them after settling their accounts, and others by French leave. One of these latter ran away three times, having been sent back twice by his parents.

A. Gillies

97

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ARCHIBALD GILLIES.

The late Rev. Archibald Gillies was one of Scotland's noblest sons and one of her best contributions to our early Canadian ministry. In preparing this sketch of his life I shall quote extensively his own words from his "jottings" written for the children after he was three score and ten.

"They who ought to know have told me that I was born near Inverary, Argyleshire, Scotland, on the 15th day of July, 1812. They tell me I was a very feeble and unpromising gift, from the very first, not likely to stay long, or be of any use while I was allowed to remain. But of his great mercy God gave me one of the best mothers of Scotland, to whose tender care and love I owe it, that I have seen so many years (71) and enjoyed so great benefits of a kind and gracious Providence. Thus far I am a great debtor to my Heavenly Father for all temporal and spiritual good. To his holy name be thanks and glory forever more. Amen!"

He was third in a family of eleven children. His early childhood was spent on a farm near Oak-field, on the bank of Crenan Canal. His father, Duncan Gillies, and family, emigrated to Canada in 1818, after a somewhat perilous and protracted voyage of nearly thirteen weeks. They settled temporarily in

Glengarry, near Cornwall, later and permanently in Dundee, Huntingdon County, on the opposite side of the St. Lawrence.

Here he spent several years of his early life, helping his father clear up the new farm, during which time the "little learning obtained before moving to the forest farm" was nearly forgotten. At the age of sixteen he was unable to read correctly a "chapter in the New Testament." "I wept over this sad fact and went to books and paper and pencils and slate, but at very serious disadvantage; fingers were stiff with long use of farm implements, and much more, the mind was like an uncultivated field of hard soil and full of wild weeds and briars and thorns. To make a start in pursuit of knowledge I bought or borrowed, (I do not remember which), as my first books, Webster's Speller, Murray's Grammar, somebody's arithmetic, slate and pencils, so went to my hard work in the log school-house, among the little boys and girls, whom I thought very learned, as I heard the little *savants* read and parse and spell me down every day—for they were sure to give me the place of honor at the foot of the class, though head and shoulders above them all. But there was no help for this state of humiliation, but to grin and bear it and plod away—and it has been but plodding ever since that day of small things in 1828."

After a year or two he entered the academy at Fort Covington, N. Y., four miles distant. While here his conversion occurred, which he ever after regarded the principal event of his life, and to which he makes the following reference—"That important, solemn event was, I trust, by the grace of God, my salvation, through faith in our Lord Jesus. At the time of which I am speaking, there was little or no religious influence or principle in all that part of the country—work, sport, folly, vanity, if not worse, were the order of the day, by young and old. For many years my father was the only person who made any open profession of sacred things or had family worship."

For several months previous to his conversion he passed through great distress of soul and spiritual concern. The awakening influences which led to this troubled frame of mind he attributes, under God, to the visits of several Scotch Baptist families living twenty miles away. "They seemed to be godly persons and were accustomed, when they made visits to our

family, to hold religious meetings, reading the word of the Lord, praying and speaking and singing, all in the Gaelic tongue. To my untrained and ignorant mind, these services were most fearfully and awfully solemn. The meeting and talking and praying of those unpolished but pious Highlanders, was probably the means of my first serious thoughts in the solemn matters of salvation and eternal realities." "The names of those Christian men and women I ought to remember and record with sincere gratitude: viz.: John McLean, Peter McLean, Hector McLean, John Campbell, and their wives. Father and our neighbor, A. Campbell, after a while joined in these cottage meetings. The events and experiences of those days and nights were followed by many long dreary months of severe prostration of body and spirit, and I seemed to myself to be near death and the eternity of an unsaved sinner. In this state of conviction and deep distress the winter passed slowly on and I know not how much of next summer. . . . . So I kept sighing and groaning many a weary hour, while the rest of the family were enjoying repose of quiet slumber, save my beloved mother, whose watchful ear caught every sound of pain and distress. When asked with the tenderest sympathy and concern what ailed me, I was silent because I did not want any one to know what was wrong with me. My parents thought that it was bodily sickness, and so in their kindness sent for one doctor and then another. But as neither Clarke nor Sprague understood the true state of their patient little or no benefit could be looked for. I wanted to say, but did not, these are not the doctors I need. I want the great physician of souls who can forgive and heal and save, and give peace to the troubled, weary soul. I think father suspected the cause of my disquietude, and directed my attention to passages of scripture such as Matt. 11, 28-30. These were rich and precious, but they seemed far too high and good for such as I felt myself to be."

So the weary months past but no relief came until September, when a series of special meetings was held in the Baptist church at Fort Covington, N.Y., by pastor H. Safford, assisted by Rev. John Gilmour, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Montreal. Of these meetings Mr. Gillies has left the following record:

"In these times they had anxious seats for the awakened inquirers. A large number obeyed the invitation to come forward to the front pews I was in the gallery on that day and saw with deep emotion one and another, old and young, moving to the appointed seats, and ardently wished to join them, but from fear or shame dared not to stir, till Cyprian Morgan, a young member of the church, took me by the hand and led me all the way to the front. This seemed to me, at the time, the greatest and most difficult act of my whole life. It was at any rate the beginning of a public profession of faith in the Lord Jesus and of peace and joy through His holy name."

On the 10th of September, 1831, he was received for baptism, and on the following Sabbath was baptized by the Rev. H. Safford and united with the Fort Covington Baptist Church. For several years he attended the Academy and taught alternately. These were also years of spiritual growth and Christian activity. The deepening conviction that God was calling him to preach the Gospel, led to the resolution, "Lord here am I, send me." Most keenly he felt the need of a better educational equipment than he at that time possessed, for a calling so sacred and high. These days of small things to Canadian Baptists were beginning to brighten into a broader hope. Baptist interest was centering in Montreal. The Canada Baptist Missionary Society had been formed. There was a growing conviction that a trained native ministry was necessary, that the churches might be supplied with efficient pastors. In 1836 this conviction was formulated into a resolution by the Ottawa Association to establish a Theological Institution expressly for this purpose. This resolution took practical form, and in April of the same year Montreal Baptist College was opened with Rev. N. Bosworth, tutor pro. tem. In September, 1838, D. Davies arrived to take charge of the Institution and began his work with two students. The founding of the Baptist College in Montreal afforded Mr. Gillies the needed opportunity of a special course of training for the ministry. Accordingly he resolved to enter the College at his earliest convenience and avail himself of such advantages as it afforded. In 1839 the name of Archibald Gillies was placed upon the College roll as a theological student. During a three years' course he applied himself with characteristic diligence.

His genial disposition, dignified manliness and Christian integrity must have won the high esteem of both student and professor.

About this time the Canada Baptist Missionary Society, began to assume the oversight of Baptist mission work in the Eastern Townships. There was already quite a constellation of Baptist churches here, which had been formed by Baptist missionaries from Vermont, beginning as far back as 1799. These beautiful townships were settled in part by New England families, and Baptist work well begun afforded a most desirable field for Canada Baptist Missionary effort. In the summer of 1841 Mr. Gillies was sent out into this region on a missionary tour, to preach the Gospel wherever opportunity afforded, solicit subscribers to the "Baptist Magazine," and collect money for the Canada Baptist Missionary Society. Accordingly he visited the following Baptist churches and preaching stations, viz.: Stanbridge, Abbott's Corners, Potton, West Bolton, Stanstead and Hatley, Fitch Bay, Magog, Beebe Plain, Barnston, Barford, Eaton and East Clifton. This distance of fully one hundred and twenty miles, was travelled by stage, on foot, on horseback and by private conveyance; the Rev. T. Merriman of Summerville, Mass., then a student, whose home was in Magog, being his travelling companion and guide. Having returned to college he accepted a call to the Eaton Baptist Church, of which he writes: "Rather lonely, if not a little homesick and tired, I began my life work Saturday, 31st of December, 1841, in the deacon's parlor, by studying my sermons for the next day, which was to be the first Sabbath and the first day of the year 1842. The text was very good and appropriate, whatever the sermon may have been—"For I determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ and him crucified: 1st Cor. ch. 2nd, v. 2." Thus he began that unusually long and useful pastorate, continuing until 1880, and terminating then only through failing health. Throughout this long chapter of thirty-eight years the history of the Rev. A. Gillies and that of Eaton Baptist Church are sacredly and inseparably interwoven.

He was ordained in Eaton, on the 27th day of February 1842. The Council was composed of six ministers and seven lay brethren. The Rev. John Girdwood, of Montreal, preached the

sermon. Mr. Gillies refers to this as "a memorable day" and to the ordaining prayer as "the most solemn part of the whole service." All these ministers and brethren passed on before the candidate. Referring to this, he said, "Through grace we trust to join them in the heavenly home, and with them and the innumerable company of the redeemed, 'Sing the song of Moses and the Lamb,' evermore, Amen?" "The first year of my pastorate was one of much anxiety and arduous work, and a mixture of affliction, sorrows and mercies." Among the mercies to which he refers was "a general awakening and an in-gathering of converts." The affliction was no less than the death of his beloved wife, to whom he had been married in February, of the same year. This was, to the young pastor, a very sore bereavement. On September 9th 1845 he was united by marriage to Miss Lucy Ives, of Magog, who survived him less than a year, and then, on her seventy-first birthday, March the 1st, 1890, passed on to a joyous reunion on "the other side." During the long years of service and affliction she was a most worthy helpmeet, an affectionate wife, a devoted mother and an exemplary Christian.

From the beginning of Mr. Gillies' work in Eaton, "there went with him a band of men whose hearts God had touched." Some of these family names are still a tower of strength in the church and community. They were New England Baptist families, of the nobler type. To a long pastorate of peculiar unction, lucid and practical exposition of God's word, earnestness, spirituality and withal a quiet dignity, the Eaton Baptist Church is greatly indebted for a type of piety and a Christian development not attainable under short pastorates, frequent changes and pastorless intervals Between pastor and people there was a mutual attachment and tenderness of the most affectionate character which strengthened with the increase of years. When the Baptist centre of interest shifted from Montreal, to Toronto and Woodstock, when the Western exodus thinned the Eastern pastorates, the Rev. A. Gillies did not leave his handful of sheep to perish in the wilderness, but fed and folded them with tender care.

As a pioneer pastor, he was necessarily, more or less, the servant of most of the churches in the Eastern Townships. His many long missionary and other tours, long drives to outlying

Sunday appointments, often encountering storms, snow blockades, extreme cold and hardships, were doubtless no small factor in the premature breaking down of his health. Possessed of an unusually vigorous mind and constitutionally active, to be laid aside from active pulpit and pastoral work was one of the greatest trials of his life. After the "crash came" he cherished the hope that he might sufficiently recover to render ten or fifteen years of moderately active service. But He, who knows what is best and doeth all things well, had otherwise ordered. The few remaining years were to be ones of suffering and affliction. With becoming resignation he cheerfully submitted to the Father's ruling and earnestly prayed that a pastor might be sent to care for the flock. He was literally burdened with anxiety for the spiritual welfare of his people. Those who visited him were almost always counselled to sustain the meetings. To one he said "be sure and do not neglect the meetings," to another, "be sure and get to the meetings, get to the meetings if you break your neck in getting there, get to the meetings." He most cordially welcomed those who were sent to take up the work where he had been obliged to lay it down. Woodstock and McMaster students, had no warmer friend in the East than the Rev. A. Gillies. They found a large place in his heart and he was greatly beloved by such young men as R. McKillop, W. J. McKay, A. Burwash and O. G. Langford. To them his presence in the sanctuary, responsive listening, fervent prayers and supplementary remarks were most helpful. Not less inspiring was the conversation in his home, always profitable and of a soul-uplifting character.

Mr. Gillies was a reader, and his library was replenished from time to time with a choice volume. His home was well furnished with such periodicals as the *Montreal Witness, Canadian Baptist, Watchman and Reflector, American Baptist Missionary Magazine*, etc. He was a great admirer of the writings of the late Charles Spurgeon. "All of Grace" was especially prized, a ministering angel in the sick-room. His mind was well stored with general information, and in lively touch with the current events of the day. He was conversant with Baptist work generally, but especially with that of Canadian and American Baptists. He was one of the promoters of

the Eastern Convention, the annual meetings of which he habitually attended. He had a rare acquaintance with the Bible, and a spiritual insight into its teaching, the legacy of a prayerful study, thoughtful meditation and matured experience.

His appreciation of the every day blessings of life was remarkable. Expressions of gratitude fell from his lips repeatedly every day. On his seventy-second birthday, his afflicted hand penned the following grateful tribute. "This day I am, by the continued favor of my heavenly Father, seventy-two years old. For the mercies and benefits of these long years, I am greatly in debt, but have paid nothing; so it is and must be. It might be quite in place here to record an expression of my sense of gratitude to the Giver of every good and perfect gift for all I have experienced and possessed of temporal and spiritual benefits in these seventy-two years' pilgrimage. I acknowledge His just and absolute and exclusive and eternal right to all I am, and all I have, and all I can have or can be forevermore, amen!"

Special mention should be made of the remarkable way he was cared for during eleven years of enfeebled health. The Eaton Church, a brother, a personal friend, and an "unknown friend," all commissioned by Elijah's God, kept him comfortably supplied. During these years he received more money than in any corresponding period of his life. Many entries like the following are found in his memorandum, "Thanks to the Lord, and blessings on the hand that sent it."

As a minister of the Gospel he magnified his office. Such was his godly conversation and holy deportment that the dignity of the ministry was at all times most reverently maintained. No one could be in his presence, even for a short time, without feeling that he was in the presence of a man of God. So chaste was his conversation, that, a "son in the faith," a Gospel minister, emphatically characterized him as "a man of clean lips." His words were exceedingly well chosen and expressive. His prayers were remarkably brief, fervent and comprehensive. While devout in all holy things, he had a peculiar reverence for his Bible, which he always handled with the most sacred tenderness. If at any time it accidently fell, or suffered violence, the occurrence exceedingly pained him. Latterly, he became,

largely, a man of this one book, saying, "There is but one book in the world and only one man in the universe—all the rest are little now to me."

During the active part of his ministry he was abundant in labors, preaching and carrying his ministrations into the homes of his people, a house to house pastor, whose visits were welcome and most helpful. Eternity alone can reveal the blessed results of such a consecrated life. Failing health did not end his services, but simply confined them to a less public department. God only knows the frequency and fervency of his prayers through these years of affliction. Habitually awakening a good while before day, he spent the time praying for individuals, families, ministers, churches, missions, etc. The township churches were a burden on his heart, and their improved condition is an answer to much prayer. His correspondence was thoughtful, spiritual and original. The following is an abstract from one of his letters to the writer:—

"Where do Baptist pastors die and by whom are they buried? I have looked over many of the oldest churches, but find no dead pastors. Montreal, sixty years or more, none; Barnston, sixty or seventy years, none there; Barford, forty to fifty years, none there; Eaton, sixty-five years, none there; Derby, sixty years or more, none there; Fort Covington, N. Y., sixty-four years, none there; Quebec, thirty or forty years, I think none there; as regards Bredalbane, am not sure, but think none there, etc. Several of these churches have had twelve to eighteen, but no deaths in pastorate.

"How is it in the West? I believe Toronto gave Dr. Caldicott a burial, if I remember rightly. Does the Lord care for them as for Moses? However or whenever or by whomsoever, all is well with the faithful departed pastors. They have ceased from their labors, died in the Lord, and are blessed forevermore. Of these who are gone it has been my fortune to be acquainted, somewhat intimately, with more than twenty-five, beginning in 1830. I fondly hope soon now to renew and perpetuate the acquaintance and endless friendship."

Some of his sayings, "Oh that it may please the Father to let me down gently." "I am enjoying these precious promises, as big as heaven, as lasting as eternity." "It will end soon, oh,

how pleasant is the last song of the Christian, the song of release." "Your hand is on the plow, brother, now hitch in the three white horses; you will find them in the King's stall, all ready for use. I Cor. 13, 13." "I want all to wake up to see Jesus, to hear Him speak, in 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th of John."

His last Sabbath upon earth was one of happy experience. His hearing, which had been much impaired, was greatly restored, so much so that he could join again in singing the usual Sunday morning hymn, "Another six days work is done." During the day he joined heartily with the family in singing several favorite hymns. It was a day of peculiar uplifting to him. The end was nearing, on the following Thursday morning, after a night of suffering, his prayer was answered, and he was "let down gently," falling asleep in Jesus on the 16th of May 1889. His funeral was largely attended by a bereaved church and community. The service was conducted by the Rev. N. W. Alger, assisted by Rev. A. Burwash, both of whom were affectionate admirers of the departed. The "A. Gillies Memorial Fund," was raised and devoted to a double granite tablet, which now marks the grave of Mr. and Mrs. Gillies, and to the new house of worship in Sawyerville. A Memorial Tablet also was placed in the new building, bearing a suitable inscription and these words, "The memory of the just is blessed."

A. C. Baker.

SLEEPING NOW.

There were lovers a hundred years ago
Whispering vows in the firelight's glow;
Sweeter than light was the low-said word,
Sweeter than life to the heart that heard;
And the rich blood flooded the cheek and brow
Of that maid who heard her lover's vow.
But the fire has gone out; and the embers there,
Blackened and scarred, speak no word of the Fair
And the Brave who that calm winter night
Plighted their vows in the dim firelight.
Where are the lovers of the years long gone?
Sleeping now!

On yonder hill two white shafts stand:
From afar they look like friends hand in hand;
In the midnight black or the ruddy dawn
Stand they sad and chill while the years roll on:
And the names carved there in the marble white
Are the names of the lovers who that night,
In the winter a hundred years ago,
Whispered their vows in the firelight's glow.
The fire has gone out; see, the ashes how white,
And ashes those pale shafts guard through the night.
'Tis a hundred years, and the lovers are gone.
Sleeping now!

There were mothers a hundred years ago
Singing sweet lullabies soft and low;
Fair were the babes by their fond arms pressed,
Fairer the mothers who hushed them to rest;
Their tresses as yellow as the tasselled corn,
Their eyes as bright as the sparkling morn.
O strong young mothers, good and fair,
Your babes long since outgrew your care;
Long since those tresses lost color of gold,
Long since those eyes grew dim and cold.
Where are the mothers of the years long gone?
Sleeping now!

There were babes a hundred years ago
Hushed to sleep by lullabies low;
Their cheeks as sweet as the dew-bathed rose,
Their eyes undimmed by a rough world's woes;
Secure from unrest or griefs or alarms,
Nestling they slept within fair, sheltering arms.
But the years are gone, the hundred years,—
They woke to knowledge, and pain, and fears;
They hearkened at length to Death's lullabies,
To the songs of the Night, and then closed their eyes.
Where now are the babes of the years long gone?
Sleeping now!

O. C. S. Wallace.

TWO DRAMATIC POEMS.

An interesting and significant anecdote is related of Sir Walter Scott. The great novelist was on an extended visit to Paris, and during his stay was the guest of a society composed of learned men and *litterateurs*. On one occasion the Bible was mentioned, whereupon several of the *savants* scoffed at the sacred Book and laughed at the idea of its being considered seriously either as revelation or literature. Sir Walter was shocked, but held his peace for the moment. Not long afterwards he announced that he had discovered a musty old manuscript in the Paris library, and promised that he would decipher it and read it to them at their next meeting. Such an announcement naturally excited great interest and drew a large audience of members of the society. They listened to the reading of the manuscript and were enthusiastic in their admiration of both its matter and style. And well they might have been, for Sir Walter's "old manuscript" was nothing more or less than a book from the Bible that they had so lately held up to derision. He had read to them the book of Habbakuk, and they in their ignorance had not recognized either the subject-matter or style as Biblical. But their poetical sensibilities were susceptible to the sublime poetry of the noble hymn contained in the third chapter, and they gladly gave it generous and well-deserved commendation.

As a sequel to the foregoing I propose to give an account of two dramatic poems by a modern author, who shall be nameless except in so far as the fanciful letter X may be considered a name. The poems shall be known as B—— and P——. Inasmuch as they are named by their author from their respective heroes, the same letters will stand for the latter also. The context will indicate whether in any particular sentence the poems or heroes are intended.

B—— and P—— are companion poems, and should be read together. They are both like and unlike each other. The action of B—— begins in the midst of a famine and proceeds amid the snows and cheerless gloom of a northern winter, while that of P—— opens with a merry marriage ceremony and proceeds, for some considerable time at least, under a blazing southern sun.

This enveloping action and scenery are in accord with the dominant note of each. B—— is sombre, and unrelieved by cheerfulness or humor, whereas P—— is full of whimsical fun and delicious satire. B—— is a picture of outward failure but inward success, while P—— is a picture of partial worldly success but spiritual failure.

Though unlike each other they are yet alike, for their spiritual significance is the same. Both deal with the solemn problem of how a man can realize the best that is in him. B—— exhibits one way to that great end, the way that leads to success; P—— presents another way, the one that ends in sad hopeless failure. Furthermore, the two poems are complementary to each other. P—— is the author's conception of the weakness in the character of his compatriots; B—— is a picture of what they ought to be. But they have, perhaps, a wider significance; they apply to mankind perhaps as well as to his compatriots. In other words B—— and P—— are world poems, not merely national poems. P—— presents in its hero a type of weak and erring mankind, while B—— utters the author's charge against such a mankind, and at the same time exhibits in its hero a type of his ideal. This charge and this ideal I shall now endeavour to set forth.

In the first place this age is half-hearted in everything. It is neither good nor bad; it is only half-good or half-bad. A spirit of cowardly compromise has eaten its way into the very vitals of mankind; men are no longer men, they are only half-men. They are not anxious to be wholly good, and dreadfully afraid to be wholly bad. To X's mind this half-heartedness is worse than downright wickedness. With Browning, X. could have said:

> "Let a man contend to the uttermost
> For his life's set prize, be it what it will!
> . . . . .
> And the sin I impute to each frustrate ghost
> Is, the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin,
> Though the end in sight was a vice, I say."

For X. this spirit of compromise is Satan; it is this lukewarm half-heartedness that renders the task of raising men so difficult. As B—— says: "From the mean comes meanness, pure and simple; but active evil can easily be converted into good."

In addition to being half-hearted, men are hypocritical. They pretend to believe one thing, but their actions are wholly out of harmony with their beliefs and professions. As B—— puts it, "Men separate life from faith and instruction; they have built no bridge between life and religion, or between action and idea." They have not yet learnt that their religion should be more than mere profession, that it should show itself in daily life. They are very glad to believe that, "centuries ago on the cross, One bore the penalty for them": but they exhibit no life to indicate that they have any conception of what such a belief means. They fancy they can now dance through life, and never for one moment realize that the acceptance of His sufferings brings to them any responsibility of love and sacrifice. Sacrifice! They know not what it means. They are too lazy and too slothful; they are, as B—— says, "slack of heart and dull of soul." They pray, but not with depth of feeling and anguish of soul, and as a result their prayers never reach heaven. One petition alone do they utter with intensity of desire, and that is, "Give us this day our daily bread." For material comfort is the only thing they ardently wish.

Half-heartedness, then, hypocrisy, slothfulness, absence of genuine feeling and low desires, are the items in X.'s indictment of the age, and who is there to deny the general justice of the accusation?

B—— is a pastor who believes with all his heart that he has a call to cure this sickly generation. He has an inspiring certainty that he not only knows where the sickness in mankind is, but also that he has the gospel that will heal men. For him, there are three classes of men who need to be regenerated. These are the light-hearted, the faint-hearted, and the wrong-hearted. The light-hearted dance through life and forget the yawning precipice of death at their feet; the faint-hearted are unwilling to engage in a desperate struggle with sin; they have lived in a rut of habit, and are too lazy to take the trouble to rise to a higher level. The wrong-hearted cannot distinguish between the evil and the good; indeed, they take the evil for the good. Against such as these B—— fights with all the strenuousness of his earnest soul.

The first proposition of his gospel is that man should be

himself, whatever that self may be. Let him be what he ought to be: but if he cannot be that, let him be wholly and solely a man of clay. But the great question is, how can a man be himself? There is one sure way, and that is to slay himself. "In the power of self-sacrifice," says B——. lies the possibility of uprising." The path of self-renunciation is the only path that leads to perfect self-realization. But this sacrifice must not simply be outward form; it must first be an inward, spiritual feeling that will manifest itself in life. It is in the heart that the "vulture of self-will must be slain; there the new Adam must be born." Furthermore, the sacrifice must be glad and willing. "Dying in anguish upon the tree is not martyrdom; but this first, *willing* the death of the cross, this is taking hold of salvation." It is this willing that avails. With Browning again, X. seems to be in accord. Both agree that "'Tis not what man does that exalts him, but what man would do."

Once again this sacrifice must be complete; in it there must be no cowardly compromise. In it as in everything, B—— demands "all or nothing." Everything must be given up if necessary; even life itself must not be denied if it be required. There must be no haggling, for "every sacrifice that is not all is as though it were cast into the sea." Finally, the sacrifice must not end with to-day. It must last through life, till one's all has been sacrificed, till the will is completely under control, till the commandment "All or nothing" holds supreme sway in the soul.

Joyous, whole-souled, life-long self-surrender is the golden way to complete self-realization. The reward of such sacrifice is the "cleansing of the will, soaring faith and unity in the soul." This is the stern but blessed gospel that B—— preaches to frail mankind. But he does more than preach it; first, like Chaucer's poor parson, he followed it himself. If he requires "all or nothing" from his flock he is no less rigorous in his demands upon himself. His people unanimously and spontaneously acknowledged that while other people pointed out the way, he alone walked in it. Throughout the poem we see him pass through the waters of tribulation in his resolute adherence to his principle. He sacrifices fame, pleasure and wealth; nay, more than that, he gives up child and wife; but in doing so he

reaches lofty spiritual heights of which not many so much as dream, and but few attain. And yet he fails as far as lifting up the people is concerned. Notwithstanding his noble example, his flock do not follow him; they are willing to go a certain distance, but no farther; they soon falter and fall off, and he is left alone on the heights. But, nevertheless, he has won the greatest of victories; he has been true to his ideal, he has won victory over self. He has won that inner, spiritual victory that will surely bring its eternal reward.

From this cold prosaic statement of X.'s "criticism of life" one might almost imagine that B—— is a sermon rather than a poem. But though fairly open to criticism from the artistic standpoint, it is a beautiful poem, filled with many poetical images. For example what better figure than the following to express the influence that a mother may exert over her child? "A child's soul is as clear and placid as a tarn in the summer sunshine; a mother can hover over it like the bird which, on its silent flight, mirrors her beauty in its deepest depth." Again, for tragic pathos few scenes surpass the remarkable scene in the fourth act where B——, in his devotion to duty and in his desire to lead his wife to a similar devotion, demands of her the sacrifice of their fair-haired innocent boy. This and other beautiful passages must be read to be appreciated.

It will be impossible for me to devote more than a few lines to the companion poem, P——. Both of them, as I have already said, give the same solution to the solemn problem of self-realization. The answer of both is that, "To be oneself is to slay oneself." B—— realizes himself because he treads the path of generous unselfish sacrifice. On the other hand, P—— is convinced that no one can be himself who makes of himself a "sumpter-mule for others' woes and others' weal." His motto is, "To thyself be enough." He chooses the path of selfish self-sufficiency, and the end is sad ruin and the loss of his soul.

P—— is the incarnation of all that B—— so angrily denounces. He is a typical half-man. He lives in the memories of his ancestors, and fancies that "some day great things will come of him." He never sets about doing anything great; it is so much easier to dream of doing great things. He never looks facts square in the face; if obstacles present them-

selves, he will avoid them and never by any chance attempt to overcome them. His motto in life is never to take the inevitable step. Regarding a particular action that is performed before his eyes, he confesses that it would be possible for him to

> "Think of it, wish it done, will it to boot,
> But do it! No, that's past my understanding."

He is only one of your middling sinners. He has not been an out-and-out sinner, but has hedged and tried to strike a balance by doing something good. If he has taken on the outward form of Christianity it is only to quiet his conscience, and because, after all, it is "best to follow the fashion a bit."

Such a man, then, is P——, and doubtless there are many more like him. He has failed in the purpose of life. He has tried to be himself, but has taken the wrong path and has never been himself at all. He has been only a half-man. Like the Laodicæans he has been neither hot nor cold, and for him, as for them, the author thinks unique punishment is necessary. For such as P—— there is, according to X. no individual immortality. The souls of all such men are gathered into one melting-pot and moulded over. He has had no individuality on earth, and therefore has no right to individual perpetuation. In the poem, however, his final fate is not absolutely decided, and from the last scene it would appear that X. intends to suggest that the love of a pure woman may avail even so far as to rescue him from the extinction he so richly deserves.

Such are these two poems. Whatever one may think of their "criticism of life," one may acknowledge that their thought is stimulating and their moral lessons ennobling.

W. S. W. McLay.

Students' Quarter.

(Graduates and Undergraduates.)

M. C. McLean, W. B. H. Teakles, '98.
Editors.

IAN MacLAREN.

One evening last October a large audience sat in St. James' Church, Montreal, awaiting the appearance of the author of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," who had set them many times before in laughter and tears alternately. When the first enthusiastic greeting to the speaker had died away, the audience with admirable resignation, put on that intensely sympathetic look which promises to do its laughing and crying at the proper moment.

Watson is a man of presence. He is tall, broad-shouldered, commanding. His dark Celtic eyes, keen and piercing, light up a strongly marked face which glows with feeling when he tells a good story. There is a gentle awkwardness in his platform manner which though not adding grace to his speech, draws him near the heart of common folk.

In his introduction, the lecturer said that it seemed as if every one in his American audiences was Scotch. They were all born there, or had come out in the seventeenth century, or had married a Scotch wife. It is curious how the American people cling to the skirts of Scotland, but Scotch people must not be elated too highly because on them great privileges have been bestowed. A Scotchman came up to the author at the close of one of his lectures and said: "It's a michty nicht we've had; we are an awfu' people." It puzzled us to know how Dr. Watson would reconcile this description with his statement in the "Cunning Speech of Drumtochty" that Scotch people abhor the use of strong adjectives.

"At the present day," the speaker continued, "there is a desire to get away from the conventional in art and literature, and a tendency to simplicity." The histories of old were little better than lists of dynasties and battles. Mr. Green has written a history showing that a nation is more than a kingdom. The

larger life of the people in their homes, in their impulses, movements towards light and destiny, is now the theme of the historian.

In theology the most fruitful study is to get behind the formal conclusions of divines and to read back past all deductions, and face the presence of the Master himself. "I go to the gospels for my authority" said MacLaren "rather than to the epistles." Behind this remark there seemed to us to be the implication that the teaching of the apostles was inferior to that of the Master. "Back to Christ" is his motto, but does Dr. Watson mean to ignore the apostles through whom Jesus continued "to do and to teach"?

"If you wish to study a nation," said the lecturer "do not study the city map, but study the country and the country people." The relation of these elements in the structure of a nation may be illustrated by large buildings, erected with a steel frame—the stone and marble being used only to fill in. A beautiful picture was then presented of Scotch peasantry, a simple, loving, God-fearing, profoundly thoughtful folk; the bone and sinew of the nation. The prominent feature of Scotch character is its strong vein of pathos. Life to them is not comedy, but tragedy. More tears have been shed by Scotch peasants than by any other people. Even in their voices to this day, one can detect a melancholy cadence. The wedding meeting the funeral always gives way to the funeral on the highway.

In answer to the criticism that his characters are far too beautiful. Watson replied, "Is it not proper for literature to deal with beauty rather than with ugliness? It is idle to ask shall we dwell in a healthy body or a leprous body. One man enters a building and lives in the drawing-room; another chooses the ash-pit. This merely shows that one is in touch with the drawing-room, and the other with the ash-pit. No great painter, except perhaps one French artist, has ever taken as a subject a surgical operation. The artist may paint suffering, but he does not lay himself out to paint ugliness." On the other hand another class of critics are shocked by the wickedness of his characters. In answer to the charge that he let Posty go to heaven in spite of his tastin', the author replied that he held a temperance meeting with him before launching, but without

avail. "I took him by the hand, and expostulated with him on the danger of his plunge into the pool after the child, but he answered that it would be a deal more dangerous to remain on shore. My characters sometimes do as they please, and why should I not be literal, like any Philistine." There, too, was Jamie Soutar, who had brought the author into awfu' disgrace by economizing the truth. In plain language he lied when he said the mistress of the sick girl in London had sent her money, when in truth Jamie had drawn it from the bank himself. "But no one was more grieved than I," the speaker said, "at Jamie's fault. I have wrestled with him in my study, and begged of him, 'Jamie, if you won't tell the truth for your own sake, do so for mine. Why not say that you have drawn the money from the bank, and that you have made a present of it to the sick girl?'" Whereupon Jamie retorted: "What! do you want to make a Pharasee o' me?" At this point we were again in perplexity. How would Dr. Watson reconcile the portraiture of this character with the principle previously laid down—art deals with beauty, not ugliness—for what more ugly deformity of character is there than lying.

Again his theology has been criticized. Drumsheugh's prayer for the dying doctor—which has been read by thousands with moistened eyes—is grounded entirely on justification by works, and contains no reference, direct or indirect, to the mediatorial work of Christ. The author, however, with that *finesse* which would do credit to Jamie Soutar, meets the objections by considering it more of Drumsheugh's affair than his own. This playful and somewhat novel method of transferring the responsibility of his own thought to the creatures of his pen may satisfy Dr. Watson, but it does not correct the dangerous tendency of such teaching.

To illustrate the Scottish love for learning, the lecturer brought his audience into the Glen, which he described with inimitable pathos and humor. "Look at that low cottage, stone-built, with thatched-roof, having but two small rooms with simple furniture. Let us go ben. See the leather-bound books on the shelf, (mostly university text-books,) and a graduate's medal on the wall The good wife did not take you up to show you these, but she would be badly disappointed if you did not

notice them. All she wants is sympathy, and she will open a drawer, and taking out letters from her son will read you precious selections. I've been in the house of a cotter, whose son held a double first of the University of Edinburgh. It is the hope of the Scottish home that one of the boys will be a scholar, and the family flowers in one lad. When he enters the classic halls, they live and work and die for him. Go to Edinburgh and you'll meet him. He lodges in an attic room, a table, chair and bed its only furniture, and he lives on so little. He may sit next you in the classes, but that lad will not let you know his hardships. You may walk with him along the street, but when he comes near his rude lodging he excuses himself, as he has an engagement. He would be cut to the soul if any one should discover his struggles. When he graduates the two old people go up to the city to see their son obtain his degree with honors. On entering the Convocation Hall, they feel strange and out of place. A young man meets them in full dress (hired for the occasion). He is tall and handsome, and enquires if they want a seat. "Yes, sir," they reverently answer, "Is this the place?" In later days the young man will often remind his mother of the day she did not ken her son, and she'll pretend to deny it in order that the whole incident may be gone over again. The youth puts his parents into a seat reserved for the graduates' friends, and says, "I'll come in at that door, you watch." True to their son's bidding, they never lift their eyes from the door. The first man that enters is the chancellor in a scarlet robe, but what care they for him? Then comes a train of professors, but the procession is an idle show. At last their son appears, and on him they now fasten their eyes. What the chancellor says in Latin, they pretend to understand. As the student kneels to receive his honors, that is the greatest hour in the lives of that old couple who have lived and worked and slaved that the lad might have an opportunity.

After this most fitting introduction the lecturer with touching tenderness read "How Domsie brought the News to Whinnie Knowe," and "The parting of Geordie and Domsie in the garden beside the bonnie brier bush."

Dr. Watson has often been asked if his characters are real. As a matter of fact all of them are creations. If a man would

take his neighbor and make him say on the printed page all the commonplace things he actually said, no one would read it. The combination of fact and fiction would be like placing a photograph on a canvass back-ground. The aim of the story-writer is not to represent a character, but character. Concerning Dr. McClure many interesting things have been said. One correspondent in New South Wales writes Watson saying the doctor is in that colony doing daily service. Another says he lived, died and was buried in New Zealand. Another in Skye claims that island as the home of the doctor, and says everything is true even to crossing the flood. Many times has he been found in America, and twice in Ireland. "The truth is" said the author "I made him out of four men, some are living and some are dead. If I had given the book to one of these he would say 'There's no such man.' Doctors belong to the profession that does most good and says least about it." The story of the town doctor treating a poor girl at his own home rather than have her sent to the public hospital has been condemned as extravagant. But in the second book this is the only unadulterated fact, which proves that when you want reality you must go to fiction. The lecturer then read with solemn feeling a passage from the last moments of Dr. McClure. Its simple pathos did not elicit the extravagant emotion elsewhere observed, yet many a hearer, apparently unimpressible, stealthily brushed away a tear.

To venture an adverse criticism in the face of such tender devotion might perhaps be "uncanny" on our part, but we shall not close without one note of dissent. Many of the staid and pious Scotch people will not sympathize with the author's ruthless satire on institutions sacred to them as life itself, but we take especial exception to his disdainful mention of revivals and the methods of evangelists which sadly mars the beauty of his masterly tales and sketches. Yet as a philanthropist whose broad sympathies carry him to the heart of his reader where, once on firm footing, he speaks a message of divine hope to despondent souls struggling for the light, and as a patriot who loves his countrymen so excessively, not wisely but too well, with prodigal affection, so that his portraiture of Scottish character confesses that his heart can cherish only "whatsoever

things are lovely, whatsoever things are pure," we pay him a loyal tribute of respect, and in some degree at least we can join in the fervid eulogy of a Toronto bard, wishing

> "God's blessin' on ye'r canny pen,
> 'Maclaren', ye'r a prince o' men—
> Wi' Burnbrae, ye maun be 'far ben,'
> To write like yon;
> A bonnier book a' dinna ken—
> God bless you, John!"

C. J. Cameron, B.A.,

Vankleek Hill, Nov., 1896.

WHEN AND THEN.

When the sable Evening has dropped her veil
O'er the trickling brooks, and the grassy dale,
Then it is night.
When the glow-worm crawls while the bird's in its bush,
And we lightly sleep in the grey-dawn's hush,
Then breaks the light.

II.

When our swift-winged Hope is out-rid by Fear,
And we long to feel that our friends are near,
Our strength to stay.
On the unknown seas, we must launch our bark,
And we'll sail alone, thro' the waters dark,
Into the Day.

J. E. W. L.

LEONORA'S DREAM.

It was spring. The west wind blew softly among the grasses, which leaned east with their shadows overlying them. White clouds floated in the blue above. Birds flew singing overhead and their silent shadows glided beneath them over the meadow. Half the farm house glistened in the morning sun and half was purple with shadow. The apple trees cast their blossoms in their dark circles of shade. There was *light* in the world.

Across Leonora's young life, too, there flitted a shadow. Her older brother Roland died when she was just seven years of age. Young as she was, the loss of her only playmate was a keen sorrow to the childish heart. Too harshly was the mystery of death thrust upon her sensitive spirit. She grew to be shy, sober and reserved.

There was another shadow, too. She wished to be a great artist, and her desires shrivelled up in the perplexing heat of unfavorable circumstances. She was only a school girl fifteen years old, yet her ambitions were strong and high. Her peculiarly deep blue eyes revealed to many an inquisitive girl friend the longing which lived in her soul. Nature satisfied, somewhat, her ardent desire. While contemplating its varying scenes of beauty, which her country life afforded her, she learned to love its moods. Storms of winter, floods of spring, bees and birds of summer, trees of autumn were for her an endless fascination. May flowers, birds and pebbly brooks were this little maiden's solace. No other time was she as happy as when lying on the mossy bank in the shade of a drooping willow, watching the sky-ships sailing on the blue above until they seemed to sink into the far away eastern horizon bounded by the river.

One spring day Leonora was at her favorite place on the bank. The whirr of the old mill, close at hand, the lowing of the herd in the adjacent meadow, the subdued chattering of house-building swallows, gave her exquisite pleasure. Under the soothing influence of these agreeable sounds she soon became drowsy and fell asleep, and as she slept, she dreamt and this was her dream :—

As twilight approached, one gloomy autumn evening, she, with one hand clasped in Roland's, was standing at her mother's knee. Both children were listening attentively to a story which their mother was relating, and did not observe the growing darkness until suddenly a dark shadow flitted across the window. It was caused by the movement of a tall, large man who was clothed entirely in black and wore a black hood A moment later the stranger lifted the latch, walked quietly up to the mother, spoke a few words in a low tone, understood her look of unutterable sorrow and with her nod of assent, took the children up in his arms and walked outside. The gathering mists of the autumn evening were settling upon the hedges; the fields looked dark and dreary, being recently browned by the ploughshare. The air was heavy. Not a sound was heard. Into the still gloom strode the man of shadows. Darker and denser fell the mists. No wonder the children were terrified. They missed the soothing touch of mother's hand and her comforting whisper. They shuddered in the damp, the dark and the silence.

Suddenly, a faint light overspread one tiny round space in the mass of leaden clouds. Gradually the place became lighter and lighter and larger, until at last there appeared a foamy swaying of billowy waves of white, all surrounding one deep, beautiful blue opening. While the curtains of this "Door of Heaven" ever waved and swung before it, partially revealing the realm of light within, yet the rest of the sky remained always the same dull gray. Two white-robed angels appeared and beckoned to little Roland, who flew without effort away from his guardian in black, into their welcoming arms. Then the clouds rolled together across the blue, and the "Door of Heaven" was shut. Leonora clung to the man robed in black. One wee flake of a crystal fell from the angel's garment upon her forehead and left a tiny shadow there. There was *duty* in her soul:—

. . . . . .

A hundred years rolled away. In the famous art gallery in Florence there hangs a picture upon which thousands and thousands of eyes have gazed. In the catalogue you will find only, "Shadows." *von Leonora.* The scene is as simple as its

title. A gloomy sky with one clear spot of heaven's matchless blue, fringed with rolls of white. Below, a meadow, half of which is upturned by deep brown furrows, a large muscular man in black with a little girl in his arms, both gazing with almost divine faces at the welcoming of a sweet small boy by two angels into "The Golden Gate." Over all the landscape there is a hazy, shifting, rolling presentation of light which is really shadow.

This canvas, on which the delicate hand of an artist traced a conception given in a dream by God, shall last for ages. Time must not seize it with its griping hand of decay. Mothers have seen there in the swinging cloudlets, downy cradles for their babes in Heaven. Children have lifted up their tiny hands to clasp the white robes of the angels. Philosophers have been enabled to look beyond the shadowy realms of doubt into the true brightness of faith. Painters have gloried in the picture's hues, tints and shades. Honorable, upright men have rested upon the black-gowned strength of justice which protects the innocent and good.

Poets have imbibed its truth, its purity, its holiness. Then let them sound the clarion of triumph over sorrow, unbelief injustice, prejudice, ignorance and evil. Leonora! your "Shadows" shall last forever, because *genius* is there.

MARY E. BURNETTE, '97.

LACHESIS.

The mystic hills of Sunset Bay
Rise blue and black to meet the stars,
The sobbings of the dying day
Fall faint beyond its crimson bars.
While in the dim and dark'ning cloud,
The wise witch woman of Sunset Bay,
Now in a rose-wreath, now in a shroud,
Sings and tosses her treasures away;—
"What do you seek for up the glen?
Why do you turn your steps this way?
They all come trooping, women and men,
To the wise witch woman of Sunset Bay."

Down she drops her treasure store,
Drops it over the careless crowd,
And her form is changing evermore,
Now in a rose-wreath, now in a shroud.
  Riotous roses, thorny and sweet;
    Languid lilies, scentless and pale;
  The passion-flower in its glow and heat,
    Flutter and fall in a fragrant hail.
The wise witch woman of Sunset Bay
Nods her head to the careless crowd,
And seeing her nodding, who can say
Which is she wearing, flowers or shroud?
  Big red peonies, heavy and gay;
    Tiny violets, tender blue,
  And thick and fast from the cloud-folds gray,
    Ever and always sprays of rue.

Out through the bars of the dying day
Thrusting her treasures lingering,
The wise witch woman of Sunset Bay
Nods her head and begins to sing—
    "I sit in my rose-wreath,
      I sit in my shroud,
And my song screams up to the stars;
      I will thrust you posies
      Of every hue
Through the fiery sunset bars.
      I always give
      What men may choose,
Tho' it comes from the folds of a shroud.
      But for maidens I've nought
      But roses and rue,
And a hiding place in the crowd,
      And the thorns of my rose-wreath
      Are clear to their view,
And so are the folds of my shroud.
      The restful poppy, the blue heartsease,
      I never give them at all to these."

ETHEL M. BOTTERILL.

HOME.

Soon after mother earth came forth from her Maker's hands, a spray, plucked from the bowers of the Spirit land and fragrant with celestial odor, was placed on her bosom. It took root; and from it, sprigs have been planted here and there throughout the world, until now they dot our valleys, deck our hillsides and cluster together in our cities.

This transplanted bower we call Home. And as we mention the name, its sweetness steals in upon our spirits, and awakens in our minds myriads of reminiscences which neither time nor vicissitude can efface. For one may become brawny upon the mighty deep; he may struggle amid the clash of battle arms; he may be numbed with Arctic cold or may blister his feet on Southern sands, yet that one word "Home" whispered into his ear will carry him, faster than the lightning's flash, back to the scenes of childhood's days. Again he looks upon the old homestead, once more he rides the broomstick for a horse through its halls, or romps beneath the old apple tree with his dog, Collie. Again he peers into every nook and corner for the ever missing school cap, yes and again he ascends the creaking staircase and after a well remembered prayer, receives that incomparable good-night kiss. Land and sea may be scoured in the greatest freedom; he may revel in the pleasures of a luxurious life, win the applause of thousands, and pile about him pyramids of wealth, but he finds no pleasures to excel those of childhood's home, if indeed that place were worthy of the name.

Or if he be one who has gone forth and plucked the sweetest blossom from some other bower, and in union with her has planted another home, the thought of the merry prattle and cosy comfort there will lighten his burdens and brighten his hours, be he toiler in field or in office.

It is impossible, perhaps, to over-estimate the influence of home-life upon character. The brave deeds of the heroes whom we delight to honor, the nobility of manhood which has won the admiration of nations, the chivalry, courage and fidelity of the good and the brave have in many, many instances sprung from seed sown in the home.

Where did the Spartans get their invincible valor? Was it not in their training at home? Where did Washington and Lincoln receive their lofty ideas of liberty, their unflinching bravery and indomitable zeal, that blossomed into noble lives, but in the Puritan home? Where did the Wesleys learn the lessons of earnestness, godliness and faith, which enabled them to move England, but at a mother's knee? Yes, as a scratch made in the sapling appears as a large rent in the tree older grown, so the impressions of early home life will blaze forth from the man in words and deeds, mighty for good or ill.

Then, too, the home is the mightiest factor in the life of a nation. A nation's power, progress and endurance are not to be computed by her extensive area, the wealth of her mines, nor the might of her army, but may be measured at her firesides. For let her senators be never so wise, let her possessions spread wide over the face of the earth, and her soldiers be legion; yet if her homes are the scenes of ignorance, squalor and immorality, her sun sooner or later must sink behind clouds of obscurity. But let her homes be centres of purity, industry and joy, then her glory shall rise higher and higher until in her eminence she shall be the envy and admiration of the world, for

> "Great statesmen govern nations,
> Kings mold a people's fate;
> But the unseen hand of velvet
> These giants regulate.
> And a power mightier, stronger,
> These from their throne has hurled,
> For the hand that rocks the cradle
> Is the hand that rules the world."

These are the best patriots who manage our commerce, till our soil and send forth to their country sons and daughters of stalwart frames, sound minds and sterling morals.

Then all honor to our loved Canadian homes. In them may loyalty and love ever dwell. May their innocent chatter never cease. On her gates may her fair daughters swing for many generations.

But is that *home* where there is given no word of sympathy, no kiss of gratitude, no fond embrace? Nay, surely. It may be a lodging place, but it is not home. And curses be on that

man who dares, with his intemperance, profanity or snarls to sully this heaven-planted institution.

Shame on that woman who gives not her best service for her home.

And where are the young people who count not home the dearest spot on earth? We number them not among our men and women; they are unworthy the name of son and daughter.

So now, while we sing the praises of our native land, and shout, long live the Queen, we reserve the loudest, highest note, and above the din of business and whirl of pleasure, we say God bless our homes.

S. E. Grigg, 1900.

Editorial Notes.

In all probability this number of The Monthly will not reach our readers before Christmas week. We therefore avail ourselves of the opportunity to extend to all our friends the heartiest Christmas greetings both of ourselves and, we are sure we may add, of all the Faculty and students of our University. We trust that for them and all mankind Christmas-tide may be a season of grateful rejoicing for the manifold mercies of the past year, and that the New Year may be rich in opportunities for service and fruitful in its rewards for faithful endeavor. We wish all a very Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

We resume this month the publication of the biographical sketches that have been so marked and so valuable a feature of our magazine in the past. The subject of our sketch is the late Rev. Archibald Gillies, a pioneer pastor in the Eastern English counties of Quebec and well-known there, but comparatively a stranger to Ontario Baptists. Our good Brother A. C. Baker, of Sawyerville, Quebec, has given a very interesting account of his life and work, and a sympathetic pen-picture of his personality. Brother Baker is one of the staunchest friends of our University, and has given tangible evidence thereof by sending two of his sons to be educated within her walls. We are grateful to him for this further evidence of his friendship, and can assure him that his worthy tribute to the memory of a good man will be an inspiration to our students and readers generally.

In our last issue we were unable, through lack of space, to refer to the changed form of some portions of this year's Calendar. Last spring a committee carefully went over the old Calendar with a view to a thorough revision, and the result of their labors appears in the new Calendar. Not a few omissions have been made, while changes both in form and expression have been introduced. We should like to draw the attention of those interested to the re-modelled statement of the various courses. Hitherto the work in any particular department was spread over several pages, the basis of the arrangement being the year in which the work was taken. The new arrangement preserves that feature, and adds a couple of others equally advantageous to those desiring information. The general statement of the scope and aim of the various departments and of the methods of instruction employed therein is a valuable addition. It is, too, a distinct advantage to have the work in each department grouped in such a way as to give a complete view of it to the eye of the reader without the distraction of other contiguous matter. These and other changes will certainly commend themselves to all concerned.

Two very important changes in the courses of study given in the University have been made, and lest, amid the thousand and one things engaging the attention of our readers, they should pass unnoticed, we make particular mention of them in this department of The Monthly. We refer to the new courses in History and Philosophy. The changes consist in the offering of historical courses in the first and second years, and the addition of Special work in both History and Philosophy. For some time it had been felt that the general work in philosophy was somewhat too heavy under the conditions upon which our general course is arranged, and it was furthermore thought that, if possible, the offering of Special work in that department was desirable. By the new arrangement two ends have been achieved. The general work has been lightened, and Special work in Philosophy is now open to the students, while at the same time practically very little additional work has been put upon the professor. This is certainly a happy solution of the matter.

With regard to History the same satisfaction will be felt by all interested in the welfare of the University. History is an exceedingly fascinating study, especially when the student has such entertaining guides and companions as Green, Parkman, Bryce and Gibbon. The course in the first year is particularly adapted to awaken a lively interest in historical study. Sir Walter Scott proved in his novels that romance may be history, but Francis Parkman in his fascinating work

has shown that history may be romance. Our students have an enviable pleasure in being able to read two of his delightful volumes as university work. We cannot conceal our satisfaction at the knowledge that Canadian history occupies a properly important position in our historical course. It is right that our Canadian youth should know the history of our country. Somebody has said that the people that can forget its past deserves no future, and in all probability will have none. The story of the early struggles for national existence and civil and religious liberty, contains lessons for us of the present, who are brought face to face with the problems of a strenuous age. It is well for us, then, that we have a generous amount of attention devoted to the history of our own land. It is well too, that we should not forget the history of the great republic to the south of us, to which we are bound by so many ties, social, commercial and religious. Their problems are to no little extent our problems, and a statement of them and of their solution by such men as Bryce and Goldwin Smith, cannot fail to be both interesting and helpful to us in our nation-building. The history of ancient and mediæval times, and particularly of our dear Motherland, the cradle and home of liberty, must always be the staple material of historical study. Such history is found on all university curricula, and requires no special mention here. We specially notice, however, the work in the fourth year upon the philosophy of history. This ought to be an exceedingly stimulating course. With such excellent courses McMaster University has every reason to be proud of her historical department.

The football season just closed has been an active and exciting one for the students of McMaster. A larger number have participated in the game than ever before, and all connected with the University have manifested an enthusiastic interest in the fortunes of the various teams. We had two teams in the Inter-College Football Association, and though neither team won a championship, both gave a good account of themselves. The members of second team, particularly, deserve to be congratulated upon their remarkably good showing. Their playing proved that in the near future they will make expert first team men. The first team has improved vastly, and was certainly a better team than McMaster had ever before placed on the field. A champion team cannot be developed in a year; it takes long years of hard training and often unsuccessful competition to produce a team that will defeat all comers. Practically McMaster is a young aspirant for football honors, and must therefore not be discouraged if her players

often suffer defeat. From defeat they will learn how to win victory. As an evidence of the improved quality of their play we may refer to the fact that our fall back Reid was chosen on the representative team drawn from the various city colleges to play for the Caledonian Cup. This is the first time in the history of McMaster that any one of her players has been chosen, and both Mr. Reid and our team are to be congratulated upon the recognition given them. We speak of what we know when we say that, in spite of continual defeat, no team has a better reputation for clean playing, generous consideration of opposing teams and sportsmanlike manliness, than our two teams. This is a reputation of which we have reason to be proud, and which we must be careful in no wise to sully.

In addition to the games with other colleges there have been matches between the various years and faculties. The interest in these was stimulated by the generous offer of the Messrs. Ryrie Bros. to present pins to each member of the winning team in this series. Five teams entered and after some exceedingly exciting contests the fourth year team won the championship and the pins. They well deserved their victory for they worked hard and fairly for the honor. It was fitting, too, that they should have won the pins, for it was their first, last, and only chance to do so. All unite in congratulating them upon their triumph. To the generous donors of the very pretty and artistic pins we present the grateful thanks of both Faculty and students. In passing we should like to mention the helpful interest that the members of the Faculty in general, and Chancellor Wallace in particular, have taken in the game. To the latter we owe thanks for many favors and particularly for having given Messrs. Ryrie Bros. the opportunity to show their well-known interest in our University. In closing what we have to say on this season's football, we wish to express our gratification at the fact that football is flourishing at Woodstock College, and also that the annual match between the College and University was played this year. The result of the game was a draw, an evidence, if any were wanted, that the football traditions of the Old School still hold sway there. We hope the College boys will continue to play the game, and will be neither surprised nor piqued if next year they should defeat the University team.

Here and There.

A. M. Overholt, Editor.

The University of Chicago offers 1,086 courses for this year.—*Ex.*

One-fourth of the students in attendance at the university of Berlin are Americans.—*Ex.*

Statistics from sixty-seven colleges in thirty-seven States show that foot ball men stand one-half per cent. higher in their studies than the average of the whole college.—*Ex.*

Whatever the relations of music, it will never cease to be the noblest and purest of arts. Its inherent solemnity makes it so chaste and wonderful that it ennobles whatever comes in contact with it.—*Wagner.*

We regret to say that many of the exchanges on our list have not appeared on the editor's table for some time. More or less irregularity, moreover, has attended the appearance of those exchanges which have responded.

The editor of the *Collegium Forense*, published by Des Moines' College, affiliated with Chicago University, has written the following in regard to college studies: "The application to books should not be considered as the only perquisite of a good student. Every student should come in contact with all the people possible, so as to learn from observation. It is a mistaken idea that one must wait until thrown upon the mercies of a cold world, and must then gain information along social lines by what is commonly termed 'hard knocks.'"

The *Literary Digest* contains the following brief outline and excellent criticism of "Ian MacLaren's" latest novel, "Kate Carnegie." "'Kate Carnegie' is put forward as a novel. 'Ian MacLaren's' first long novel, says the publisher's note. As a novel it is distinctly a failure. The central motive—the love of Charmichael, a covenanting minister, young, provincial, prejudiced, and Kate Carnegie, the daughter of Jacobite ancestors, travelled, modern, experienced, aristocratic, yet withal impulsive and rich of heart—is rather touched than grasped; and the machinery of the tale is quite of the simplest, almost bold in its *naïveté*. The truth is that from first to last he is never seriously interested in his little thread of story, which is merely a string on which he hangs the curiously carved beads of Drumtochty character, and some dainty bits of description. Charmichael and Kate are comparatively flimsy sketches, and look like unfinished inventions; but the Drumtochty folks, especially those of them that are old friends, are intimate studies from life."

Many of the exchanges have published the views of prominent college professors regarding outdoor sports, football in particular. The general and almost universal verdict seems to be that football is highly beneficial to all college men. Our own Chancellor Wallace has set forth his views regarding that noble game, in a reported interview in a recent copy of the *Toronto Mail-Empire.*

The class-day poem of Yale '96, by Mr. Arthur Ripley Thompson, is a model poem of its kind. We quote its finest verse:

Deep in the meadow grass
A rose was born,
The cherished nursling of a summer morn;
Nor romping lad or lass,
Nor priest, nor swain,
Who chanced along the winding meadow lane,
Espied its pale, pure bloom, or even knew
How its fair petals kissed by sun and dew,
Had opened rather, and at the bending blue
O'erhead had smiled,
E'en as a sleeping child,
Touched by soft mother-lips at dawn,
Smiles as it wakens, happy to be drawn
Out of the land where sweet dream-fancies be,
Into a far more sweet reality.

THE VIOLET'S LOVE.

Sweet Violet lifted her modest face
And shyly she peeped from her bower,
For she had learned that love has charms
And she loved another flower.

The gay Dandelion had dared to call
To the wee purple bloom from above;
And he had declared in his own bright way
That she should be ever his love.

The Violet, quiet and gentle was she,
Yet by some unaccountable whim,
She chose the gayest of all the flowers
And said that she loved him.

But one bright day came children young
And happy and joyous were they,
For they, too, loved the modest flower,
And they carried Violet away.

Poor little Violet broke her heart;
Dandelion, too, was sad—
For everyone knows that if one lover goes,
The other can never be glad.

The Violet lost her purple hue;
And Dandelion hung his head—
Their lives were short, their love was sweet,
For soon they both were dead.

—G. H. P., in the *Sibyl.*

THE DREAM SHIP.

EUGENE FIELD.

When the world is fast asleep,
  Along the midnight skies—
As though it were a wandering cloud—
  The ghostly Dream-Ship flies.

An angel stands at the Dream-Ship's helm,
  An angel stands at the prow,
And an angel stands at the Dream-Ship's side
  With a rue-wreath on her brow.

The other angels, silver-crowned,
  Pilot and helmsman are,
And the angel with the wreath of rue
  Tosseth the dreams afar.

The dreams that fall on rich and poor,
  They fall on young and old ;
And some are dreams of poverty,
  And some are dreams of gold.

And some are dreams that fill with joy,
  And some that melt to tears,
Some are dreams of the dawn of love,
  And some of the old dead years.

On rich and poor alike they fall,
  Alike on young and old,
Bringing to slumbering earth their joys
  And sorrows manifold.

The friendless youth in them shall do
  The deeds of mighty men,
And drooping age shall feel the grace
  Of buoyant youth again.

The king shall be a beggarman—
  The pauper be a king—
In that revenge or recompense
  The Dream-Ship dreams do bring.

So ever downward float the dreams
  That are for all and me,
But there is never mortal man
  Can solve that mystery.

But ever onward in its course
  Along the haunted skies—
As though it were a cloud astray—
  The ghostly Dream-Ship flies.

Two angels with their silver crowns
  Pilot and helmsman are,
And an angel with a wreath of rue
  Tosseth the dreams afar.

Here is truth in a nut-shell :—

When the skies are dull and dreary
When the world seems lorn and weary,
  And each day's a long monotony of woe,
When we scold the sun for blazing
And revile the clouds for hazing,
  Disconsolate, however things may go,

'Tis a season for confession.
You're a victim of oppression ;
  Of tyranny, than which there's nothing worse,
When you sacrifice ambition
To a physical condition ;
  When you let your liver run the universe.

Washington Star.

A THEORY.

Once Cupid, in his roughish way,
  Into a room went peeping,
And there upon the sofa lay
  A maiden calmly sleeping.

Then Cupid straightway aimed a dart,
  With a triumphant grin ;
The shot was careless, missed her heart,
  And struck her in the chin.

He drew the shaft and kissed the place ;
  'Twas healed by means so simple ;
The wound, however, left a trace,
  A charming little dimple.

—*University Courier.*

No life is futile that is nobly bent
To honest ends, whose deed is of the best ;
From out the cycles of our failures grows
The strength of better things ; and whoso lives
Unto the conscious truth within his soul,
Needs not the breath of praise or civic wreath ;
For on his heart is wrought the word Success.—*Ex.*

College News.

L. Brown, B.A. Miss E. Whiteside, '98.
W. B. Tighe, '99.
Editors.

"A is a word of winning charm,
B is an encircling arm.
How many times is A in B?
He questioned calculatively.
The maiden flushed with air sedate,
I do not understand, please demonstrate.—*Ex.*

Theolog, after reading usually long Monday letter, was heard exclaiming: "My, but she's a daisy, this has been the best summer I ever put in!"

We were pleased to receive a visit from A. G. Baker, B.A., a member of '96, and also a call from M. D. Coltman, a former member of '99.

A large number of our students took advantage of the cheap fare on Thanksgiving Day. Some who are in charge of fields left to hold special services in keeping with the day, others to visit their homes and not a few to "where love and duty called them"

Thanksgiving Day brought along with other things a splendid dinner prepared by our most esteemed matron. The dining-room was fittingly decorated, reminding us of a harvest home festivity. The students, along with our Woodstock guests, heartily enjoyed the excellent repast, and of it could be truly said that every man did his duty.

The Chess Club of the University met on the 21st ult. for re-organization, and elected the following officers: President, Mr. J. W. Russell, B.A.; Secretary-Treasurer. I. G. Matthews, '97. Prof. Willmott has offered an elegant trophy to the winner in the handicap series that is being arranged by the Committee. A pleasant season is looked forward to by the lovers of chess.

The Student Volunteer Band meets every Monday night from 7 to 8 p.m. This is one of the most spiritual meetings in the institution. Every evening the meeting opens with prayer for the work of missions, in which every member usually takes part. After this a paper on the subject up for discussion is read by one of the members of the Band, and is followed by discussion, which often proves most interesting and profitable. Besides acquiring in this way much valuable information regarding the history of Christian missions, there is large spiritual blessing gained by its members.

McMaster's annual auction sale of newspapers and magazines took place Nov. 18th. Mr. A. N. Marshall, B.A., did grand service for the Reading Room Committee as auctioneer, and in some cases is said to have so influenced his buyers that the selling price actually exceeded the original cost of the magazines for sale We are favored with an excellently equipped reading room, and the success with which this responsible department is carried on by the Committee in charge, is a matter of gratification on the part of the student body. Mr. A. N. Marshall, B.A., as Chairman, has proved himself a most efficient financier. This Committee deserves the heartiest co-operation of the student body, and the promptness with which the work is executed has merited the highest praise.

On Friday evening, the 13th inst., the Camelot Club held its first meeting of the session, a large number of students and professors being present. President Matthews, in his opening remarks, congratulated the Society upon its past history, and spoke hopefully of the future. The fact that such a large number of the students were taking the special English course, was one of the reasons why the Club had such a large membership in the past, and augured well for its future. The Club have decided to study critically the poems of James Russell Lovell, and of William Watson. The main purpose of this first meeting was to give the members of the Club some facts about the lives and poetic characteristics in general of these poets. Miss M. D. Eby, of '97, read some beautiful selections from Lowell, which were much appreciated. Dr. Rand followed with a brief outline of William Watson's life, and read a few choice selections from his poems. In his usually charming style the Doctor gave us a very interesting account of William Watson, and the selections read were enjoyed by all present. The musical part of the programme consisted of a selection by the orchestra—a solo by Mr. Triggerson, '00, and an instrumental by Mr. Fox, '00. Another interesting number on the programme was an original poem by a member of the Club, whose name was not given. This was read by Mr. McLean.

The Philosophical Club met in the Chapel on the 12th inst. for re-organization, President Prof. Ten Broeke in the chair, when the following officers were elected: President, Prof. J. Ten Broeke; Vice-President, C. H. Schutt, B.A.; Secretary-Treasurer, L. Brown, B.A.; Representatives on the Executive Committee, T. J. Jones, '99, W. P. Reekie, '98, E. W. Brown, '97. M. C. McLean, Theology. After the election of officers, the President made a few introductory remarks concerning the aim of the Club and its method of work. The aim he stated was to acquire a knowledge of the great problems, and then to make an honest effort at their solution. Mr. C. H. Schutt followed with an excellent paper on "Is Life Physical?" In this thesis he discussed the various theories of life, confining his attention chiefly to the mechanical and vital theories. He entered into a somewhat detailed discussion of these, taking up their history and their strength, and proceeded to criticize them. In conclusion he set forth Bohme's view as

what seemed to him the best. Bohme views life in its final analysis as spiritual rather than physical. There was a large number of students present, and the interest throughout the hour was well sustained. Although the Philosophical Club was organized only last year, under the excellent leadership of Prof. Ten Broeke, it is one of the most prosperous and most profitable about the University.

THE regular monthly meeting of the Fyfe Missionary Society was held in the chapel, Tuesday, Nov. 17th. The morning service was of a devotional character, led by the President, Dr. Goodspeed. After this followed three very excellent addresses on the "Inner Life." Prof. Farmer first gave, in a very clear and able manner, the "Nature of the Inner Life." This life, he stated, could only be possessed by the truly regenerated man, and was often in the truest state of progress when we were most dissatisfied with ourselves. It consisted in our obtaining a knowledge of God, and voting no confidence in the flesh, our own wisdom or attainments, and all confidence in God. The Christian must take square issue with the world, whose attitude towards spiritual things was truly expressed in the crucifixion of our Lord. Some people confuse a spiritual life with a rapturous life. The life may be one of suffering, and will certainly be one of conflict. This address was followed by one by Dr. Tracy, of Toronto University, on the "Nurture of the Inner Life." Of this excellent paper it is unnecessary that we should give a sketch here, as it is to appear in full in the columns of THE MONTHLY at a later date. Dr. Goodspeed closed the discussion by an address on the "Relation of the Inner Life to Service." The speaker in a very earnest manner pointed out the nurture of the spiritual life might be carried on to a very full extent, while the exercise of it might be entirely neglected. This was the case with recluses. On the other hand there was a tendency to-day to lay a great deal of emphasis upon the exercise and neglect the culture. Either of these extremes was to be avoided. The true relationship was that the inner life of the servant of God must be nurtured, that he may have power to render effective service. At the afternoon session, Mr. W. S. McAlpine, B.A., delegate to the Intercollegiate Missionary Alliance Convention, held recently at Montreal, gave a very interesting account of the convention. He spoke in the warmest terms of the hospitality of the students of the Montreal colleges, and of the spiritual power of the meetings. A series of encouraging reports from the various local missionary interests of the Society followed, and a prayer and praise service, led by Chancellor Wallace, brought to a close a very helpful meeting.

THE annual match between Woodstock College and McMaster is one of the events that the students in both institutions look forward to with interest. It was a pleasure to the students of the University to welcome the College football team, and every effort was made to give them a pleasant time if not an easy victory. These annual visits indirectly, as well as directly, are a benefit to both University and College. Many from Woodstock who are looking forward to a University course,

in this way have the privilege of coming in contact with the students and professors, and from a visit of a few days are able to gain such information about the work and the general atmosphere of the institution as will afterwards lead them to enrolment as students. There is more in this link than we are apt to think, and we entertain the hope that this annual happy meeting may long be kept up as a precedent. After a day and night of storm, Thursday morning broke beautiful, and at ten o'clock the ground was in good condition. The teams lined up as follows:—McMaster—Goal, Brodie, Backs, Schutt, Cornish. Half backs—Torrie, McFarlane, Vining. Forwards—Mr. McLay, Tapscott, Murdoch, Ferguson, Simpson.

Woodstock—Goal, Lailey, Backs, Munroe, Guyatt. Half backs, Mr. McNeill, Norman, Howell. Forwards, Scarlett, Zavits, Tompkins, Huggart, Kemp; Mr. T. Gibson, of 'Varsity, referee. As soon as the ball was kicked off the visitors made a fast rush on our goal, and for several minutes made it interesting for our backs and half backs. After the ball had been in play for about seven minutes, Howell made a pass in upon McMaster's goal, and succeeded in scoring for the College eleven. From this time on the game became exceedingly interesting, several strong attempts being made by both teams to score. Mr. McLay at length managed to get away from the half, passed it over into centre, and Murdoch shot it through the goal, thus making the score even. Just before half time was called McMaster's forwards made a dangerous rush on Woodstock's goal, and Murdoch succeeded in scoring a second for McMaster. No goals materialized during the second half until within seven minutes of time, when Tomkins and Huggart playing some good combination, the former succeeded in scoring a goal for the College, thus making the score two to two. During the remaining minutes the battle deepened; there was some good kicking done on both sides, but no goals were scored, and when the whistle blew the men left the field quite undecided as to which was the better team. A beautiful morning, a good crowd, and the best of friendship, all conduced to make the game of interest and pleasure to both players and spectators.

After we had played as best we could our part in the Inter-College League, the Executive Committee of the football club decided to hold a series of inter-year matches. This effort on the part of the Executive to promote that royal game has been crowned with gratifying success. This series has proved a most successful one, the spirit and exhibition of true sportsmanship being equally of a high order. Never in the history of the club in McMaster has such interest been taken in the game by students and professors as well. The schedule was arranged as follows: (1) Theology versus '98 Arts, which resulted in a victory for the theologs. (2) '99 Arts versus '00 Arts, in which conflict the sophomores proved themselves too much for the freshmen. (3) Theology versus '97 Arts, resulting in a defeat for the theologs. (4) '98 Arts versus '97 Arts, the juniors being worsted by the seniors. (5) '99 Arts versus '00 Arts, the sophomores again were triumphant. In the first division of the schedule, '97 Arts were

champions, while '99 were the winners in the second division of the series, leaving a final game to be played off between the sophomores and seniors. On Saturday, the 21st inst., these two teams met upon the campus. The ground was in very bad condition, covered as it was with fast melting snow which made a good pass game almost impossible. Yet this very feature rendered it one of the most interesting matches that was witnessed this year. When the two elevens lined up there was considerable doubt in the minds of the spectators as to which way the victory would turn; both had given good exhibitions in previous matches, and each team was strong. After the ball had been in play for about ten minutes, Tapscott made an excellent shot on goal, and succeeded in scoring for '97. No more goals were made until near the end of the first half, when Murdoch made the best of a good opportunity, and succeeded in scoring a second for '97. When the ball was kicked off for the last half, fast playing was done by both teams, and many excellent rushes on goal made by both sides. Ritchie, after passing the half back made a rush on '99's goal, and succeeded in driving the pig skin between the goal posts and under the tape, making a third for '97. For '99 the playing of Reid, Simpson and McFarlane is worthy of mention; while Mode, Campbell and MacKechnie did grand service for '97. Mr. McLay refereed the game to the entire satisfaction of both teams. The following men represented the respective years: '99, Goal, Hawkings; backs, Reid, Clarke; half backs, McDonald, McFarlane, Hannah; forwards, Simpson, Thompson, Welsh, Brown, Thomas. '97, Goal, Overholt; backs, Manthorne, MacKechnie; half backs, Campbell, Vichert, Tiller; forwards, Tapscott, Ritchie, Murdoch, Mode, Matthews. The champions are the winners of eleven gold pins, kindly presented by Ryrie Bros.

Class '97 and their friends met in the University on the evening of Wednesday, Dec. 2nd, to hold their annual and last rally. Chancellor and Mrs. Wallace, Dr. and Mrs. Ten Broeke, Mr. and Mrs. Menzies were present by special invitation. The beautifully decorated halls and excellent programme bore a united testimony to the energy and efficiency of the president and officers. The formal programme was opened by a few well chosen remarks by the president, J. A. Tiller. He then called upon Prof. Ten Broeke, the honorary president, who gave a most interesting and helpful address. He spoke of his kindly feeling toward '97 and remembered with appreciation their sympathy and interest manifested at the beginning of his work in McMaster. "This was a significant occasion, inasmuch as it was your last rally. The great work of life into which you are fast hastening, would surely teach you this, that the material acquired while in the college halls must be worked over and made practicable. But this is not to say that the knowledge here acquired will not be of permanent value, the great field of knowledge to which you have been introduced and the great fact of the unity of the truth, these would ever be of the highest service. The student life, too, had made you value your own inner life and enabled you to make great strides in its fuller develop-

ment. The patience and perseverance acquired in the performance of the daily routine of student life would prove themselves virtues in the actual battlefield of life. As seekers after truth you have learned the value of honesty and truthfulness. This is no small lesson, and as you have looked out upon the unbounded limits of knowledge the consciousness of your own poverty of thought has made you humble. And the fact that in your seeking after truth you came to live in God's presence, has, I trust, made you all reverent. The Class of '97 has been a help to me, and I am grateful, and I trust that I have been a help to you in return."

After the singing of a duett, with good effect, "The Harp of the Winds," by Messrs. Brown and Campbell, Mr. T. N. Ritchie, the orator, delivered an eloquent and helpful oration on the "Power of Ideals." After this choice programme was concluded a dinner of rare excellence was enjoyed by guests and hosts alike. This interesting part of the programme was followed by a series of toasts. F. T. Tapscott, in his usual entertaining style, proposed the toast, "Our Alma Mater," which was fittingly replied to by Chancellor Wallace. Mr. J. A. Ferguson, of '98, heartily toasted "The Graduates," which was responded to by A. M. Overholt.

Mr. I. G. Matthews followed with a toast, "The Ladies," which found a pleasing response in the person of Miss Burnette. The last toast, proposed by A. G. Campbell, "The Undergraduates," was responded to by A. J. Darroch, of '98 Theology.

After adjournment from the dining hall the promenade proved itself one of the most interesting features of the evening's programme, and brought to a close an outing that shall long be fragrant in the memories of the Seniors and their friends.

The Literary and Scientific Society of the University held its first semi-annual meeting for the term '96-'97, on the evening of the 4th inst. A large number of friends of McMaster gathered at the usual hour and listened to a most entertaining and profitable programme. The character of the meetings of this Society held in the past, has always been of a high order and all the features which go to promote good culture and give pleasure as well, were present on this occasion. The University orchestra under the able leadership of W. S. McAlpine, B.A., rendered excellent assistance in the musical part of the programme and opened the meeting with two choice selections. The Glee Club followed with Verdi's "Oh! Hail us, Ye Free," which was much appreciated. Campbell's "Lord Ullin's Daughter," in four renditions by F. E. Brophy, '00, met with a hearty reception on the part of the audience, and his first appearance before a Toronto audience has already won for him many comments of praise. After E. S. Roy had delighted his audience with a cornet solo, the Chairman called upon Miss Stella Cohoe, a graduate of Dr. Neff's School of Oratory, Philadelphia, who recited "How They Built the Church at Kehoe's Bar," in a charming manner. The debate *Resolved* "That Great Britain should interfere single-handed if need be to protect the Armenians from the atrocities of the Turkish Government," was the central

feature of the evening's programme, and the arguments presented by the respective speakers were followed with deep interest from the beginning of the discussion to the judge's decision. Messrs. C. E. Scott, B.A. and G. Menge, B.A., supported the affirmative, while Messrs. A. Imrie, B. A., and R. Routledge, B.A., sustained the negative. The arguments presented by both sides were pithy, pointed and easily grasped by the audience; the speaking was clear and at not a few points oratorical. The Society felt highly honored by the presence of Wm. Houston, M.A., who acted as judge. When he arose to give his decision he spoke a few introductory words congratulating the Society upon the success of the meeting, and noted with interest that athletics had a place in McMaster as well as intellectual culture. After a careful and able summary Mr. Houston gave his decision in favor of the negative. One of the most interesting features of the evening (and especially to the members of '97) was the presentation by the Chancellor, of eleven gold pins, given by Ryrie Bros. to the champions of the inter-year series. George Murdoch, as captain of the '97 Eleven, led his men on to a proud victory. We rejoice with the Seniors in their hard earned triumph, and highly appreciate the kindness of the donors. Mr. J. H. Cameron, of '97, as President and his efficient staff of officers have rendered the Society excellent service and under their able direction we have had a most successful term in the work of the Literary and Scientific Society.

Owing to an oversight the report of the re-organization of class '98 did not appear in the last issue. However, the fact that they are still to the front as a class, is evinced by their choice of the following officers for the ensuing year:—Hon. Pres., Prof. M. S. Clark; Pres., A. W. Vining; Vice-Pres., J. McLachlan; Sec.-Treas., Miss Bailey; Poet, Miss Whiteside; Historian, J. A. Ferguson; Orator, J. McIntosh; Reporter, A. B. Cohoe. Considering the enthusiasm and class spirit that exists in '98, we may assure success to anything they undertake.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

S. R. Tarr, B.A., F. H. Phipps, Editors.

A former teacher, Mr. Robertson, paid us a visit on Thanksgiving Day. We were glad to see his genial face once more, and pleasant memories of the past were recalled by his presence.

We notice that some of the habits of student life still cling to our new teacher. The other morning his place at the table was vacant, and it was found that he was enjoying that delicious pleasure of "sleeping in." However, provision was thoughtfully made for his inner man by one of the boys, and his hunger was stayed by the solacing refreshment of a "Chinaman" sandwich.

THE Philomathic and Excelsior Societies have adjourned their regular meetings until after Christmas. Both societies have been well attended, and successful this term, and will begin with renewed interest after vacation.

A CHANGE has taken place in our Faculty. Mr. R. D. George has departed for McMaster, and his place is filled by Mr. J. J. McNeill, B.A., a graduate of the same University. We wish Mr. George all success in his year's work, and welcome Mr. McNeill to his new position.

THE annual open meeting of the two Literary Societies took place on Friday, Dec. 11th. As was expected, the entertainment proved a complete success. The first part of the programme consisted of instrumental music, songs, quartettes and choruses. After these a farce-dialogue entitled, "A Regular Fix," under the management of Mr. Herbert Piercy, was presented, and proved amusing and entertaining. The attendance of town speople was large.

JUST now a black and heavy cloud, looming up before us, casts its shadow upon us, and written upon it in menacing characters, we read, "Christmas Exams." But it is comforting to remember that this cloud has its silver lining, and when it has swept over us, leaving consternation and destruction in its wake, the bright and reviving rays of Christmas vacation will shine down to cheer our drooping spirits. Some appear to be harassed by the dread of taking over 100% in the exams., and have not yet commenced "plugging," while others, more prudent, are daily and nightly filling their craniums with knowledge. We wish to all alike, both idle and studious, a pleasant vacation, and many Christmas gifts.

WINTER has again commenced his reign, bringing in his train all the numerous amusements and sports which usually accompany him. Our skating rink is now nearly in condition for skating, as it now requires only a sharp, hard frost to complete it. The hockey club will organize soon. Several of the players on last year's team have gone, but we hope to have a good team again this season. There has been some talk of having inter-year matches in hockey during the winter. No doubt they would be very interesting, especially since some are such adepts (?) in the art of skating.

THE members of the Fourth Year, and the teachers too, have laid away their canes with a sigh of despair. In former days it was counted a mark of dignity and distinction to carry a cane, but alas for the degenerate days of the Present! It is alarming to see a youth with a stick of immense proportions, but when one beholds a boy who has not even attained to the dignity of "long pants," struggling with a cane which, judging from its length, was intended for a crutch, it is time to draw a line somewhere. It is to be hoped that some of the juveniles will hang up their canes for a few years, until they have reached a maturer age, and will give the members of the Fourth Year a chance to remove the crape from theirs.

GREAT excitement and enthusiasm prevailed during the week in which the inter-year football matches were played off. When the Third Year, one morning, issued a pompous challenge, declaring that they would play any other class in the school, it was quickly accepted by the Fourth year. When the teams lined up on the campus that afternoon, many conjectures were made as to the winning team, and excitement ran high. However, the superiority of the Fourth Year was soon proved by a score of 2 to 0 in their favor. The next match was between the First and Second Years. This was more even than the first match, and after many brilliant plays on both sides, the score stood 2 to 1, in favor of the Second Year. The last and best match of the series came next. The Fourth and Second Years met in a contest for first place. Both teams were encouraged by their former victories, and were bent on winning the game. The Second Year had the superior forward line, but the Fourth Year excelled in its defence. Taking the two together, the odds seemed about even. But the inevitable occurred, and after a hard, well-contested and brilliant game, the invincible Fourth Year defeated the opposing team by 1 to 0. This gave the Fourth Year 1st place, while the Second Year stands 2nd.

THERE is always a feeling of expectant pleasure in the College boy's heart when he realizes that Thanksgiving is drawing near, for it has in store for him not only the sweet prospects of turkey and vacation, but also of the annual football match between Woodstock College and McMaster. Pleasant memories of former games, and of the new acquaintances made on those occasions, return to him, and he longs for the day to come. This year we saw our team depart for Toronto with mingled feelings of sorrow and of pleasure; sorrow, because we could not accompany them; pleasure, because we knew that they would spend a pleasant vacation, and would do their best to uphold the honor of the College. It is needless to say that on Thanksgiving Day, several old and venerable turkeys, whatever may have been their speed in former days, went faster than they ever did before. The afternoon passed in suspense, for we were anxiously awaiting the results of the game. At tea-time the Principal walked into the dining room with a telegram in his hand, bearing, as he said, the destiny of Woodstock College. Immediately the clatter of spoons, and the hum of voices ceased, and with bated breath we listened to the following telegram from Mr. Tarr: "The game a tie, score 2—2. What's the matter with Woodstock?" A roar of applause greeted this announcement, for we were all proud of the way in which our boys must have played in order to draw with such a team as McMaster. By Monday all the members of the team had returned. They said that they had been royally entertained, and had enjoyed themselves exceedingly. The match was all that could be desired, and those who went down, returned loud in their praises of McMaster and its students.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

ELIZA P. WELLS, B.A., MARION CALVIN, EDITORS.

AMONG the noteworthy musical treats of the term were the "Elijah" and the recent concert of the Yunck Quartette. Both were largely attended by the music-loving members of the school, and were enjoyed to the full.

THE last monthly missionary prayer-meeting, under the auspices of our Christian Endeavor Society, was one of unusual interest. No set programme had been arranged, but as every one came prepared to take part in one way or another, the result was a good and helpful meeting which will be an inspiration to a still better one next month.

THOSE of our members who attended the entertainment given in the Central Methodist Church on Thanksgiving evening, report a very pleasant time. Mrs. Agnes Knox-Black was her usual happy self and gave several fine selections in a charming manner. The numbers sung by Miss McLean and Dr. Carl Duft, of New York, were also very much enjoyed. No pains had been spared to make the entertainment a success, and judging from the rounds of applause that greeted each selection, their efforts were amply rewarded.

THE following lecture of our Monthly Lecture Course was delivered on November 13th by Chancellor Wallace. His subject was "The Tribute of Art to our Lord." He spoke of the impulse of religion to find expression in art forms, and sketched the development of this tendency from the early days of Christianity, in the designs on signet rings, and on the walls of the Catacombs, down to our own day, when pictures representing the great truths and facts of religion have become an important factor in the education of the young. The lecture was much enjoyed by all, and the Moulton girls are looking forward to another similar treat at no distant date.

THE usual meeting of the Heliconian Society was held on Friday, November 20th, the authors for the evening being Longfellow and Mark Twain. After the singing of the "Psalm of Life," the Roll-call response in stanzas from well-known lyrics of the poet, and the reading of the Critic's report, by Miss Hoffman, the following programme was carried out:—Life of Longfellow, Miss Maud Jamieson; reading of "The Courtship of Miles Standish," Miss Agnes Nicholas; recitation "Maidenhood," Miss Hume; song, "Stars of the Summer Night," Misses Clemens, Lena Burke, Brophy, and others; reading, "The Building of the Ship," Miss Foreman; reading from "Tom Sawyer, Detective," Miss Conger; "Life of Mark Twain," Miss Mayberry. The meetings of the Society this year have been very enjoyable and instructive, and reflect great credit upon the enterprise and perseverance of the officers and members of the various committees upon whom the work of preparing programmes devolves.

GRANDE LIGNE.

E. Norman, B.A., Editor.

Our Temperance Society still flourishes. Quite a number of new members have been enrolled since the beginning of the year. The last programme, prepared by Miss P. Bullock and Mr. O. Fournier, was both enjoyable and profitable. The principles instilled into the minds of the students at these meetings will, we hope, prove efficient safeguards in later years. May they at the same time incite us to sympathetic work for those who are oppressed by the drink traffic.

We have lately been favored with visits from two of our field missionaries, Rev. Theo. Lafleur and Rev. N. Gregoire. We were pleased and edified by the stirring sermons they preached. Mr. Lafleur's power of thought and happiness of diction seem to increase with his increasing age.

The long continued rainy weather has kept the boys confined pretty much to the gymnasium for their sports and exercise. Some evidently thought they would try the quality of the gymnasium floor by falling on it. The floor is all right. They found it to be made of good solid two-inch plank. The quality of the boys was not quite so good, consequently three of them were compelled to carry an arm each in a sling last week. Fortunately the injuries were not serious, so that the slings have now disappeared.

The skating-rink has been well patronized during the past few days. Its hard smooth surface entices the girls and lady teachers as well as the boys. Several of the ladies have shown themselves to be quite skillful skaters, while some of the boys have not yet skill enough to keep from biting the ice. Every man to his taste.

A course of monthly lectures is something new for Grande Ligne. This, however, Principal Massé has at last been able to secure for us, through the kindness of our Montreal pastors. It is something that we have long been wishing for, in order that we might come into a little closer touch with the outside world of thought, and thus broaden our mental vision. At the same time we need to become better acquainted with the English pastors of our own denomination. The first lecture of the course was given on December 3rd, by Dr. E. W. Dadson, of Olivet church. He showed his sympathy with our work and student life, as he spoke to us from a thirty years' experience with students. He very forcibly showed us that we ought to take care of the body, for it is our only boat to carry us to the end of our earthly journey. We should take care of the mind, for it is our servant. We must make it obedient, strong, beautiful, pure and good. Above all, should we cultivate the soul. It should be conformed to the likeness of Jesus Christ. The best cultivation can be given by studying the best model, viz.: Jesus. Thus we shall do His bidding, and accomplish His purpose.

144

Yours Truly

A. L. Bates

THE

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

JANUARY, 1897.

McMASTER UNIVERSITY.*

As some grey captain of a merchantship,
Whose prosperous voyage o'er the watery strife
Has large concern for all, knows that his wife
Waits his home-coming up the horizon's dip
With holier heart than crowds that throng the slip,
So HE well knew, thou—flower-elect of life!
Chosen from out a clamor of voices rife—
Waitedst his voyage o'er with prayerful lip.

Fair Bride, forget him not through circling years!
But with a Christ-like love, deep as unfeigned,
Surpassing that of commerce or of state,
With holy hands thy dower devote with tears
Of gratitude, and loyal heart unstained:
Thy sacred vow perform with soul elate.

THEODORE H. RAND.

*Memorial poem in honor of the late Hon. William McMaster, read on Founder's Day, December 23rd, 1896.

JOSEPH I. BATES.

It is my desire in the present article to preserve part of what has been written regarding the late Principal Bates, and to give a wider circulation to the loving and heartfelt tributes of friends who have recorded their esteem for the true nobility and worth of him who was so suddenly taken from our midst.

It has been one of the crowning glories of Woodstock College that from its founding it has had at its head men of singular self-sacrificing devotion. This characteristic in the revered founder of the College was proverbial, and others who followed him seemed to emulate his example. To forget themselves in the consuming desire that the College might fully accomplish its mission, appeared to be the spirit that took possession of those whom God called to lead in this service, and of none could this be said more truly perhaps than of our late Principal. Those of us who had the honor of being associated with Principal Bates on the College staff, and came into intimate relation with him, know with what singleness of purpose he lent himself to securing the highest good, both of the students and the school, the apparently tireless energy with which he kept his hand upon every department of College work, and the ability with which he managed its financial affairs. We shared his satisfaction at seeing each yearly report from the College more favorable than the preceding, and at the last annual report so excellent was the standing of the school financially and otherwise that it elicited the warmest congratulations from the governing Board. It was felt that the prospects of the College were unusually bright, and the future was hopefully anticipated We knew that all this had not been secured without a sacrifice of strength and health that caused us much anxiety. We hoped however, that with a period of complete rest and relaxation, his old time health and vigor would be regained, and it would seem that it was with such hopes as this that he himself entered upon the enjoyment of his summer vacation. But none of us realized how impaired his health in reality was, and how speedily he was to succumb under circumstances which, in robust health, would probably have been unattended by any danger whatever.

It was about the third week in July that he came to his summer home in Muskoka, and about three days after his arrival the first symptoms of blood-poisoning were noticed. The fact that he had not an ounce of reserve strength not only exposed him to the danger in the first place, but took away in great measure his chance of successfully overcoming it. The most skilful medical attendance, assiduous attention and nursing by friends, and the most healthful and favorable surroundings, did all that could be done to aid him. In fact the blood-poisoning had been checked and healing had favorably begun, and it was hoped that a few days would place him out of danger. But the wasted and exhausted tissues were unequal to the strain. A hemorrhage on the brain occurred on August 1st, followed by paralysis and other complications that soon took away all hope of recovery. He lingered for four days after this relapse, and on August 5th he passed peacefully to his rest.

Joseph I. Bates was born in Branbridge, Ireland, in 1848. Two years later the family removed to the State of Iowa, and there Mr. Bates spent his youth and received his early education. When he was sixteen years of age the family again removed to Dundas, Ont., and in 1867 his father, Rev. John Bates, was called to the pastorate of the Woodstock Baptist Church, and the son began his attendance at the Canadian Literary Institute, as the College was then called. From there he matriculated into Toronto University, and after graduation took a post graduate course at Ann Arbor University, receiving the degree of Ph.M. From that time until his death he was engaged in teaching in Woodstock College, with the exception of the session of 1889-90, which he spent in England, pursuing special studies and observing educational methods, in University College, London, and Owen's College, Manchester. His knowledge of methods was further widened by a summer's experience in the Amherst School of Languages. On the death of Principal Huston, in January, '92, Mr. Bates was called to the Principalship of the College, and its success during these four years abundantly attest the ability and wisdom of his management.

On the evening of Friday, September 18th, a memorial service was held in the College, commemorative of the life and work of the late Principal. A number who had been intimately

associated with Principal Bates during his life, spoke in the most appreciative and touching manner of his character and worth. These included Chancellor Wallace, Mr. A. L. McCrimmon, Mr. N. S. McKechnie, Mr. S. E. Grigg, Dr. Goodspeed and Prof. M. S. Clark. I regret that I am not able here to give full reports of their addresses, summaries of which have already been published. Several who had known Principal Bates intimately, but who were unable to be present, sent letters to be read in connection with the service. The tender feeling and loving esteem that breathe through these letter are, I feel sure, the reflection of the sentiments of all who had an intimate acquaintance with Principal Bates, and they will now, I know, be read with interest by all his friends.

D. K. Clarke.

From Prof. Farmer, McMaster University.

My acquaintance with Joseph Bates goes back to the early days of our University course. Seven happy years were spent in close association in the work and fellowship of Woodstock College; and since then I have been in such frequent touch with him that I have had good opportunities for knowing him fully and forming a just estimate of his worth.

The outstanding thing about him was the beauty of his personal character. His beautiful natural disposition was made more beautiful by grace. A spirit of kindliness pervaded his life; and only gracious words fell from his lips. Refinement of feeling, gentleness of manner and unfailing courtesy seemed instinctive with him. In all the intimacies of those years I never heard a word from him that might not be proclaimed from the housetops. He was a pure man who wore the white flower of a blameless life. There was a noble candor about him: he never joined hands with duplicity. Sincerity suffused his soul and bathed him in its light: to all his tasks he brought a scrupulous conscientiousness: and this because Christ was enthroned in the heart and recognized as King of his life. Over the faults of others he threw the mantle of charity: and never have I known him to chide himself more than after uttering some word of true,

but for him seemingly severe, criticism. These gentle graces of character were blent with stronger and more masculine traits. Those who have seen him in times of testing know that just as on the field of sport his wiry frame and stoutness of muscle surprised one, so in that kindly soul there dwelt much quiet strength and energy of will, a noble self-control and a patient heroism. This was manifested again and again in his work as Teacher and Principal, and in a remarkable degree during his last illness.

He had good rather than brilliant parts. Like Carey he could plod. And he toiled to purpose, content to do what he could and to do that well. His scholarship was accurate rather than extensive; his reading thoughtful rather than wide. He was a man of sound sense, and balanced judgment—a safe all-round man. During his Principalship he displayed business and administrative ability of a high order. I need not speak of his thoroughness as a teacher, of his patience with the slow pupils, and his eagerness to help all. He liked teaching. He loved young men and did not fail to help them. He gave himself, did he not, most unsparingly to the work God had put into his hands. His early death is the last proof that he spared not himself.

Well, he has gone from us. From an earthly paradise his spirit took its flight to the heavenly. The work is left behind for other hands; and yet his works follow with him. He has left the band of workers here, to join the band of workers there. What goodly fellowship is there to-day! Heaven grows richer apace; as the years glide by, heaven's side of the balances grow heavier. "The general assembly and church of the first born, and the spirits of the just men made perfect" is a more personal and real Scripture than it used to be. We know a good many of those names now. They are there by the will of the King—each summoned at the proper time. So our faith holds fast to God and rests itself in Him even though the pang has rent the heart. These human sorrows He knows but does not chide. They are perhaps the inseparables of love—and in his sight transfigured. And the Christ that wept for Lazarus is the Christ of *our* times of bereavement. To thee, O Christ, we turn. Let fruitage still appear from the sowing of our departed brother. Carry on Thy work in this school and endow Thy servants for

these holy tasks. Speak courage and cheer to all our hearts. By thy gracious Spirit minister comfort to the heart of the sister in India, the sister at home, and the brother who has no brother left. Thou Son of Man who, in the face of death, didst not forget Thy mother sorrow-stricken, forget not this mother in her grief and age, and care for her. Thou God of the widow, and Father of the fatherless, cheer Thou this widowed heart, and stay her mind and guide her steps as she seeks, with brave spirit and in unwavering faith, to train for life and for eternity her little boy and girl.

From Prof. Montgomery, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

I was sorely grieved and shocked to learn, only a few days before receiving your letter, of the untimely death of my friend Prof. Bates. In the brief time at my disposal I can not do justice to the memory of one so noble and true. I will only touch upon three points in his life and character—the student, the teacher and the friend. I knew him as all these.

Careful, conscientious, attentive and intelligent, he was one whom his teacher delighted to have in his classes. In his preparatory course, in College and in the University the same earnestness and devotion characterized his work. Nor did it stop here, for during all these years he has been a thorough and enthusiastic student. As teacher, his relations with his fellow teachers were always pleasant and cordial: his interest in his pupils was genuine and abiding. His influence was of the kind that made the pupil more than, and above, the mere scholar. Indeed it was so refined and so spiritual as to be highly conducive to true manhood and womanhood.

As friend, how shall I tell what a generous, noble, sympathetic friend he was? Somehow you got closer to him than you do to most men. He was a sharer in your joys, was tender and compassionate in your sorrows, had a sympathetic response for you in all your moods and was your real and true friend in every phase of your life. Kindness, gentleness, truth, purity and manliness were essences of his being. It will be a long time before we shall see his equal in all noble qualities. Leaving it to others

to speak of his Christian character and of his work, I may say that Joseph has a good many here, where he once studied, who rejoice in his grand life, but who, like you, drop the silent tear and feel keenly the loss of one we all loved. Though far away, I am with you in sympathy and spirit to-night.

From Prof. Trotter, Wolfville, N. S.

Late of McMaster University.

In the going of our dear brother Bates, a beautiful spirit has vanished; a life every way true and worthy has reached its goal. It is fitting that, in the place where so much of his life-work was performed, his comrades in service, the students whom he expected to lead, and other friends, should meet to indulge their hearts in loving thoughts of the good man gone, to honor his memory, and to give the life which has closed its true setting in their thoughts and affections.

My acquaintance with Mr. Bates began twenty-four years ago, at Woodstock, when he became my first teacher in geometry and Latin. Thereafter, all through my student life, he was a familiar personality, first as teacher, and then as friend. When, on completing my college life in Toronto, I assumed the pastorate of the Woodstock church, he was still on the college staff at Woodstock, and, throughout the five years of my pastorate, was one of the most helpful and devoted of the many helpers I had there. Since leaving Woodstock it has been my pleasure to meet Mr. Bates often, in the official relations of a common work, or as friend at work or on vacation. My acquaintance has therefore been an extended one, and my opportunity for knowing the man of the amplest kind.

Looking back upon his life through these many years I am impressed with its singular excellence. Were I analyzing our brother's character I think I should pause first upon his purity. To think of J. I. Bates has always been to think of a singularly clean man, clean in thought, in purpose, in speech. Then his kindness, and gentleness, and courtesy—these were of the very essence of the man. But coupled with these softer virtues, how strong and tenacious were his convictions on all questions essen-

tial to true character and high living! In this he was a worthy son of a noble father. And his life—how full it was of activity! He worked so ceaselessly, so easily, so cheerfully, we took it as a matter of course, and thought little of the wear to the worker: but now that the end has come, it is easily seen how high an example he has been in the diligence with which he has applied himself to the successive tasks of the years.

Could the results of his work be tabulated, his life would make a noble record. Twenty-four years ago he exhibited great aptitude both as a teacher and a disciplinarian, and, throughout his career, must have exerted a most healthful influence in the teaching office. His success in the more difficult and complex work of administration and headship called forth the warmest encomiums of the authorities but a few weeks before his death. But besides this, there was his unofficial influence in his daily intercourse with men, and in his devoted life in the church of God, in both of which spheres his influence was constant and most salutary.

Such thoughts of our dear friend will come naturally to all who knew him, kindling their gratitude that he accomplished such a life, and stimulating them to seek with equal diligence like worthy ends in character and service. With these thoughts of him who is gone, will come also thoughts of tenderest sympathy for her who must walk on into life, leading her little ones by the hand, carrying with her the sense of a loss unspeakable and irreparable. May the God of all comfort and faithfulness be her refuge and strength and bless her and the little ones with His richest blessings.

From Rev. A. P. McDiarmid, Toronto.

I became acquainted with your late beloved Principal twenty-eight years ago as a fellow-student in your College halls. I saw him for the last time on the first day of June last, when we travelled in company from the Convention in Montreal to Toronto. During this long period I have known him intimately, and in a variety of relationships. I never knew him in any circumstances as anything but a gentleman and a Christian in

his spirit and conduct. Always genial, frank and generous he speedily won the confidence and love of those who came in touch with him, and, always true and faithful, he never lost what he thus quickly won. I feel that I have lost a personal friend whose friendship was of genuine worth. I sympathize with you in the great loss you have sustained as members of Woodstock College, but am sure that his fragrant memory will abide as an inspiration to you in your life-work.

Telegram from Rev. H. F. Laflamme, Wolfville, N.S.

Read Psalm 116 : 15 ; Rev. 14 : 13 : Job 3 : 17.

From Dr. J. W. A. Stewart, Rochester, N. Y.

When I entered the Canadian Literary Institute, in the winter term, 1870, Mr. Joseph I. Bates was one of the leading students. I soon came in contact with him in the way of personal friendliness, and also as a classmate in the study of Homer's Iliad, of which Professor J. E. Wells was then the teacher. He was always a good, earnest student ; if any one in the class desired first place Mr. Bates would make him work for it. But it was not his intellectual ability that most impressed me ; it was his character, it was the ethical quality of the man. He never made any ostentatious display of piety or of goodness ; he quietly filled his place and bore his testimony as a disciple of Christ. But it was impossible not to feel that he was a young man of stainless purity and unbending integrity. It was not in him to lend himself to any deception, even the smallest, no matter how great the seeming advantage. Whatever befell he must be true and honourable. And no impure, unbecoming word was ever heard from his lips. Indeed such was his character and his influence that anything like deceit or impurity seemed to wither in his presence. I doubt whether any student would have indulged in unchaste language or in deeds of deception in the presence of Joseph Bates. He was himself the soul of honour, and someway his presence put us all on our honour. In this

regard he stands out as a marked man in my memory, and holds a rank to which only a few young men of my earlier acquaintance attained. He makes me think of such Bible characters as Joseph, and Samuel, and Daniel, and Nehemiah. He was a Nathaniel, "in whom there was no guile." His character is outlined by the great apostle in the words: "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honourable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report: if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

And this, I believe, was his character to the end. I shall never think of him but that it will help me to be a better man.

From Dr. Dadson, Montreal, late of Woodstock.

It is a great regret to me that I shall be unable to attend the memorial service of Principal Bates. There are many things that I should like to say upon such an occasion, and I thank you for the privilege you give me of sending a few lines in testimony of my appreciation of the character and worth of him whom God has taken. I was intimate with our dear friend for thirty years: specially so during my pastorate at Woodstock; and so perhaps am in a position to judge of the qualities which gave sweetness to his life and power to his service. And yet now, as I purpose writing these few words, I am conscious that while he was with us I did not properly appreciate the strength and greatness of the life which has now gone out. For years I have been accustomed to take his goodness and unselfishness as matters of course, and leaned very unthinkingly upon his ever proffered strength, so much so that the sterling worth of these qualities were never properly estimated. Now that we have closed his eyes and looked for the last time upon a face that was ever bright with Christ-like purpose, one can think more truly of qualities which were ever to be relied upon, and which, having become extinguished, will be sadly missed. Joseph Bates was a strong man, and had in his make-up many of the chief characteristics of greatness,—not in the physical or merely animal sense perhaps, but as to that which makes for the best and the refinement in humanity.

He was strong and great in his unchanging humility. I never knew a man in whom this exalted and Christ-like virtue was more eminently characteristic. In regard to this he had made Christ and his precepts his life study, and so fully had he obtained a masterful control over the self-assertive and resentful passions, that when he was reviled he reviled not again; that when he had enemies the Master's precept in regard to their treatment was his readiest thought; and that when he was despitefully used he had so accustomed himself to the mood of Christ that his first thought was ever to do as Christ would have done. He was a man of quiet spirit, clothed with humility; a gentleman: a strong man in the characteristic which our Lord rates above prowess of any other sort, and of which he instanced his own life as an example. Our thinking is generally too far removed from the standard of our Saviour in regard to this thing. Our great man is resentful and combative as to body and mind. "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," is ever his motto, and we applaud him as he holds his own with relentless grasp, or overbears all opposition. Christ's great man is the one who walks humbly with his God. "He that humbleth himbleth himself shall be exalted," is the royal stamp which regulates in the matter of precedence. Principal Bates was too great a man to exalt himself, and he was a man strong enough to grip with a firm hand God's law of humility, which many a weaker man has let go. This divine characteristic was ever apparent in him. You who lovingly think of him in this memorial service recall its constant exhibition. In his place in the church, in his place in the college, in his place in the town, he was meek and lowly and went about doing good. There are few who hear these words to-day who have not at some time been benefitted by his gentle ministry.

Mr. Bates was strong and great in his unselfishness. As I write this word now I know every one who hears it will say "Amen." He lived not for himself. Now where shall I begin to speak of the manifestation of this greatness. In the church? Then who does not know that his life was given in loving service with his brethren and sisters for the cause of the dear Redeemer? In what department of church work did he ever consider himself? Even when wearied beyond expression with

the many cares and harassments incident to his responsible position he never shirked duty which God through the church had laid upon him. Morning and night at the Sabbath service that his example might be right, when he had already toiled in the Master's service since the opening day. At the prayer meeting when many of us would have been too tired. As deacon and teacher in the church, his time and thought and body were ever at its service. When the word of admonition had to be spoken, regardless of consequences to self, Joseph Bates was ready to do his Master's bidding. Many of us can testify to loving counsel faithfully administered which might have endangered friendship but which was never therefore shirked. And who more ready than he to open his purse whenever a worthy appeal was presented? Your church lists will testify that he was a generous soul, who was ever on the look out for some spiritual thing in which to invest his money. Did the church ever make an appeal to which his contribution was refused? And we all bear witness that in his prayer meeting talks and his addresses in business meeting he was ever anxious to give a little more to something and to get his brethren to enter with him into the fulness of this grace also. And in this direction what may be the testimony of the College? Students are sometimes impecunious, as many of us know—and sometimes in great straits. Through the years of Mr. Bates' connection with the College how often has the Principal's utter unselfishness sent in the sunshine to lighten the way of some dispairing student. His was rare unselfishness. He remembered the word of the Lord Christ, how he said "It is more blessed to give than to receive," and believed it, and lived his life in the faith of it. The world's great man is not always the unselfish man. He may reach his position only too often by the practice of the thing quite opposite. Christ's great man is the one who comes nearest giving himself as Christ gave himself. Brother Bates was strong in his unselfishness, and could grasp God's law as to this when many a weaker man must let it slip.

The beloved Principal was great in his mastery of the golden rule and of the philosophy of which that rule is the epitome. I need not say to those who hear this, that that philosophy is by the divine signature stamped as the highest. There is no wisdom equal to it. There is no branch of study so sublime.

There is nothing which so requires refinement of brain and heart to appreciate. Our brother grasped this deep philosophy with rare keenness of intelligence, and revelled in the thought of it, and abandoned himself to its practice. I speak in the presence of those who knew him well, and I submit that these strong words represent no more than truth. I have never known a man measure so nicely his act and purpose by what his best thought had convinced him to be supreme wisdom. In this regard we all know, who knew him, that he sat at the feet of Jesus and learned of him. We, perhaps, are not accustomed to reckon the strength of men according to their appreciation of the dictates of divine philosophy. We call them strong as they grasp commercial, political, financial or social problems; but God's strong man is he who has mastered the principles of the Sermon on the Mount, and who abandons his life to the faith and love of them. These principles Joseph Bates was strong enough to grasp while many a weaker man has been constrained to let them go.

The beloved Principal was strong and great in his unswerving integrity. His question was ever, "Is it right?" and his query was ever followed by the announcement "Then it must be done." This is my thirty years' experience of the character of Joseph Bates. He was a seeker after and a doer of righteousness. He sought first the kingdom of God and his righteousness. Responsibility was to him a sacred thing, and the jot and tittle of it could in no wise be neglected. To fill up its whole measure he was quite ready to work his brains to weariness and to yield gladly all his strength of body and soul. I have never seen such devotion to duty. I have never seen difficulties faced with greater courage; I have never seen opposition encountered with braver and truer philosophy. The ideal set before him was a high one, and unswervingly he pressed toward the mark of his high calling. Ever overcoming and ever achieving, Joseph Bates lived his singularly pure and sweet life with the one aim before him and the one power constraining him. And he held his purpose with magnificent integrity.

Others will doubtless speak of his ripe scholarship, of the qualities which made him so successful as a teacher and as a disciplinarian; many will testify to his mastery of details and to his executive ability. I wish my testimony to be in regard to the

qualities which rank him higher than any of these things could. I would like the College men to recognize that in his death a prince and a great man has fallen in Israel. He lived among them an exponent of the divine philosophy, and all who touched his influence during his twenty years of service will say now that good and good only came from the contact. May the greatness and strength of Joseph Bates be given in double portion to those who this day lament his untimely farewell to the scenes and the friends and the work he loved so well.

TO G. v.N. D.

(Written on the birchbark bookmark in his Windelband.)

Ere Peripatetics stalked about,
Or Aristotle had his inning,
Or the proud Sophists got "knocked out"
By Socrates, the hemlock man,
Or Plato set his "Ideas" spinning,—
These underlying hieroglyphs
Told how the solid earth began,
How seas became, and beetling cliffs,
How man, including Greeks and Jews,
Romans and Germans, English, Yanks,
Came on the scene with their P's and Q's,
And played their philosophic pranks.
He who can these decipher clear
Will "down *them*" all within a year,
And catch the music of the spheres
Above the chatter of all the seers.

OUTIS.

THE CULTURE OF THE SPIRITUAL LIFE.*

The topic upon which I have undertaken to address you, is by no means an easy one, either on its theoretical or on its practical side. Not only is it a difficult matter to construct a *theory* of the spiritual life, which shall be free from contradictions; but to furnish helpful *practical* suggestions for the highest culture of that life, is a task of almost equal difficulty. I fear, therefore, that my remarks upon this subject may seem to you either so commonplace as scarcely to deserve repetition, or so purely theoretical as to be of small value in the actual, daily struggle of the spirit against the flesh.

Evidently we ought to begin by getting a clear idea of two things, viz: first, of the *Spiritual Life,* and secondly, of *Culture.* If we can succeed in determining the content of these two notions separately, then our conclusions regarding their mutual relation, (i. e., regarding the culture *of* the spiritual life), should follow logically and necessarily. Now the former of these two things has been defined, or at least described, in the preceding address. It has been pointed out that the spiritual life, as regards its origin, is a divine creation; and that, as regards the mode of its activity, it is a communion with God, and a progressive apprehension of the thoughts of God. This description sets forth the most essential characteristics of the spiritual life, and shall serve as my point of departure for further remarks upon the culture of that life. In the meantime let us proceed to the consideration of the second of the two ideas involved in my subject.

Culture in general, may be defined either from the standpoint of *end,* or from the standpoint of *means.* We may inquire what the goal, or final purpose is, which all culture is intended to subserve; or we may seek to understand by what means that goal may best be attained. From the former standpoint culture may be defined as the equipment of an organ, or a being, so that it shall perform its proper function in the best manner; from the latter standpoint the definition of culture will set forth in more detail *how* such equipment is to be effected.

Confining ourselves for the present to this latter point of

*An address delivered before the Fyfe Missionary Society of the University.

view, it seems to me that all the means by which any creature, or any organ of any creature, becomes equipped for, and efficient in, its proper function, may be included—roughly of course, and in many instances metaphorically,—in the two ideas of *food* and *exercise*, and these again may be brought under the larger idea of the *environment*. If any being is living in its proper environment, it ought to find in that environment, such food, and such opportunity of exercise or training, as shall best equip it for its proper function. Food *supplies* the tissue, while exercise *develops* and *toughens* that tissue. It is perhaps scarcely necessary to detain you with illustrations drawn from the various departments of nature and human life. The physical organism is increased in bulk by food; it is advanced in agility, beauty, and power, (of endurance and performance), by exercise. Man's intellectual nature is increased in what I might call *capacity*, by food, i. e., by information conveyed from books and teachers; it is increased in *power* by exercise, i. e. by what I sometimes call *reconstruction*, i. e. independent reflection; to which a good book or a skillful teacher will always stimulate you, but which neither of these can do for you.

Now the presumption is that the spiritual life must be cultured in analogous fashion. There must be something which we may call, without becoming unduly metaphorical, the *food* and the *exercise*, or in short the *environment*, of the spiritual life. For, if we are warranted at all in reasoning by analogy, we hold it to be incredible that the author of our being should give us a spiritual life, and then leave us without the possibility of sustaining and developing that life. Such a procedure would be a violation of his constant method. Look from one end of nature to the other, and you will constantly find that wherever God has created an organ, or faculty, He has also created an environment suited to that organ or faculty, and calculated to minister to its well-being and development. Wherever He makes an eye, He also makes ether waves, to serve as the appropriate stimulations for the functioning of that eye; if He makes an ear, He also makes air-vibrations as the appropriate environment of that organ. In brief, we may observe, that corresponding to man as a *sensuous* being, God has made the great world of colors, sounds, etc., to minister to that sense-capacity. Corresponding

to that *æsthetic* nature which you find in man, God has made these colors and sounds to harmonize in such ways as to nourish the feeling of the beautiful. Corresponding to the *intellectual* nature of man, you find a world of wonderful intelligible relations—a world in which things equal to the same thing are equal to one another; in which every event has its cause, and every valid conclusion its sufficient reason; in which every particle of matter attracts every other particle of matter with a force that varies directly as the mass, and inversely as the square of the distance—a world, in short, that provides abundant food, and abundant opportunity for exercise, to the intellect of man. Then again, corresponding to the *moral* nature of man, we find a world of moral relations; a world that speaks to us (if we will but hear), not only of that which *is*, but of that which *ought to be;* a world that speaks of moral order and moral retribution.

Now, if all this be true, if corresponding to each phase of human nature, so far as we have gone, there is a phase of the great universe fitted to it, and calculated to minister to its development; and if these phases of the *non-ego* are fitted to the phases of the *ego*, each to each, shall we admit that there is no environment corresponding to the spiritual life? Shall we believe that God has grown tired of His work and left it unfinished at the very point where its completion was most necessary and most desirable?* Surely not! God has not left his work unfinished; but just as every lower phase of man's nature finds its own proper food and exercise, so the spiritual life may, if it will, find its environment, where abundant food and opportunity for development are furnished. The trouble with man is, that

*It is, I conceive, a fundamental weakness of Agnosticism, that it virtually asks us to accept this inconsistent position. Mr. Herbert Spencer declares, in his *First Principles* that all faculties have arisen from "accumulated modifications, caused by the intercourse of the organism with its environment"; then he goes on to say, that there must therefore, exist in man's environment certain conditions which have determined the growth of the religous sentiments; and he concludes that the religious faculty in man is "as normal as any other faculty." Further on he admits that the object of the religious feelings is the Supreme or Absolute Reality; and he ends by informing us that the Supreme or Absolute Reality is absolutely unknowable! The environment of the spiritual life is an absolutely unknowable environment! Mr. Spencer entirely overlooks the fact, that to a *spiritual* being an absolutely unknowable environment would be no environment at all; and you will seek in vain in the "Synthetic Philosophy" for any explanation of the strange paradox of Agnosticism, that a spiritual or religious faculty has developed in the progress of evolution, by intercourse (!) with an absolutely unknowable environment!

he was led, many ages ago, to believe that his spiritual nature could be satisfied with unspiritual food, and developed by unspiritual exercise; and his continued belief in that falsehood, accounts for his persistent, though vain endeavors, to fill *himself* with husks, fitted only for swine.

What, then, is this environment of the spiritual life? I think we can say, in the first place, that just as the spiritual life is the highest phase of human nature, so the environment of the spiritual life is the highest expression that God has given of Himself; and in the second place, that just as the spiritual life is that in man which embraces and illuminates, and gives meaning to, all the other phases of his nature, so the environment of the spiritual life will turn out to consist in those truths which embrace and illuminate all other truths, and give consistency and meaning to the whole universe of God.

Now, it is my serious and sober conviction, reached in the first instance by religious intuition, but justified also at the bar of reason, that the great truths revealed in the Divine Word, are such as we are in search of. That God is an Infinite and Eternal Spirit; that he created all things according to the counsel of his own will; that man turned his back upon God; but that God so loved the world as to give his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him might not perish but have everlasting life: that the atonement of Christ is applied to the heart by the Holy Spirit of God; that God's saving grace is for all who will have it; and that it lies, therefore, upon the heart and conscience of every regenerate human being, to make known that grace, so long as there remains a single human spirit ignorant of it, or "until He come"; these, I say, are some of the great truths that constitute the spiritual food and exercise of the regenerate man; *food* as they are absorbed and understood by himself; *exercise* as they are lived out in his life, and promulgated by his activity "to the uttermost part of the earth." These alone satisfy the deepest cravings of the human spirit; these alone give completeness of meaning to nature and to history. They are the highest expression of God, and for their appropriation the highest activity of man is required. The natural man cannot know them, for they are spiritually judged. Not only so, but on account of man's depraved spiritual condi-

tion, he needs, for the apprehension of these truths, the illuminating and quickening power of the Divine Spirit. It was this illumination for which the apostles were enjoined to "tarry in Jerusalem." It was this for which John Milton pleaded, in the opening lines of that great Epic in which he undertook to tell the story of the loss and recovery of Paradise:

> "And chiefly Thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
> "Before all temples the upright heart and pure,
> "Instruct me, for Thou knowest; Thou from the first
> "Wast present, and, with mighty wings outspread,
> "Dove-like, sat'st brooding on the vast abyss,
> "And mad'st it pregnant: what in me is dark
> "Illumine; what is low, raise and support,
> "That the height of this great argument,
> "I may assert Eternal Providence
> "And justify the ways of God to men."

But I must not forget that I have been requested to touch the practical question, as to *how* the spiritual life is to be cultivated, and how the student is to avoid that spiritual stagnation which so frequently attends hard intellectual work. To do this, let me add one further consideration: I have spoken of the various phases of man's nature, sensuous, æsthetic, intellectual, moral, religious. Now, the important thing is that we should not regard these as separate and independent natures or departments of man. Man is an undivided unity; a single spiritual principle, and not an artificial collocation or bundle of "faculties." These divisions of which I have spoken are not *parts*, but *phases;* not *departments* into which man is divided, but *modes of his activity.* Just as, in ascending Mont Blanc, you get, at every new resting place, not a view of a new landscape, but a loftier and truer view of the same landscape; so man as intellectual is not something other than man as sensuous, but the same man from a higher and more adequate point of view. And a similar truth needs emphasis in regard to man's environment. The world of colors and sounds is not a different world from that of beautiful forms and moral values, but the same world seen from a different point of view. In every phase of it, the world is God's expression of himself. And the God who has revealed himself to the spiritual intuition as the Almighty

Father, the tender, loving Redeemer, and the abiding Comforter, is the *very same* who has revealed himself to the sense-perception in a world of colors and sounds, and to the æsthetic faculty in a world of beautiful forms and wondrous harmonies. If a sound psychology has one thing to emphasize more than another, it is the essential *oneness* of man: if a sound ontology has one thing to emphasize more than another, it is the essential *oneness* of man's environment. Let us avoid that practical materialism which considers this universe as a great lump of dead matter which God once upon a time created and endowed with certain mysterious controlling principles, which men afterwards learned to call "laws of nature," and then withdrew himself, and left it to run on or run down, as a clock might do. The opposite extreme is indeed nearer the truth, in which some have been led to spiritualize the whole universe: as in Tennyson's lines:

> "Flower in the crannied wall,
> "I pluck you out of the crannies,
> "I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
> "Little flower—but *if* I could understand
> "What you are, root and all, and all in all,
> "I should know what God and man is."

What now, is the practical corollary from all this? That the culture of the spiritual life is not to be attempted *out of relation* to the other phases of man's nature. If the intellectual and the spiritual are activities of the same individual being, then the culture of the intellectual, and the culture of the spiritual, ought to run into each other and enhance each other; or as Principal Shairp says,* culture must culminate in religion, and religion must expand into culture. Do not, therefore, treat the different phases of your nature as though they were so many different natures; but treat them as interdependent and interpenetrating forms of the activity of your one indivisible, spiritual self. The student who endeavors to be intellectual during one part of the day, out of all relation to his spiritual life, and to be spiritual during another part, out of all relation to his intellectual life, is dwarfing both the intellectual and the spiritual; the former, by depriving it of that glory of meaning which only

Culture and Religion, p. 24.

the spiritual can give it; the latter, by robbing it of that content and "body" which is furnished to it by the intellectual. It is as though an artist should attempt to paint *one* picture on *two* pieces of canvas; and should begin by painting all the figures on one piece of canvas, altogether regardless of perspective and relation and meaning; and then should attempt the impossible feat of portraying on the other canvas the perspective, meaning and relations, without the figures.

What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder. Carry your spiritual life into your intellectual work, and your intellectual life into your spiritual work; and remember that when you are dissecting a plant in the botanical laboratory, or investigating the laws of thought in the philosophical lecture room, you need the co-operation of the spirit with the intellect; and when you are meditating upon the tragedy of the Cross, you need the co-operation of the intellect with the spirit. And remember that in both these occupations, though not with exactly the same richness of meaning in the two cases, what you are really doing is *thinking God's thoughts after him,* as they have found expression in a universe, which, in one of its phases, furnishes more particularly and specially the culture of the intellectual life, and in another of its phases, furnishes more particularly and specially the culture of the spiritual life.

FREDERICK TRACY.

Students' Quarter.

(Graduates and Undergraduates.)

M. C. McLean, W. B. H. Teakles, '98.
Editors.

THE CONFAB.

Nunc pueri omnia sciunt, neminem verentur.
—Plinius.

Dramatis Personæ { The Old Year. / The Young Year. / Father Time.

Time: Watchnight, 1896-'97. Curtain rises, discovering the Old Year seated in a capacious easy-chair, resting an arm upon each hemisphere. Above, the clouds form sinister scythes. Below, the snow plays Delilah to the strong suspicious earth.

The Old Year (bringing together at the tips the hundred and eighty-three fingers of each hand, and nodding with his burden of sagacity): "Yes, yes! this ancient individual is still the mainstay and the backbone and the buttress and—and the —yes, the axis of the world. I imagine their consternation if they should wake up some fine day, poor mortals, to find me suddenly vanished. They'd never get over it, no! No, no! that would never do. It seems as though I am destined to survive all my ancestors, one of whom, to be sure, was greatly befriended by Joshua. Yes, yes! am I not leap-year, humanity's full token of warm approval? If my days be three hundred and sixty-six, why not three hundred and sixty-seven? Why not more? Supposing, after all, that———"

Shrill young voice (from behind): "That you kindly hasten to remove yourself and your old chair, Father Ninety-Six. I want clear room; no more loafing; no musing and dreaming. I am with Demosthenes; let us have action! Hurrah! Famous times are coming. People shall see great deeds, and rejoice with plenteous joy."

The Old Year (quaveringly): "Tut, tut! and who may you be, child?"

The Young Year: "Bless your dear old heart, don't you know me? I'm Ninety-Seven, and my name it rhymes with heaven."

The Old Year (testily): "They warned me you would have a mania for punctuality."

The Young Year: "Who did? Oh, your revered ancestors? Well, don't be resentful! You're my ancestor now, you know, and you're a day older than I shall ever be."

The Old Year (recovering his pride): "Yes, yes! and look at all my glorious history."

The Young Year (doubtfully): "Hum!"

The Old Year: "Wonderful doings! Look at the Cuban struggle for liberty, and the caning of the Sultan and the Czar's coronation and McKinley's election, child! Grand and splendid achievements are mine. See how I 'capped the climax' of Victoria's famous reign, the great Queen, God bless her!"

The Young Year: "'Amen!' say I."

The Old Year: "And how I put out the wicked Canadian Tories and put in the innocent, lamb-like Grits, and how I helped prohibition, and boomed the gold mines and restored Nansen and—"

The Young Year: "And crushed Armenia, and bungled Jameson's ride, and read the would-be-Apostolic Anglicans a Papal homily, and slew and drowned your hundreds of thousands in Russia and Japan with your mischievous tidal waves and dreadful panics and things. And what could have inspired your foolish Venezuelan embroglio, meddler?"

The Old Year: "That was n't my fault, I tell you. I inherited all that from '95. Besides—"

The Young Year: "Oh, ho! that won't wash, sir. The Yankees run after their Monroe Doctrine like children screaming for a toy. Wait till I get at them. You've just encouraged the friction. Talk about your blessings to Britain, how did you treat Dunraven?"

The Old Year: "It was his own fault. Didn't I beat the Yale crew at Henley?"

The Young Year: "Oh, ho! wait a minute, old man. What a panorama I see, what a record of justice and benevolence and fame! What made you split up the Salvation Army? You

caught Holmes, it is true, but who rushed to St. Louis with a cyclone, and wrought the disaster in Victoria, B.C.?" Why did you conspire with Death against Harriet Beecher Stowe and George Du Maurier, Sir Frederick Leighton and Sir John Millais, dear old Tom Hughes and William Morris and Joseph Prestwich. Who killed the Shah of Persia? Who wrecked the *Drummond Castle?* Who tried to assassinate President Faure? Who let Tynan go? Bah! you old reprobate, what do you mean by trying to pose as a model, eh? *What do you mean by it?* Why, they do say that you have added the final lustre to your already dubious fame by slaying poor Antonio Maceo. Ugh, monster!"

The Old Year (feebly):—"But I tell you I—I helped Imperial Federation, and I—I—I graduated the great classes of '96, and I won the Derby for His Royal Highness, and—and anyway my name rhymes with glorious things too, such as—"

The Young Year (suggestively): "Mix and tricks and Styx?"

The Old Year:—"Ah, tormentor! I see inevitable Fate. Of a truth was the wise Pliny wise. Gladly I depart to be gathered to my ancestors. Your company is worse than a tonic, child. Farewell! but earnestly heed these words: strive to emulate my record and you may approximate, perhaps, to my success!" (Exit).

The Young Year: "Hi! here! hither! Come back and take your old chair away! Hum, Guess he's gone for good now; yes, certainly for good, ha, ha! How conceited the old fellow was, to be sure! well, let's sit down a little, since the chair is here. H'm,—hard work to fill it. 'Cuba,' said he, 'well, well! for what can he take credit but the bloodshed, I'd like to know? Why, I'm going to fix up the whole thing and have a little glory out of it. *I'm* going to settle Abdul Hamid, too, and inaugurate McKinley, and shake up some pure character and unselfishness into the kaleidoscope of general politics and celebrate Victoria—her triumphant reign, and accomplish everything for Prohibition and Imperial Federation, and develop resources and evangelize heathendom, and realize Utopia. I'll be the culmen, the keystone. Hurrah! And—"

Father Time (entering):—"And only three hundred and

sixty-four days, twenty-three hours and sixteen minutes to do it in. Prithee, my son, get to work!" (Aside) "They're all alike, these fellows, why, they are only my humoured servants and I rather imagine——"

(Curtain drops.)

G. Herbert Clarke.

FAITH'S NEW YEAR.

Glad bells were ringing,
Glad hearts were singing.
The starlit night
Was clear and bright.

Farther and farther yet
The strange wild music swells,
For the village sexton rings
The Christmas bells.

The fire is cheery in the grate;
The smile on mother's placid brow
Speaks peace and joy and sweet content to all.
The children laugh and dance in very glee
For in the corner stands the expected Christmas tree.

When ceased the ringing
Of the children's singing
Their glad joy flinging
Into the even song,
Then low were the whispers
Of the simple vespers
And then the 'good-night' kisses
Sweet and long.

In silence golden
While angels keep,
By sweet peace holden
The darlings sleep
Until the sexton rings again the rousing old church bell.

With shouts of gladness,
No hint of sadness,
In curious joy
Each girl and boy
Trooped down the winding stair
In the dawning dim;
And viewed with glee
The burdened tree,
The dolls and drums,
The games and guns,
And one was surely there
For Nell and Kate, and Will and Jack and Jim.

But scarce had waned the pealing of the bell,
Amid the clamorous joy of children all,
A cry of lamentation broke the spell
The children felt their father's anguished call.

Their saddened parent softly led the way
To her whose patient spirit in the night,
Sudden and anguishless had sped away
To that bright realm of peace, in silent flight.

Looking up from her downy pillow
As white as the early dawn
Her fair sweet face lay smiling
With the love of her life thereon:
And the children cried out in their sorrow
For the mother that used to be,
And their thought had departed for ever
Of the gifts on the Christmas tree.

For Nellie and Katie and Willie
And Father and Jack and Jim
Sat down and wept together
For her who was all to them:
And the doll and the drum and the pistol
Together lay low on the ground,
For the gladness died out in sadness
In the agony suddenly found.

"Oh strange pale messenger why come to-day?
Why mar the holy memory of childhood's glee
When all is glad and sweet and bright and gay?"
"I came in love to bless and help" said he.

"A weary spirit full of care was here,
Whose light had shone in darkness long and sweet,
The great white palace of the King is near
And she has entered in to kiss his feet.

"These Eanlings soon shall learn to love her face
As downward beaming from the skies it peers,
And he whose broken spirit mourns her place
Shall see her glorified through blinding tears."

Then up spoke little Katie
To Willie and Jack and Jim,
"We must pray to our Jesus, dearie
To take us all to Him."
And the Father listened in silence
To his little one's childish prayer,
And forgetting the depth of his sorrow
He strove in her faith to share.

As the bells in the tower were pealing
To welcome the glad new year,
Through the passion of lonely entreaty
And the struggle of doubt and fear
He passed, by the teaching of childhood,
Which the wise and the learned may not hear,
To the peace of a sanctified vision
In the blessing of FAITH'S NEW YEAR.

O. G. LANGFORD.

WHISPERS FROM THE PINES.

What mysterious old fellows the pine trees are, standing darkly observant, persistent and patient, alive with strange murmurs all the long years through! Monuments of family dignity, guardians of important secrets which no outsider may understand, they awe a mere mortal into silence by their calm superiority. Sometimes a saucy youngster, poking up his verdant head, alive, alert and curious, fails to realize the dignity of his race, and sway merrily in the wind with cheerful and indiscreet whispers of youthful life; but as soon as he grows old enough to mingle with his fellows and join in their stately intercourse, he puts on a more sober habit, and grows also as sagacious and mysterious as they.

A certain dark old house on a hill-top was surrounded by a group of these inscrutable pine trees. They had screened it from observation for many long years, and had watched and wondered and whispered, seeing life come and go in the great dim halls, until they felt that they were the rightful guardians of the interests and secrets of that ivy-covered home.

Christmas had just passed, and a great sorrow had fallen upon the home among the pines. The master of the house was a famous man in the outer world, in the great city whose brilliant lights could be plainly seen from the hill-top. In that city he was known as the great Poet-Teacher, and men old and young, learned and ignorant, flocked to his feet and thronged his classes. Since the days of the Nazarene no man had had so great and varied a following. What was the secret of his power? Many men knew more of book-lore, and the learning of the schools. Many men could charm the multitude by cunningly set words and musical measures. But this poet had learned the secret by which the Nazarene Himself chained the attention of the people; for he sang of love, high and holy, and men marvelled at his words. All day long among the dust and crowds of the great city he toiled to plant the seeds of love and nurture their growth, but when the evening stars came out, and the pines put on their darkest colors, he stole away to the house on the hill-top to receive his inspiration. Men wondered how

one lower than the angels could so guess the thoughts of the Infinite; how a being all human could so understand the "fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man." The pines could have told them the secret. Ever since the master of the hill-top brought home his bride, three years before, they had understood why he saw only love in all the universe, and why, in the light of her daily inspiration, he strove rather to make a life than a living. Tired and weary the poet entered his home among the dark evening shades of the pines; strengthened and strengthening he left it when the first sunbeams lit the grove; and when the outer world, from its new night of crime and unrest and carousal, saw him, it said sighing, "There must be some truth in his creed of love, after all."

But at Christmas-tide Infinite Love called this part of itself back into the Great Whole. There was a void even in the great city, an ache in the hearts of many a man, when it was known that from this needy, suffering world so much ministering love had been taken. There was wild grief in the homes where fever and poverty rules, when the news came that he who bore help and comfort to them had borne away disease and death for himself. And the pine trees became the sombre guardians of another sacred and precious mystery, for the poet found his last, long resting-place beneath them, and the trees which had waved over his head from babyhood, still sighed and swayed over it, so strangely altered now.

It was the eve of the New Year, and far away in the great city the lights twinkled merrily, and the tolling of a solemn bell sounded faintly up among the pines, for saints and sinners alike were watching the passing of the old year. There was a light in the old house too, in the chamber where its mistress slept. She loved the pine trees and the sky, and her window had no curtain except the ivy which had peeped in to welcome her when she came there as a bride. The pines grew so near to the house that they often rapped against the windows and frightened the servants, but they only cast a grateful shade upon that window when the summer sun was fierce; and in winter they strained their strength against the storms to protect it. To-night they were thrilling with curiosity and bending eagerly to see what was taking place inside that room. It was lighted by a

single lamp which cast its gleam upon the white bed. An angelic figure stood bending over and gazing at something which the pine trees could not see, but they hushed their movements to listen, for the spirit was speaking in a clarion voice, which sounded out into the night above the pealing of the new year's joy-bells.

"The gift of maiden's choosing is thine," said the spirit, "but, with it, sweet babe, through regret-filled years, is the curse of asking 'Why?'"

Then they saw that she was bending over a tiny babe, they heard the mother sob, and every tree swayed in a strange excitement, for they knew that through the home of love and sorrow the Angel of Birth had passed.

. . . . . .

The mistress of The Pines was sitting in the grove watching her baby daughter at play. The daisies were growing over the green mound where the poet rested, and the fair woman who had been the key-note of the song he sang the world, glanced from the grave to the sunset, and her heart was full of peace. She knew *that* love was safe. A dark-eyed little lad from the Manse was playing with her tiny daughter, and the two scampered about under the old trees, making wonderful castles out of the cones. They made a pretty picture, yet both the mother and the pines sighed to hear that the word most often on the lips of the little maiden, was the question "Why?" "Why did my beautiful house fall when I chose such lovely cones?" "Why can I not run into the sunset?" "Why do the pine trees cry all the time?"

Starting up, the lady suddenly called the little one and clasped her, flower-laden, to her heart. A wonderful story of elves and babies began to fall from the mother's lips, and the child listened with eyes filled with delight and amazement. Then, in the midst of all the enchantment, back came the little curly-haired lad, a half-eaten apple in his hand. He held out the pitiful remnant to his playmate, and offered it in exchange for her wealth of blossoms and "a hundred kisses." The tiny maid's eyes grew strangely old and wistful, she slipped from the sheltering mother-arms and ran to satisfy him. "Ronald will be a man some day," she said. And the mother and the pines

sighed over the old story of the fair exchange of the treasures of man and woman.

. . . . . .

New Year's Eve and the bells are ringing, their melody sweeping through the pines. Again there are strange happening in the house on the hill. Lynette is asleep and her mother stands watching her. The room is lighted by a strange radiance, gleams striking upward from a ring on the sleeping maiden's hand. The mother stood musing over her daughter's young life; the choices she had made in her little world, in knowledge, in friendship; and the unsatisfied eyes which met hers yearningly every day.

"Pure and true and loving as you are, you have chosen amiss in them all, my sweet child," she said. "May the All-Father grant that you have chosen aright to-day."

She raised her eyes. A spirit stood in the flood of light beside the sleeping girl. The mother trembled and cried:

"Who are you? What choice has brought you here? Twenty years ago a spirit came to this bedside and gave to my child a gift and a curse, and the curse has so interwoven itself with the blessing that her young life has been all yearning and no satisfaction. What do you come for?"

The angel answered sadly, "I have come to take away the gift of maiden's choosing, because, whether she has chosen well or ill, to-day she has made the woman's choice, for time and for eternity."

Then the spirit stooped and kissed the maiden, and she smiled. All the room grew dark save where a ray from the gleaming ring fell upon the swooning mother, and the pine trees whispered softly among themselves that the Angel of Love had passed.

. . . . . .

Another New Year's Eve and again the mother was watching by the bedside of her child, and only God and the pine trees knew how often she had been there in the sad year that had passed since the Angel of Love took back her daughter's gift, but left her the curse. And not the pine trees, but only God, knew how the maiden's last use of her gift had spoilt her fair

young life, and how the curse had grown upon her. Now as the mother raised her weary eyes, the room was lighted suddenly by the form of a radiant spirit. She bent her head for she was not able to bear the sight of that overwhelming vision. Then she looked at her child, so wan, so wasted, and even as she looked, the pale lips parted, and stooping to catch the whisper, she heard the old word, "Why?" She forget her dread of the spirit at that sound, and although she could not find strength in her to look upon its face, she cried to it in anguish:

"O most awful one! twenty-one years ago to-night the Angel of Birth visited this room, and left with my babe a blessing and a curse. Thou knowest what they were. A year ago came the Angel of Love, and stretching forth a shining hand she took the gift away. Tell me, oh, dread spirit, why hast thou come? Is it not finished yet? Has my innocent child not suffered enough at the hands of her destiny?"

The angel smiled pityingly. "Yes," she said, "it is enough I have come to take away the curse."

She stooped and enfolded the maiden with a gentle touch of her arms, holding her closely for a moment before she laid her back on her pillow, fair and pale and cold.

Peace filled the mother's heart as she fell upon her knees and lifted her eyes to Heaven; and the pine trees bent their heads in reverence as the Angel of Death passed by.

Ethel M. Botterill.

Editorial Notes.

We are glad to announce that William Briggs, of the Methodist Book and Publishing House, is to publish a collection of poems by Dr. Rand. The volume is to appear shortly, and will have for its title, "At Minas Basin and Other Poems." Readers of The Monthly have had opportunity of reading some of the exquisite things that have come from Dr. Rand's pen, and they will share our pleasure in the anticipation of the treat a volume of his poems will afford. We hope to be able to give "At Minas Basin and Other Poems" a worthy notice upon its appearance.

Even at this late date we wish to offer Professor Ten Broeke our heartiest congratulations upon his marriage. We are sincerely glad to welcome Mrs. Ten Broeke, and hope that she may find many congenial friends in Toronto, and learn to love her new Canadian home. It is only a little over a year since Dr. Ten Broeke came among us, but in that short time he has established himself in the affections of both the Faculty and the students. In the class-room he has proved himself an able lecturer and a thorough master of his subject, and has succeeded in making the course in philosophy exceedingly interesting and popular. As the years go by and he is able the more fully to enter into our Canadian life, Dr. Ten Broeke will, we are sure, exert a strong and beneficial influence upon the students of our University. To him and Mrs. Ten Broeke we offer our most cordial greetings and best wishes for a long and happy married life.

The new regulations regarding the election of Alumni representatives to the Senate of the University should be carefully noted by every graduate. Hitherto these representatives have been chosen at the annual meeting of the Alumni Association, but for a long time it has been felt that such a method of election was not in keeping with the importance of the interests concerned. It was thought that as far as possible every graduate should have a voice in this very important matter, and further that time should be given for more careful deliberation than the conditions of the annual meeting permitted. With this end in view a committee was appointed at the last annual meeting to draft a plan and to report at a special meeting to be held during the annual Convention in Montreal. This committee reported, and their recommendations, with slight amendments, were adopted. The election this year will therefore be conducted under the new constitutional

regulations. It will be unnecessary to go into the details in this place, but it may be well to indicate some of the main features of the new method. Henceforth nominations, made in writing and signed by five graduates, must be sent to the Secretary-Treasurer of the Association, not later than February 1st. Official ballot papers will then be sent to every graduate not later than February 15th, and these must be returned not later than March 15th. Special attention is called to the fact that only these official ballots, when returned before the date specified, shall be considered as valid, and further that each graduate shall be considered responsible for his correct address being in the hands of the Secretary-Treasurer. The latter will be obliged to depend upon the addresses as found in the University Calendar, and every graduate should examine the calendar to see whether his or her correct address is given in the list of graduates contained therein. Should any correction be necessary, the fact should be made known to the Secretary immediately.

There will be no one to dispute the fact that these changes in the constitution are a decided step in the right direction. As the University grows and the number of its graduates increases, the Alumni representatives on the Senate will have more and more important interests entrusted to their keeping, and any plan whereby all graduates may have the opportunity of intelligently sharing in their election cannot but commend itself to all friends of the University. Another amendment with regard to the eligibility of graduates for election to this important office has been proposed, and will be considered at the next annual meeting. It is that only graduates of not less than three years' standing shall be eligible for election. It will be well for all the members of the Association carefully to consider the advantages offered by such a regulation, and be prepared to discuss the motion next May. Whatever be the fate of that proposition, we are convinced that the new method of election will prove far more satisfactory than the old one.

Some time ago we received from the Minister of Education a copy of "Universities of Canada, Great Britain and the United States," and desire to make this somewhat tardy acknowledgment of his courtesy in sending the Library and professors copies of the book. It is an exceedingly valuable compendium of information upon the subject with which it deals. Naturally enough our Canadian universities receive a large share of attention. About half of the book is devoted to an account of the foundation of the various colleges that compose our Canadian university system, and to a statement of their subsequent history and present organization. Appendixes are also given that con-

tain the charters of our oldest universities. From these and the data contained in the body of the book one can obtain accurate information regarding the history of higher education in Canada. Of that history Canadians need in no wise be ashamed. Baptists too may look back with pardonable satisfaction upon their share in the great work of education. We are glad that Hon. Mr. Ross has so clearly perceived the principles for which Canadian Baptists have always stood, and has represented them so fairly. We make a short quotation from the chapter on the history of our Baptist educational institutions:

"From an early period in the history of Canada the Baptists have been noted for two peculiarities: a strong desire for an educated ministry and a deep aversion to state aid in clerical education. Unwilling to accept help in providing a theological training for their preachers, they were naturally opposed to giving it to other denominations. As they have never been very numerous in comparison with some of the other Protestant bodies, this attitude of voluntary independence has entailed sacrifices and cost efforts that would form an interesting and instructive chapter in any complete history of higher education in Canada."

With the statement in the last sentence of the above quotation we thoroughly agree, and can but express the hope that when that history shall be written the "interesting and instructive chapter" may be neither omitted nor curtailed.

The universities of Great Britain and the United States are treated less fully than our own universities, but the information given concerning those great institutions covers all the main features of their organization and undergraduate and graduate courses. Generally speaking it has been a matter of some difficulty to procure information regarding our Canadian colleges, not to speak of such as Oxford, Glasgow, Harvard, Johns Hopkins and Chicago, but this book will obviate much of the difficulty. By his painstaking collection and presentation of the facts in such convenient form, Dr. Ross has rendered a great service to all interested in educational work.

Here and There.

A. M. Overholt, Editor.

The Christmas numbers of many of our college exchanges appeared in new form, in most cases very artistic. Among them we noted *Acta Victoriana*, *Acta Ridleiana*, of Bishop Ridley College, St. Catharines; *Ottawa Campus*, Ottawa, Kansas; *King's College Record*, Windsor, and others. In the case of the *King's College Record* the new cover is a decided improvement on the too much crowded and rather severe cover of former numbers. Relative to Christmas numbers, we might say that the subject matter of the Christmas number of *Varsity* was especially good. No better humorous sketches have appeared in the college exchanges this year than those in this issue of *Varsity*. They were entitled, "Another Free Trade Failure" and "The Fall of John McNairn."

On the first page of the same issue of *Varsity* appears a poem by one of the former editors, Mr. Jas. A. Tucker, which we quote in full below:

MUSIC AND TEARS.

We sat where the yellow moonlight
  Streamed thro' the August trees
And fell in leafy shadows
  Over the ivory keys.

Sweet was the night and languid,
  Gently the curtains swayed,
And oh! the warmth and passion
  Of the soft airs she played.

The music throbbed and floated,
  And filled the shadowy room,
And the roses at the casement
  Breathed forth their sweet perfume;

But something strange and tender
  Had smote upon my heart,
And the strains of that lovely music
  Made burning tear drops start.

And in that passionate moment
  I knew that life was sore,
And felt its pain and longing
  As I'd never felt before.

Ah, strange that the peace serenest
  Should stir man's soul most deep,
And strange that the highest beauty
  Is that which makes us weep.

Chauncey Depew says that sixty per cent. of the high positions of trust in the United States are filled by college graduates.

Women have been excluded from all the departments of Johns Hopkins University except the medical.

Harvard College was founded in 1638, William and Mary 1693, Yale 1701, Princeton 1746, Washington and Lee in 1749, and the University of Pennsylvania in 1795.—*Ex.*

The newspapers have recorded the sale of sixteen lots on Amsterdam avenue to a company who propose to erect a dormitory for Columbia University to cost $1,000,000. The dormitory system is growing very popular, and ere long most of the leading schools of the country will have dormitories.

Mr. Stambury R. Tarr, B.A., '95, has been a frequent contributor to some of our best American and Canadian magazines. We quote a short poem that recently appeared under his name in New York *Whims:*

THE WAY OF THE HUMAN.

A pilgrim on a parched road
That passes through the dust-curs'd fields.

A hill-side grove, one blest abode
(Be Jesu praised !) that God still yields ;

('Tis nature's heaven !) He finds a glade
Where, buried 'mid encircling shade,
Life's derelicts, unsouled, are laid.

Mr. W. J. Thorold, B.A., '95, now in London, England, is a steady contributor to *Massey's Magazine.* His last article in that magazine, on a personal interview with Anthony Hope Hawkins, is one of Mr. Thorold's many excellent sketches that appear from time to time.

RESURRECTION.

Daffodil, lily and crocus,
They stir, they break from the sod,
They are glad of the sun, and they open
Their golden hearts to God.

They and the wilding families,—
Wind-flower, violet and may,—
They rise from the long, long dark
To the ecstasy of day.
We scattering troops and kindreds,
From out of the stars wind-blown
To this world that we call our own,
We, of the hedge-rows of Time,
We too shall divide the sod,
Emerge to the light and blossom
With our hearts held up to God.

Chas. G. D. Roberts, *in Harper's Weekly.*

TO THE FACULTY.

You tell us in philosophy
  That time does not exist,
That 'tis but a film of fancy,
  A little mental mist.

And space—why space is nothing
  More than a mere mode of thought,
A sort of mental telescope
  Our feeble minds have wrought.

Well, if that's true, Respected Sirs,
  I'll breakfast at my ease,
And think myself at lectures
  Just as often as you please.

H. K. W., Hamilton Lit.

Lost this day loitering, 'twill be the same story
To-morrow, and the next more dilatory.
The indecision brings its own delays,
And days are lost lamenting o'er lost days.
Are you in earnest? Seize this very minute!
What you can do, or think you can, begin it!
Boldness has genius, power, and magic in it.
Only engage, and, when the mind grows heated,
Begin it, and the work will be completed!—*Ex.*

NIGHT TIDES.

Over the bar at eventide,
  Over the bar where the breakers roar,
The flood tide sweeps with wind-tossed surge,
  Bending away to the distant shore.
Gently the first wave sweeps the sands,
  Murmuring soft o'er the winding lea
Its slumber song to the listening shore,
  A slow and tremulous melody.
Strange the voice of the harbor bar,
  Dull the sound of moon-white deep,
Dreamy the rock pines whisper low
  Tales of the distant land of sleep.

FORSYTH WICKES, *in Yale Literary Magazine.*

IN America there are now 200 college papers. The first college journal was published in 1800, with Daniel Webster as editor.—*Ex.*

College News.

L. Brown, B.A. Miss E. Whiteside, '98.
W. B. Tighe, '99.
Editors.

The University.

We are pleased to announce the birth of a daughter, *Gladys* Timpany, to Mr. H. E. and Mrs. Stillwell, formerly of McMaster, and now of Cocanada, India.

We are glad to see Dr. Rand with us again. The students on their return learned with deep regret of his quite serious illness during vacation.

Mr. W. S. W. McLay, B.A., of our staff, has recently received appointment as Examiner in English for Toronto University. We congratulate Mr. McLay and the University upon his appointment.

We have been pleased to receive visits of late from Mr. F. Eby, B.A., a member of '95, who has recently returned from pursuing a post-graduate course at Chicago University, and Rev. H. R. Miller, of Syracuse, N. Y.

Lectures are again resumed in full force after a pleasant vacation. Most of the students are back to work, although some are detained from various circumstances. We are pleased to welcome a number of new students both in Theology and in Arts. There is a general tardiness on the part of all in settling down to hard work once again. As the holiday season went by all too soon, so this final term will soon be at an end, and the examinations and Christmas alike will be things of the past.

McMaster's lovers of Hockey met on the 18th inst. and organized, with the following officers :—Hon.-Pres., Mr. J. Russell, B.A.; Pres., A. Imrie, B.A.; Vice-Pres., H. N. McKechnie, '97; Sec.-Treas., E. V. Rossier, '00; Captain, J. P. Schutt, '98. Full arrangements have been made for practice at Victoria Hockey rink, where our boys will make it interesting for the puck. Although we have not organized a club during the past few years, there have annually been many in favor of it.

The meeting at which the club was organized was of a most enthusiastic character and we hope that those who have made such a good beginning will be the means of deepening the interest in Hockey. We wish the Hockey Club every success and are confident that, under the able leadership of Captain Schutt, our men will yet win laurels

Class '98, Theology, has lost another of its most promising members in the person of A. N. Marshall, B.A. Before the Christmas vacation he went to Buffalo and there consulted a prominent physician, who advised an ocean trip. He will sail for Australia from the Gulf of Mexico shortly, and will remain abroad for one year. He hopes to return to McMaster to join class '99 in January of next year. Class '98 joins with his many friends in wishing him a most enjoyable and health-giving trip.

The Tennysonian Society during the past term has had a most successful series of meetings. The interest taken in all these programmes speaks high commendation of the ability of the officers. Mr. C. L. Brown, '99, as President, and S. E. Grigg, '00, as Secretary, along with the other assistant officers, have given up their places to those newly-elected for the term upon which we have already entered. The elections took place on the 14th inst. and resulted as follows :— President, D. Bovington, '99 ; Vice President, J. C. McFarlane, '99 ; Sec.-Treas., J. Cornwall, '00 ; Councillors, Misses B. E. McLay, '00, J. Dryden, '00 ; Editors, S. E. Grigg, '00, F. Ingram, '99.

The annual visit of the Travelling Secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement is always looked forward to with interest by the students of McMaster. Mr. Lewis, of Boston, Mass., was our guest in the dining-room on the evening of the 19th inst. and afterwards addressed us in our prayer-meetings. He spoke of the relation of students to the great work of evangelizing the world in a manner that appealed to all present. Seldom have the claims of the Foreign fields been more forcibly laid before us and our duty in that direction more plainly pointed out. The fresh facts brought before us were exceedingly interesting, and such an earnest presentation of the claims of the great work he so ably represents must ultimately result in large blessings.

The Mathematical Society under the able direction of A. M. Overholt of '97 as president, is doing excellent work. On December 18th, 1896, a meeting of special interest was held. The subject for consideration before the Society on this occasion was electricity. An able character sketch of Thomas Alva Edison the king of electricians, and his wonderful inventions, was brought before the Society by C. L. Brown of '99. Mr. Russell followed with an explanation of the Roentgen Rays, giving their history and describing their nature. The most interesting part of the programme was the experimental, which followed the theoretical.

By means of the *Flouroscope* the results of these rays were shown. There was a large number of students present, and the programme was enjoyed by all.

The first meeting of the Literary and Scientific Society for the present term was held on the evening of Friday the 15th inst. The programme was of a very interesting character, dealing with student life in its various aspects. Mr. L. Brown, B.A., read a very inter-

esting and helpful paper on the "Ideal College and what it ought to do for a young man." After Mr. J. J. Nicol had delighted the audience with a French recitation, Dr. Welton was called upon for an oration, which was much appreciated. He chose as his subject "The Ideal Method of Study." He treated his subject under two main heads, "Know something about everything" and "Know everything about something." He advised students to build pyramidically by laying a broad foundation and then gradually narrowing until they were confined to their special line.

The Critic's report was given in a few well chosen words by Mr. J. W. Russell, B.A., after which a very interesting and profitable meeting was brought to a close.

THE Theological Society held a very interesting meeting on the evening of December 11th, 1896. The first part of the programme was taken up with discussion on "Systematic giving in our churches." The experiences of many given were both interesting and instructive. After Mr. W. S. McAlpine delighted all present with a sacred song, entitled "Are You Shining for Jesus?" Mr. T. Bengough read us an excellent paper on "The Pulpit from the Pew." The Society were not only honoured by the presence of Mr. Bengough, but instructed, and many suggestions and corrections were given that will doubtless be of profit in the future ministry of those addressed. The paper was thoughtful, pointed and fraught with both humor and wit that made it entertaining as well as instructive.

THE holiday season has brought to us all many joys! Life would indeed be a tragedy with little romance, did we not occasionally find relief and recreation in healthful and pleasant amusements. Home going and the happy associations there renewed, always bring joy and happiness into the life. The ministry of such visits none of us are apt to overestimate. At Christmas and the New Year season there seems to be a rare exhibition of joy and good-will awaiting one another at every meeting, and its expression is not only cheering, but yields a blessing

"To him that gives and to him that takes."

MR. J. J. MCNEILL, B.A, has left us to teach in Woodstock College. It is with deep regret that the members of '98 Theology bid farewell to one who has proved himself one of their best students and most promising members. Woodstock College is to be congratulated on the happy choice, while we are to be consoled for our loss. We are confident that John will there distinguish himself for his ability and will make many friends both in the College and in the town, as he has done here. We wish him much success in his work.

THE semi-annual elections of the Scientific and Literary Society which took place on the 12th January, resulted as follows:—President, P. G. Mode, '97; First Vice-President, T. N. Ritchie, '97;

Second Vice-President, Miss M. E. Burnette, '97 ; Recording Secretary, A. W. Vining, '98 ; Corresponding Secretary, G. Murdoch, '97. Councillors, A. Imrie, B.A. ; W. W. Charters, '98 ; A. M. Overholt, '97 ; Miss G. Iler, '98. Editor of the *Student*, R. D. George, '97 ; Assistant Editors, W. R. Telford, '97 ; A. B. Cohoe, '98. With this efficient staff of officers we are looking forward to many pleasant and profitable evenings in our Society.

Owing to the pressure of approaching examinations greater difficulty is always experienced by those in charge of the programmes to get the students to take part during this second term, than the first. But we are confident that Mr. Mode, who is an enthusiast at his books and in his sports, will also make an enthusiastic President of the Literary and Scientific Society. This office involves large responsibility as well as honor, and nothing but much time and thought will assure the highest success. The zeal with which all the officers have set about their work is a sure prophecy of their future achievements.

The Students' Annual Christmas Dinner occurred on Tuesday, December 22nd, at 1 o'clock. The dining room was very prettily decorated for the occasion, and about 150 students and guests sat down at the tables. After a somewhat lengthy and exhaustive treatment of the substantial menu, the Chairman. Mr. J. F. Vichert, commenced the toast list with the toast, Queen and Country, which was loyally and heartily honoured. Mr. M. C. McLean in a very brief and witty speech proposed the toast, McMaster University. This called forth happy and vigorous responses from Mr. W. S. W. McLay, B.A., and Dr. Newman. The toast, Sister Institutions, was proposed by Mr. H. N. McKechnie of '97, and responded to by a large number of representatives. Mr. O. G. Langford, B.A., of '95, proposed the toast, The Learned Professions, and we were honored in having with us to respond, Rev. C. A. Eaton, M.A., Dr Geoffrey Boyd and Mr. W. A. Lamport, B.A., LL.B. All three made pointed, humorous speeches, which were thoroughly enjoyed and appreciated. Last, but not least, came the toast, To the Ladies, proposed by Mr. A. W. Vining of '98, and though the ladies were not there to hear it, they may rest assured that Mr. Vining acquitted himself with honor both to them and to him. Only one opinion was expressed concerning the dinner and that was that it was a great success in every way.

In the evening the usual Founder's Day exercises occurred. Unfortunately a severe storm interfered with the attendance, but despite that fact there were present a goodly number to do honor to our founder. First of all the audience assembled in the dining room, where a memorial Sonnet by Dr. Rand was read, and an address on "The Bible and the People" delivered by Rev. J. L. Gilmour, B.A. As the address is to appear in our columns we shall not attempt a synopsis here. When this programme was over the guests were given liberty to roam where they pleased, and there were entertainments galore. Music and elocution in the chapel, the dining room and room 11. Lectures on colour by Mr. W. P. Cohoe, B.A., on

astronomy by Mr. Wm. Findlay, B.A., and on Roentgen rays, with illustrations, by Mr. J. W. Russell, B.A. Special and grateful mention must be made of recitations given by Miss Gertrude Trotter, A.T.C.M., and vocal solos by Misses Carrie Scott, A. N. Doran, Mr. Magson and Mr. C. F. Britton.

The Annual Meeting of the Fyfe Missionary Society was held in the Jarvis St. Baptist Church on December the 10th, and was of a very interesting and profitable character. President Goodspeed in his opening remarks made a reference to the name which the Society bears. It perpetuates the name of one of the heroic pioneers whose influence will always be felt by Canadian Baptists. The annual report was presented by Mr. C. H. Schutt, B.A., Secretary of the Society. This report, which was given in a very clear and forcible manner, showed a very encouraging year's work. The most interesting features were the mission work done in the city by the students and the opening of new fields throughout the country.

Mr. McDonald, President of the Presbyterian Ladies' College and editor of the *Westminster*, delivered an excellent address, and his earnest and stirring words will not soon be forgotten by the students. The report which had just been presented suggested to him the fact that the important work of any Christian body was not in the large churches, but among the smaller country churches, which supplied the best and most enthusiastic workers for the larger centres. The pastors in them need our sympathy and support in the exacting and varied labors which they are called upon to perform. The churches are laid under great obligations. They must reach out to the farthest limits of the world. There are opportunities opening out before them such as the world has never seen before, and the clearing away of difficulties is the call of Christ to go forward. We must not estimate the results of the work by the arithmetic of this world. The cold-blooded statistician is one of the greatest hindrances to the efforts of the church. If the election of Grace means to do, as well as to be, that we are not only to keep warm our own hearths, but to kindle a fire on others', then we need (1) Intelligence as to the means of giving and the results obtained. There is in these days too much ignorance on these subjects among our church members. At this time when missions are being subjected to so much criticism, it is essential that there should be knowledge on the part of all Christians. What is the result of a day's study on ordinary subjects in comparison with a day devoted to missions? Here is geography, history, language, etc. India has become not a mere spot on the map, but a place where men live and suffer and die, just as we do. (2) The truth must be fired with great passion. There is too little fire in our preaching to-day. Men need to be filled with an intense passion for God and for human souls. This was the great characteristic of Christ himself, and to feel and understand it we must have the constant indwelling of the Holy Spirit. There is need of men who will do the very best work, men who will do work not only well, but excellently.

The Choir then rendered in good style an appropriate piece of music, after which Rev. S. S. Bates introduced missionary LaFlamme. Special interest attached to this address as it was Bro. LaFlamme's farewell before leaving for India. In opening he gave an interesting sketch of family history, recalling his early life, conversion and call to the mission field. The burden of his address was the great need of India. The curse of India is the caste system, of which the people of this country can form but a poor conception. Then there are the horrors of famine, of fever and of cholera, which are constantly staring the people in the face. In illustration of these things the speaker gave several touching incidents in his own experience, which gave many of us a clearer insight into what it means to be a missionary than we ever had before. He emphasized the fact that the missionary must be ready to meet these things and often death itself. He must sacrifice on every hand and be able to persevere in the face of the greatest discouragements. In this connection he stated that he had worked five years on one field, with only one convert. But since that time God had blessed the work and a goodly number had been brought to Christ. He closed with a stirring appeal to the churches and the students to be alive to the importance of the work and extend the cause among all the unevangelized nations of the world. Brother LaFlamme's words cannot help but leave a lasting impression upon all who heard them.

On Friday morning a session was held in the chapel. After devotional exercises led by President Goodspeed, the Rev. R. R. Weaver gave a talk on city mission work. Speaking from several years' experience in the worst parts of London, England, he gave as the necessary qualifications for successful work in this line, adaptability to the needs of the people, a sympathy with them and perseverance in the face of discouragements.

Mr. LaFlamme again spoke and claimed that the great need of missions lay in a more widespread interest in the subject. This can be attained by a specific interest in certain missionaries now on the field. We ought to give not just what we can spare, but our giving should involve a real self sacrifice. "We should give until we feel it." We must also find out God's purpose in our lives. In foreign work it is needful to have a heart full of love, and the gift of the Holy Spirit. For a long time he wanted to be able to use the Holy Spirit, now he wanted the Holy Spirit to use him. This involves a willingness to go anywhere, to be anybody and to do anything. Mr. LaFlamme closed by presenting the University with his India headgear and a Hindu god. Mr. Craig, who was also present, spoke briefly and led in prayer for Mr. LaFlamme, thus closing a very profitable and interesting meeting.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

ELIZA P. WELLS, B.A., MARION CALVIN, EDITORS.

CHANCELLOR WALLACE conducted our chapel exercises on Monday last, and addressed the girls in a few well-chosen words of advice and encouragement.

WE were beginning to think that there was at least one thing that had no beginning,—our skating rink. We are pleased to see that we were mistaken; it shows signs of existence, and we hope its development, though slow, will be sure and smooth.

AT the opening business meeting of the Heliconian, the following officers were elected: President, Miss Conger; Vice-President, Miss Brophy; Treasurer, Miss Agnes Nicholas; Secretary, Miss E. Hume. The Executive Committee was appointed as follows: Miss McKay, Miss Margaret Nicholas, Miss Moule.

OFFICERS in the Society of Christian Endeavor have been appointed for this term as follows:—President, Miss Lena Burke; Vice-President, Miss J. Cutler; Secretary-Treasurer, Miss Marion Calvin. The first prayer-meeting of the term was led by the Rev. C. Eaton. Mr. Eaton has many friends at Moulton, and is always a welcome visitor. His talks are always helping and inspiring.

FRIDAY, the 15th, was the date of our monthly lecture. This time we had the pleasere of hearing Mrs. Dignam. Her subject was "Dutch Art," one on which she is highly enthusiastic, and which she made all the more interesting to us by her reference to her experience in Holland last summer. While there, she met some of the celebrated Dutch painters, and visited their studios. Among these she selected Israels, as the foremost, and gave a very interesting description of the artist himself, and of his paintings, which were always characterized by depth of feeling, and simplicity and sincerity of treatment. These qualities, together with absolute truth to nature, were the leading features of the modern Dutch school. Mrs. Dignam then gave the history and aims of the Barbizon school as represented by Millet, Carot, and others, and in closing, showed us some fine photographs of famous pictures by several of the artists whom she had mentioned. The address was much enjoyed, and we hope to hear more about her experiences in Holland on another occasion.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

S. R. Tarr, B.A., F. H. Phipps, Editors.

Mrs. McCrimmon was at home on the evening of January 11th, to the fourth year. The guests were royally entertained and spent a most enjoyable evening.

The death of Mr. Frank Karn, a former student, and only son of one of the college's staunchest friends, Mr. D. W. Karn, threw a degree of gloom over the closing days of the past term. The sincerest sympathy is extended by teachers and students to the family so sadly bereaved by the removal of one whose life promised so much.

A Rink Committee has been formed to carry on the business of our open air rink. If the weather is favorable we shall have good skating this season, as preparations are being made for giving more attention to flooding, sweeping, etc. The ice is now in good condition. Every day the clattering of hockey-sticks is heard in that direction. We occasionally invite friends up from the town to share our pleasure, and spend in that way some very enjoyable Saturday afternoons. The Hockey Club has been organized with Mr. E. Howell as Captain. The College team will be a good one, as usual.

Christmas vacation is now a thing of the past, recalled only by sweet remembrances of its scenes, and of the fond greetings with which all were received by friends at home. The two weeks seemed to fly, so quickly did they pass, and the opening day of the winter term arrived before anyone realized it. But whatever may be the attractions which tempt them to remain, the boys of Woodstock College are always too loyal to the old school to desert it, so it was not long before the majority of the old boys had gathered back again, and their trunks and valises, fragrant with suggestive odors, lined the corridors. Everyone had some delightful tales to relate concerning the adventures and exploits of the holidays. But there were others assembled who were not so merry, upon whose countenances dwelt a sad, longing expression, which betokened that they were victims of that dread and insidious disease, home sickness. However, when they grew accustomed to the different phases of college life, they soon recovered, and are now quite as happy as anyone. The term promises to be a very prosperous one in every way, and both old boys and new will endeavor to uphold the good reputation of the College.

The Philomathic Society has organized for the coming term. The officers were elected on Friday evening, January 8th. A very exciting meeting was held, many stump speeches being made concerning the merits of the candidates, so that all the elections were well contested. The officers elected are :—President, Mr. V. Ray ; Vice-President, Mr. H. Guyatt ; Critic, Mr. J. J. McNeil, B.A. ; Marshall, Mr. A. Mann ; Cura-

tor, Mr. C. E. Wolverton. The newly elected officers were called upon to make addresses, which they did in a most worthy manner. They all expressed their desire for the welfare of the Society, and declared their willingness to do their utmost to further it. The programme was interspersed with a pleasing variety of speeches from the new boys. Some waxed eloquent, while others evidently believed that actions speak louder than words, and after enlightening the audience as to their names and addresses, and after stating in a faltering tone that they were glad to be there, they took their seats with much satisfaction, amid the thunder of the applause which followed their orations. There is considerable interest taken in the Society this term, and good meetings are expected.

When exuberant spirits have been subdued for some time, a very high pressure results, and generally some ingenious method has to be devised to relieve the tension, lest it should prove dangerous. Such was the case just before vacation, when the students determined that a "night-shirt parade" was an effectual, and at the same time a highly interesting way of giving vent to their spirits. Preparations were accordingly made, and at the dead hour of midnight a trumpet's clarion notes rang through the silent corridors. This was the signal for the gathering of the clans, and in an incredibly short time troups of shadowy forms arranged themselves in line. Then the band was ordered to strike up a suitable march. Their instruments consisted of mouth-organs, tin pails, tomato cans and horns, while the enthusiastic ones who had no instruments, accompanied the music with their vocal organs to the best of their ability. Such was the martial and soul-stirring music which resounded through the halls, and filled each breast with a longing to do or die. A few accidents occurred, one of the leaders having his armor rent in twain from the top to the bottom, in a skirmish with the enemy. At length, after many complicated movements, several College songs, and many cheers for the W. B. C., the army disbanded, and retired to the barracks, and soon nothing could be heard but the muffled sound of snoring in many keys. The next morning a great many hoarse voices testified to the military enthusiasm which had prevailed among the members of the "Night-shirt Brigade."

GRANDE LIGNE.

E. Norman, B.A., Editor.

To spend one's vacation shut up within the same walls where we have pored over so many hard lessons, is not the most pleasant enjoyment at the Christmas season. Yet this is what some twenty students have to do each year and have had to do again this year. However, our lot was not so very pitiable after all. The rink was in good condition, receptions in the ladies building were frequent, classes were all suspended, and even though Santa Claus may not have been very

lavish of his gifts to us, we had an abundance of turkey and Christmas fare on our tables, and plenty of time to read and sleep. After all, the vacation was far too short.

Since the re-opening of school we miss from our halls several faces that were familiar before Christmas. Their places have been filled with new ones. We welcome them to our midst and wish them success in their work.

Recently we had the pleasure of having with us Rev. A. L. Therrien, in place of our pastor, who had gone to supply Dr. Dadson's pulpit. We are always delighted with Mr. Therrien's visits, for he always has something profitable and interesting to tell us. He gave us two excellent sermons that were thoroughly enjoyed.

Two of our old students, John and Charlie Schutt, have given us passing calls while on their way home from McMaster University, for the Christmas vacation. They are evidently enjoying their work in McMaster. They conveyed to us greetings from McMaster and gave a good account of our Feller Institute boys that have gone to Toronto.

One thing that, perhaps, destroys to some extent the pleasant anticipations of Christmas vacation, and at the same time increases the pleasures of the vacation itself, is the never-failing and relentless examination paper. The results of these examinations are depicted in very different ways on different faces. Of course there are the usual successes and failures, but the eye quickly shows its owner's feelings when the name comes above or below the line. The successful student has no regrets to carry through his holidays, but many a wasted hour's pleasure turns bitter when the unsuccessful boy remembers that it has cost him the humiliation of being plucked. Then better not waste the hours, or the minutes either.

On Dec. 11th, our somewhat monotonous student life was greatly enlivened by Mrs. A. E. Massé's annual musicale, to which we always look forward with a great deal of pleasant anticipation. The execution of the programme showed that much patient work had been done in order properly to prepare the students for the performance of their respective parts. The bad condition of our clay roads prevented very many visitors from being present. However, our chapel room was well filled and we all enjoyed the rendering of the following programme :—

Part I—Piano duet, "Marche" op. 250, Mesdames Massé ; Piano, "Hunting Song," Miss Alma Schutt ; Piano, "Idilio," Miss Harriet Carr ; Piano, "Chanson Triste," Miss Lily Brownrigg ; Vocal Trio, "Fast the Night is Falling," Misses Piché, Wilton and Bullock ; Piano, "Mystery Valse Capriee," Miss Pearl de la Ronde ; Piano, "Kojoka Dance," Mr. Walter Davison.

Part II—Piano, "Pastorale," Miss Eliza Norman ; Vocal Solo, "Heaven hath shed a Tear." Mrs. Arthur Massé : Piano, "Allegro No. 26," Miss Valida St. James ; Piano, "Mazurka," Miss Clorinde Roy ; Piano, "Andante Célebre" op. 14, Miss Wilton ; Piano Duet, "Wiegenlied," Mesdames Massé ; Male Quartette, "Evening Hymn," Messrs. Rainville, Norman, Lafleehe and Fournier.

After the last selection had been given, a short reception was held, which to many of the students was no doubt the most entertaining and enjoyable part of the evening's exercises.

William Buckham

THE

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

FEBRUARY, 1897.

THEODORE H. RAND.

Thou long a poet at the lyric shrine
  Mad'st not a prayer to any muse or power,
  Letting the seasons go as but an hour,
Until the afternoon of life did shine.
Thy silent lips now move to verse divine,
  And Minas adds a jewel to her dower
  With every song of thine that like a flower
Unfolds with hue and fragrance pure and fine.
Fundy and Blomidon, and the dark Isle
  Recumbent seem like servants at thy feet:
    And elemental forces but the birth
Of messengers at thy late singing-while,
  To bear thy music to our hearts that greet
    Thee as a singer just found on the earth.

J. F. Herbin.

Wolfville, N. S.

DAVID BUCHAN.

(3rd March 1807—17th October 1877.)

To a former generation of Canadian Baptists this name would mark a well-known figure: even yet it may recall the form of a tall, well-bodied, kindly-faced, noticeable man, who strove to do his duty and to stand by the truth, at all hazards according to his light. He took part in some stormy seasons of the past (religious and political) which had their work to do in order to bring in the serener atmosphere in which churches and people now live. The eye of his soul always turned to the Lord Christ, his Master as well as his Saviour, and Him he followed with constant heart through a long life. Hence came his usual aspect of cheerfulness giving (in Izaak Walton's phrase) "a silent testimony of a clear knowing soul and of a conscience at peace with itself."

Happy the child, born of godly parents, who from birth is surrounded with the gracious influences of a Christian home! Education begins in a mother's arms and by the mother's side, and as the body grows the character is rightly shaped in goodness and truth. This unpurchasable blessing was the lot of the good man of whom I write: not only his parents, but a long line of forbears on both sides were members of the great family of faith. His father was a Scottish Baptist who combined the week-day business of mercantile life with the Lord's day business of preaching. His mother, of the same religious body, was according to social measurements of somewhat higher grade than her husband: but, what they and their son David considered of greater importance, she was in her line of descent connected with the outstanding names of Ebenezer and Ralph Erskine. The pair were worthily mated and for seventeen years walked together in all the ordinances and commandments of the Lord. Then the husband and father was taken and the wife was left to a long widowhood of thirty years fruitful, however, in offices of affection and helpfulness to many who knew and loved her.

But of this James Buchan, the father, and Margaret Ewing, the mother, a little more must be noted as to their religious progress: for the impress of these early events told upon the life

and character of their son. The stagnation of Scottish ecclesiastical life was broken by the call for evangelical truth and spiritual freedom which came from the pulpit of Ebenezer Erskine in 1732. His claim that the rights of the people in choosing ministers should be respected, and his preaching of unconditional salvation through the hearty reception of Christ could not be silenced, and kindred spirits joined him until at length in 1740 the doors of the Establishment were closed upon them, and they formed the Secession Church, afterwards known as the United Presbyterian.

Of this Secession Church James Buchan and Margaret Ewing were, in their early religious life, members. Then came a new inflow of truth through the preaching of Grenville Ewing who first introduced Congregationalism or, as it was then called, Independency, into Scotland. In conjunction with the Haldanes and Ralph Wardlaw (a cousin of Miss Ewing) a Congregational church was formed in Glasgow and of this church, under Dr. Wardlaw's ministry, James Buchan and Margaret Ewing became members in 1806, and while in this communion they were united in marriage. The next progressive move they made was in consequence of lectures on "The Abrahamic Covenant," prepared in 1807 by Dr. Wardlaw, in order to confirm the faith of brethren who were being disturbed on the question of believer's baptism. As not infrequently happens in such cases the defence brought them face to face with the truth: they searched the Scriptures, and being satisfied that the baptism of the Bible meant immersion of those who believed in Christ, they resolutely moved on into that final form of faith to which they adhered through life.

In 1807 David Buchan was born in Glasgow. His father was a muslin manufacturer and merchant: soon after, in 1810, he was called to be one of the elders in a new Baptist church of about 130 members, formed that year by separation from the church he had first joined. The peculiarities of Scottish Baptists, some of which affected and still affect Canadian churches, were the plurality of elders (or pastors), weekly communion at the Lord's table, plenary power of the membership to regulate internal affairs and order, and methods of withdrawal other than by death, transfer or exclusion. In such a church atmosphere David Buchan was reared, and he must have imbibed at every

pore that love for biblical truth and for spiritual and political liberty which so strongly marked his character.

The first break in family life was in 1823; when he was 16, his father died "after long distress," the church record says. This alludes to some painful disease. Though he left little worldly gear he left the inheritance of a good name that was held in reverence by those who had met him.

There are but scanty materials as to the youth of David. He studied at Glasgow University before his father's death, but was then compelled to stop in his course and get to work at his choice of a calling as an apprentice of the law. This he pursued till he attained the status of "Writer to the Signet," which entitled him to practice Scottish law. Soon after his father's death he was baptized into the fellowship of his mother's church. Other certain dates there are, as of his marriage in 1831, and of his departure for Canada in 1834.

His wife, Jane Griffith, two years younger, was of Welsh extraction. Her parents were Calvinistic Methodists, but she had been convinced while at school at Chester by the diligent use of her Bible, that baptism was an act of obedience incumbent on Christian believers. Before meeting her future husband she had joined the Baptist church, so that their united lives were made stronger, better and brighter by intelligent concord in temporal and in spiritual things.

His leaving Scotland appears to be on this wise: the air was full of emigration schemes to America; numbers of young men and others, and of all classes and conditions were leaving Scotland to take up land and push their fortunes in Canada, and just then a disturbance arose in the friendly relations existing between him and some rich relations from whom he gained much professional business. These relations were West India merchants interested in the plantations and in the slave labour required to work them profitably. In 1833 W. Kimble, the Baptist Missionary to the West Indies, appeared and went through the old country making impassioned appeals for the abolition of slavery in the islands. A note of sympathy was struck in the breast of the young practitioner, and before long he was seen walking on the streets of Glasgow arm-in-arm with the Apostle of Emancipation. This called forth disapproval from the relatives, followed by a

decline in the business that he relied on. The upshot was that young Buchan became a determined opponent of slavery and resolved to cut loose from old world dependence and shift for himself somewhere in the spacious lands of Western Canada.

So with wife and young daughter he embarked for New York on 18th April, 1834, but that port was not reached till the 24th July, owing to the vessel having sprung a leak, which compelled a long delay at the Azores for caulking and repairs. At length, in March, 1835, a settlement was made by the purchase of a 250 acre farm on the Paris Plains, afterwards well known as "Braeside." There the family lived till 1851, with a short break of one year at Toronto, and sons and daughters were born into the old homestead. It may be said that his family flourished rather than his farm, and *that* without disparagement to his agricultural diligence. He was in one sense a gentleman-farmer, but not in the sense that Johnson's Boswell uses the term: "an ordinary gentleman-farmer, says Boswell, will be satisfied with looking at his fields once or twice a day: an enthusiastical farmer will be constantly employed in them; will have his mind earnestly engaged; will talk perpetually of them." Mr. Buchan was an enthusiastical farmer, and yet he would talk of and engage his mind upon other things also—particularly on matters educational and religious. He was one of the pioneers of Western Canada, and through him and others of like mind the country has become filled with a Christian civilization and a free, healthy self-governed political life.

Though there was no Baptist church in the neighborhood till 1843, Mr. Buchan was getting qualified for the diaconate by ruling his own house well—as he always did, with perhaps a slight emphasis on the "ruling." Before this and till there was a Baptist church at Brantford, he and his wife joined the Congregational church at that town in care of the Rev. Adam Lillie, but transferred their membership to the first Baptist Church afterwards constituted there with Wm. Rees as pastor. This church his mother also joined when she came to his home from Scotland in 1837. Then in 1842-3 the meeting house in which the first Paris Baptist church organized was built by funds ($700) contributed by Mrs. Buchan, sr. There assembled the members drafted from the Brantford church, five in all, David

Buchan, his mother, his wife and Mrs. Evans and Mrs. Chittenden—forming what Dr. Caldicott would have called, strictly, a "sister" church. Mr. Winterbotham was pastor of this and the Brantford church for the first two years. The church more than doubled in number the first year, but after that no additions were made by baptism till 1849, when the pastor, Cleghorn, baptized 29 candidates. It is needless in this place to follow the fortunes of the Paris church in which there were painful as well as pleasant scenes. One pleasing glimpse of church life, however, may be given as depicted in a letter of Mrs. James Buchan, dated 12th May, 1843: "Last Lord's day we had our first baptism at Paris, when four were buried with Christ by baptism in the Grand River. . . . The chapel is well attended and a more attentive congregation is not to be seen anywhere. . . . David leads the music with his flute. . . . They sing very well. . . . A good many Methodists attend. I believe there are four different kinds of them about Paris."

After his removal from Paris Mr. Buchan's interest in this church never flagged, and he gave substantial proof of it by defraying all the expense of a handsome brick building in 1864, which replaced the former wooden meeting-house. This has been again, since his death, replaced by another larger and more substantial on a more commodious site, so that in every sense the church has gone on from strength to strength.

In former days when Hamilton was the head of navigation and railways had not been heard of, Braeside used to be a sort of half-way stopping-place between West and East, open with frank hospitality to all migratory ministers and messengers of Baptist churches. One condition, however, was imposed—no consumption of tobacco was allowed within doors—there the pilgrim might not, must not, smoke. It is rumoured that a special exception existed as regards the venerable father Winterbotham—but that must have rested on his privilege as first pastor at Paris. One elder has left on record his experience in terms which may be reproduced but not imitated. "I met," he writes, "with that kind of reception which Burns has immortalized :

> "When death's dark stream I ferry o'er
> A time that surely shall come ;
> In heaven itself I'll ask no more
> Than just a Highland welcome."

[*Pioneer : Aug. 9, 49.*]

To pass from gay to grave, Mr. Buchan's connection with the beginnings of organized Baptist effort may be briefly noted. United action was suggested in 1842, and in June, 1843, a representative meeting was held near Paris and an Executive Committee appointed, of which Mr. Buchan was Secretary. As the outcome of this the first meeting of the "Canada Baptist Union" was held in Toronto in July, 1844. The last meeting of this body was held at Kingston in 1849. It was superseded by another association called "The Regular Baptist Union of Canada," which was first convened at St. Catharines in June, 1849, of which Mr. Buchan was chosen to be President. The distinctive character of the new body is marked by the term "Regular." At first, Montreal was regarded as the Baptist centre, where were located an Education Society and a Missionary Society, under the auspices of the English Baptists, who favoured open communion. But as Western Canada became peopled, and particularly when in 1849, after the ebullition of disloyalty at Montreal, Toronto was designated as the seat of Government, the religious centre shifted to that point and new organizations were framed and shaped so as to emphasize the close communion tenets of the Western Baptists. But this is too large a subject and present materials are not at hand for the writer to dwell upon the troublous period of controversial tension which divided the churches on matters now not much discussed. Mr. Buchan's attitude appears to have been midway between two sets of extremists: those who held on one side that only baptized members of churches holding close communion views should be admitted to the Lord's table in a Regular Baptist Church, and those on the other side who insisted that pedobaptists ought not to be excluded.

Good, unquestionably came out of these kindred organizations, for they gave body and voice to the protests of the Baptists against the abuses and grievances of those days which bade fair to place the incubus of an Established Church on Canadian soil. We find vigorous fulminations at all the yearly meetings against the Clergy Reserves and the ecclesiastical monopoly of University Education. In these pronouncements Mr. Buchan took a leading part, drafting many of the resolutions, and by his voice and advocacy enforcing the justice of the claims. This great popu-

lar movement triumphed—these abuses are now mere matters of history: the Clergy Reserves have been secularized and King's College as the University of Toronto is free and open to all on equal terms.

In the first convention over which Mr. Buchan presided as chief officer it is recorded that "he did so with dignity and ability."—(*Pioneer*, June 21, '49.) And at the last over which he would have presided, had not death intervened, he is spoken of as "one of the best, most thorough and painstaking Presidents the convention has had during twenty-six years."—(Oct. 17: 1877.) His conduct between these dates may be filled up on these lines.

The first newspaper organ of the Baptists was the "Pioneer," published at London, 1847: in 1849 Mr. Buchan was appointed editor, but in the same year became the proprietor, having accepted an offer to purchase the whole property and business of the newspaper, in view of its anticipated removal to Toronto. He gladly seized the opportunity to remove to the capital in order that his large family might be better educated than could possibly be managed at Paris. After a year's experience he found that the editor's easy-chair was a harder and more unprofitable occupation than following the plough: he forthwith wound up the concern at a considerable loss, and had to sell part of his farm to meet the unexpected demand. Just then an equally unexpected deliverance came, and a post was offered to him which his legal training and clerical aptitude peculiarly qualified him to fill. The Provincial Government in clearing up the affairs of King's College had found that the money had been wasted and mismanaged from the beginning, and a thorough overhauling and disentanglement had become imperative, as well as the institution of a new system of accounts on correct principles. This task was committed to Mr. Buchan as chairman of the Board of Endowment in 1851, and he was so obviously the right man in the right place that upon the reconstruction of King's College as the University of Toronto in 1853 he was appointed under the great seal as a government officer, entitled "Bursar of the University and Colleges at Toronto." This place he filled punctually and faithfully till his death.

He had a most reverent regard for the Bible, never using or

quoting it frivolously or untitly. And he had a like regard for the public worship of God, which he manifested in one way by never being late in his attendance. This is a hereditary trait observed by his mother before him and his children after him, which may safely be commended for universal practice.

It goes without saying that he was never ashamed of his religion, yet it may illustrate his way of doing things to repeat an anecdote communicated by an eye-witness of the scene. When Lord Elgin, the Governor General, made a progress through the country he halted at Paris, and was taken to the fine house of Hiram Capron, where a sumptuous banquet was provided for his Excellency, to which all the notables of the country-side were invited. At the table there was no clergyman to give thanks, and after a short pause Mr. Buchan stood up and asked an appropriate blessing. He had drafted the address for the occasion, but it is not every one who would have undertaken to supply the lack of service, as chaplain.

He was a strenuous worker in Sunday Schools. His first religious act at Paris was to begin a Union School with plurality of superintendents, he as Baptist, another as Methodist taking charge on alternate Sundays. He was connected with biblical teaching of the young all his life at home or in the school. In Nov. 1849, the teachers and scholars of the Baptist Sunday School at Paris, when he resigned the superintendency, united in presenting him with Kitto's Encyclopedia, accompanied by a note recognizing their appreciation of his "continued and persevering exertions for the prosperity of the school." At the close of his superintendency in Yorkville, 12th Nov. '76, he issued a card for the scholars in which were printed passages of Scripture which he entitled "Last Words." These were Eccl. xii. 1 : John iii. 16: II. Cor. viii. 9: Romans xii. 1. 2. "Last Words," says Jeremy Taylor, "are lasting words": may these prove so not only to those who first read them, but to the youth who may read this paper.

Space fails to tell at length of his various Christian activities: one of the last was to promote the growth and extension of Baptist churches in this city, as fruits of which were College Street and Lewis Street churches, East of the Don. He was the foremost in the founding of the Yorkville Church now on

Bloor St., and spared not of his time and means to place that on a prosperous foundation. He was superintendent of the Sunday School from the beginning in 1870 till 1876, and he was one of the Deacons from the first in 1873 till the end of his life.

He was always according to his means a liberal and cheerful giver. It was his method to put aside a stated portion of his income, which was sacred for religious use. He also advocated the plan of systematic giving on the Lord's day by means of weekly offerings, the adoption of which by all the churches and the practice of it by all the members would simplify many of our financial problems. More might be said, but need not in order to commemorate this worthy man.

The great loss of his life was the death of Mrs. Buchan after a companionship of over 40 years. She upheld and cheered her husband all through life: brought up her family in ways of usefulness and uprightness: found opportunities of helping others and specially those in need from a sometimes scanty store. She submitted cheerfully to the loneliness, the monotony and the hardness of a pioneer farming-life, and when in course of time easier and brighter days came, her thought for others only took new shapes of service and benefaction. The most telling comment on her married life is written in the family-bible by her husband's hand in these words: "A happy union, lasting nearly "42 years, was terminated on the 1st May, 1873, by the death of "my beloved wife, which took place in our own home Bloor St., "Toronto. Her mortal remains lie in the family lot—over my "mother. For her character see Prov. xxxi. 10—31."

His mother had died Jan. 7th, 1852, at fourscore years of age. She was a woman of high principles and practical good sense, developed by frequent intercourse with many religious leaders in Scotland. She delighted in bringing theology to the touchstone of the Scriptures. Everything in her life was judged by that standard, so that her whole character became disciplined into unaffected humility and unassuming goodness.

Happy in a godly mother, happy in a gracious wife, happy in his family a household of faith,—he was supremely happy in the closing scenes. Welcoming in the afternoon as President of the Missionary Convention the members on their arrival, he entertained some as his guests with genial hospitality. Then as

the party rose to go forth to the work of the evening his foot was stayed ere the threshold was reached by the touch of the unseen messenger. Through the quiet night he lay without speech and without pain till with the early dawn came the moment of departure and he passed through the veil.

Without the weakness of age, though full of years, with faculties perfect, surrounded by the family and friends he loved, with a well-rounded record of work done and yet ready for the next duty, thus ended his earthly pilgrimage suddenly, softly, sweetly in the everlasting rest that remains for the people of God.

J. A. Boyd.

THE BIBLE AND THE PEOPLE.

The occasion that brings us together is the commemoration of Founder's Day, which has been instituted in memory of the founder of this University. Those who knew Mr. McMaster will bear witness to the fact that it was his earnest desire to make this college reach the people and help them in their daily life. It was for this purpose that he gave liberally of his means. This aim of the founder is loyally accepted by those directing the work here, and so we reach one part of our theme for this evening. But beside the desire to touch the people there has also been cherished by those who direct the affairs of this University the determination to make the principles of the Bible rule in all the departments of thought here fostered, and to cause the vitality of the Bible to enter into the very life of the students who come here for training. This suggests the other part of our theme, which accordingly becomes—"The Bible and the People."

It is an important part of our task as those who have chosen as our sphere of service the duties connected with clear thought, to study with care and with enthusiasm the life of the people of Canada. To this, to be sure, there is no end, but a beginning at least ought to be made in this essential part of his equipment by every student of this college. It is for the serving of plain practical people that this University stands, and the study of his

own people has for every man who has been initiated a peculiar charm. We do not forget those distant peoples to whom our respected brethren have gone as missionaries, and we do not forget that it is an important part of our duty to serve them, but the limits of our subject will make it necessary to confine ourselves just now to the people of our own provinces.

And as for even the people of Ontario and Quebec there is time for the mention of only a few reasons why they need the Bible. To those we now invite your attention.

(a). *They need it to give interest to life.* The monotony of a treadmill was clearly never intended for men to whom God has given the delicate power of thought. That this is true is evident from the revenge that Nature takes upon those whose life has been reduced to a mere mechanical round of duty. In the grinding of the mill of life many men in both high and low circles have been so beaten down that they have lost all ambition and all interest. There are two dangers that threaten this class. They are either driven to the mechanical means of arousing temporary and artificial interest by the excessive use of intoxicating liquors, or else they plod along in dreary monotony until the reason has gone—their life has been starved.

To stem this tide the Bible offers the greatest facilities, for once men and women can secure a real interest in it, the dull monotony will be gone. The books bound in the Divine Library can become intensely fascinating. Some parts have the directness and power and simplicity of Homer, and afford the best of schools for the training of the imagination; some parts have all the genial breadth of Herodotus in the stories they have to tell; others have the exalted self-restraint of Thucydides, and his suppressed pathos in laying bare the causes of the nation's failure; still others have the tragic sombreness of Æschylus, or the dignified serenity of Sophocles in the midst of seeming disaster; and some again have the light grace of Horace in delineating the emotions and aspirations of the individual heart. All these qualities are found in the Bible, but the weaknesses of the Classic Literature are left out.

And the remarkable feature about it all is that the intense earnestness and reality of these Writings make the Book not the exclusive prize of scholars, but the heritage and solace of the

common people if they have a heart to worship God. This is but a small part of what the Bible can do for men, and it is but incidental to the giving of its more serious message. But it is worth mentioning it here, because men are too often frightened away from the most winsome book in the world because they do not know what is in it.

(b). The people need the Bible *to give them hope.* The question "Is life worth living?" is ever hovering as a gaunt spectre in the horizon of many men to-day, and to live seems for them little more than to be perpetually pouring water into a sieve. They are working with forces that seem ever driving them to the wall, until at last they have lost all ambition and almost all hope. The message of the Bible is what these need. It will enlarge their horizon and let them see that our life's centre of gravity does not lie where they had thought it to lie; it will let them see that God is in the field. It will shew them what a broad and blessed thing life may become, because it may be possible for them to say, "to me to live is Christ." It is this hope and this outlook that the people of Ontario and Quebec need to-day more than they need anything else. And it is the Bible alone that tells what this life is and where it may be found. It tells of the new birth, and of forgiveness of sins.

(c). The people need the Bible also to give to their lives *a tinge of divine idealism.* The shadow of the other world needs to fall on our ordinary homes to give them the charm that always comes to the man who has the anchor of his hope in another world. I once walked in the Trossachs with a Highland shepherd who was bringing his sheep in the spring back to his home in the North, and it was impossible to walk far with him without realizing that those quiet mountains through which we walked and in which he lived had entered into his heart with their dominating idealism. This could be seen in the reverent glances he cast upward and heard in the quiet tones of his voice. There are grander and more majestic mountains than even these, but they are not seen with the natural eye, and it would be the greatest blessing if every home in Ontario were situated where their shadows fall. It is this that will give richness to the life of our people; it is this that will give them a charm that nothing can resist. The sweetness and tenderness of the home where

the Bible is revered and studied and obeyed have no parallel anywhere. There is no fear for that country where the homes, as in the Cottar's Saturday Night, have fathers who are the high priests of the family, and where the divine idealism of God's Word is allowed to have its way in all the people.

(d). They need the Bible *to shepherd them* with great and holy conceptions. The people must be shepherded by something, and if true shepherds are not found, the hireling will creep in. The men of our country with all the unreasonableness and want of training that sometimes become apparent, are looking for leaders, and they will give a following to almost anything whose ideas are vigorously expressed, for they must think and they are willing to be led by those whose thinking is clearer and more masterful than their own.

The controlling influence of Bible ideas is what our people need more than anything else. These ideas are clear, comprehensive, strong, true and life-giving. It is ours to learn their clearness, to grasp their breadth, to feel their power, to know their truth, and to realize their power to give life, and having done this to proclaim them before the people and allow them to shepherd the life of men, lest it should be true of our day as it was of Milton's that "the hungry sheep look up and are not fed."

(e). The people need the Bible *to give light and guidance.* The thirst for knowledge of the other world is insatiable, and if men are not satisfied with Bible truth they will seek satisfaction in spiritualism or in some other source. The spread of spiritualism is instructive to us in this way—it teaches that if men are not fed with true spiritual food, their starved souls will cry out and will seek in artificial channels what God's Word was meant to give them. Men have an instinct that tells them of a surrounding spiritual world, and nothing has yet succeeded in permanently quenching it. It will not suffice to shew the absurdities of many of the practices of spiritualism, for there must also be the giving of something positive.

But, again, there are those who elect the Bible as the means of satisfying their soul-hunger, but in the absence of proper instruction they are not getting from it what they ought to have, but rather soured and contorted results. There is no greater

need to-day than that for broad, sweet, sane, rational, spiritual study of the word of God, and for this the people all over these Provinces are yearning, even if they are not fully aware what it is that they crave. They need and must have the light that comes from another world, and there is no source from which true light streams in its purity except the Bible.

(f). The people need the Bible *to give strength to life.* The great need of our country is men and women—strong men and strong women. We can do without more carpets and larger houses, and elaborate furniture, but we cannot do without real men and women. This is the crying need of the age. Our educational system is working nobly to produce intellectual strength, but it will fail of its best results if the work is not transfused with the power that comes from the principles of God's Word. A Christian life where God really rules is the greatest power that a country can have. From such a life there goes forth an influence that can never be produced by all the financial and military and legislative and educational institutions in the country. What we need in Ontario and Quebec, more than the growth of cities and the development of farms and mines and the increase of prosperity, is the strength of character that comes from the cultivation of the divine life. And men are made men indeed and their power is developed by the Gospel of Christ, which it is the purpose of the Scriptures to set forth. In our country, with its northern climate and somewhat sparse population, we can still take a place and a prominent place in the world's life, if we can succeed in training men and women who have the sturdy, hearty, and strong life which comes to the man who truly makes God's Word his guide, for no other school like this for training real men has ever been established in the world.

To be a messenger on such an errand is a great honour and an exalted privilege, and to fit oneself for this task it is worth while spending the largest amount of time and of energy, for how great is the result! In gaining fitness for this work you will have to spend long hours in what may seem like drudgery, the ultimate bearing of which you cannot see just now. Train your mind in accurate thinking. Study philosophy, study history, study science, for all these have an important bearing on

the great subject. But above all things do not shrink from Hebrew and Greek, for it is worth while toiling hard at these means that bring you to the Fountain Head, so that you may carry fresh water to the people. Mere superficiality in Bible study can never train a man to grapple with the hard task set by the strenuous life of our century. Do not mistake the exaltation that comes from the odour of fresh Russia leather and the possession of a new Bible, for knowledge of the Word of God. Do not fancy that the ability to take your Concordance and give a few Bible readings is all you need. The student of the Bible must train himself as the soldier does, by discipline that others may not know of, but the results of which they will undoubtedly feel. But above all we have to remember that no one can succeed here whose heart is not softened and enlightened by the Holy Spirit who has been promised to guide us into all the truth.

Others have their problem. Those who study here have theirs set in the task of bringing the Bible as a vital force to the homes of the people. That is our task whether we be doctors or lawyers, or merchants or farmers, or teachers or pastors. Those who have come here to receive a training owe it to the people of these Provinces to give them the benefit of it. The student for the ministry leaves the city on Saturday afternoon to lead the worship of the people the next day. He alights at a small station in the country. The express has stopped for but a moment and then it thunders on and leaves him on the quiet station platform. The brother who is to meet him brings up the horse that can now come in safety when the train is gone, and the young preacher is soon on the road. The white tablecloth and the inviting food in the farm house shew the preparation that has been made, and in the morning the student finds himself in the little village church, surrounded by many empty pews, and the stove-pipes, and by a few people. What is he there for? He is there to open the Word of God. He is there to enrich the life of the people by telling them of their Heavenly Father, and to bring the wanderers to see their need of salvation. This task might to an outsider seem uninviting, but there is no opportunity in life that is greater. In that hour the people expect the preacher to tell them about the Bible that will give

interest and hope and poetry and shepherding and light and strength to their lives. Where is the man who can do this as it ought to be done? No where. But we can all do our best and thus acquire more skill. Give them the pure Gospel that has cost you so much labour to understand, so that they will not be conscious of your labour or even of yourself. The pulpit is not a fanning-mill, as has been hinted by a well known writer, but a dining-table, and on that table you need not only a table cloth and plates and forks, but you need above all things to have something to eat, and you must keep yourself out of sight and let the congregation eat and grow strong. The people neither need nor desire to have the Higher Criticism preached to them; the people neither need nor desire to hear attacks upon the Higher Critics from men who are conspicuous only for their utter inability to understand what the problem of criticism is. But the people need and in many cases eagerly desire to hear the Eternal Gospel of the Son of God.

This College occupies a very responsible position. It ought to be a place to which men and women all over these two provinces shall look with longing as the harvesters of Galilee cast their eyes in the summer toward the cool snows of the majestic Hermon. And this is the case, not because of what this institution is in itself, but because men are here on the mountain communing with God and then descend to bless men. The duty of the students lies in an earnest and honest attempt to make this real. Keep away the worldly spirit, keep away the patronizing spirit, and ever regard the people of these provinces as your brethren no matter what their station in life may be. And regard yourselves also as those whose duty and whose privilege it is to serve their brethren. May God grant that McMaster University may ever be a vital connecting link between the power of the Bible and the life of the people.

J. L. Gilmour.

Students' Quarter.

(Graduates and Undergraduates.)

M. C. McLean, '98, W. B. H. Teakles, '98.
Editors.

THE FOURTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE FYFE MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

We begin this, the Fourteenth Annual Report of the Fyfe Missionary Society, with on expression of gratitude to God for the rich blessings which he has bestowed upon us during the past year, and for the bright outlook of the future. Some changes have occurred in our staff of officers: Our honored President, Prof. J. H. Farmer, has resigned, and we cannot let this opportunity pass without a tribute to his noble and effectual efforts to make the society all that was best and most influential for good. Mr. W. W. McMaster, B.A., leaving for his pastorate, deserves, too, a word of praise for his painstaking and successful endeavours in performing the onerous duties of the secretaryship; we wish him God-speed in Tiverton.

Sorrow for the loss of our former President however, is compensated by the joy with which we welcome Dr. Goodspeed to the highest office in our society. He has always been its willing servant, and largely by his untiring zeal and timely advice has it been made so eminently successful. The great purposes which actuated its founders will not suffer in the hands of our new President, for just as our University has worthy ideals, and our McMaster Monthly its right ideals, so our Missionary Society aims at the realization of certain ends which impel it onward in the course of service for God and man.

The question often comes to us, is its importance growing, shall I say even dawning upon the hearts of our people? For if interested in the education of young manhood and womanhood; if interested in McMaster University as cherishing the right methods of instruction for the entire man, body, soul and spirit; if interested in our helpful, elevating Monthly, why not in our Society, which gives of its life to all these objects, toning them with its own sweet influence of Jesus and his desires? You, who believe McMaster has a mission in this century, believe as well that our

Missionary Society is in more than one respect preparing the way for its realization. Christian men and women are wanted in all trades and professions. Christian lawyers, Christian merchants, are necessary. Our society as a prime factor in our University life, leaves its touch upon each, if there be any among the students influencing and leading them to think more of their duties heavenward: and too, as never before comes from over land and sea the call for missionaries willing to go forth to preach or teach the Gospel message, perchance in the face of great trials and difficulties. Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler said recently: "The two distinguishing features of this century are the marvellous progress of science and the not less wonderful achievements of missions." Shall not then our University become an ideal nineteenth century institution, a missionary University, to meet this great missionary movement? If anything has been wrought in the past, if anything shall be achieved in the future, it must be because our society shall have been largely instrumental in bringing this about.

We are a Christian Missionary Society. Our membership is composed of all Christian members of the University. As such we recognize the Lordship of Christ as of paramount importance; His will becomes our will, His word is "Go ye forth into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." Is not this a noble and inspiring motto and one which should inflame every heart with undying zeal for its actualization? Listen while I quote from Daniel S. Gregory's "Crisis of Christianity." "The clock of destiny is striking twelve—and, alas, the world does not know it! As the hours have passed, the doors of the great chamber have been opened one by one. To-day they are all swung wide. Within is the jewel of earth's most precious opportunity. Go in and possess it at once, ere the doors close and it be too late.".

The purpose of our society is Christian, and because Christian, missionary. The common cry of the modern labourer is "work! work!" He demands employment. The Master's cry is, "workers! workers! Whom shall I send?" Therefore, in the first place, we endeavor to interest our students concerning the great need of workers in the work of Christ, to alleviate the wants and woes of heathendom, of sinful man whether at home or abroad: in Rome-cursed Quebec, or in enslaved India; that

men and women uninformed perhaps by home, Sunday-school or church, may have the chance to enlist in the army, may at least know of the need before choosing their life vocation. Again, in our devotional meetings the enquirer is brought face to face with the necessity of preparation for the work through consecration and the sanctifying influence of the Holy Ghost. To further these ends we have our monthly Missionary Day, spent in devotional exercises and in listening to missionaries and lay brethren, in reports of labor done, work to be taken up, how it may be performed, etc. But lately our representatives to the Inter-Seminary Missionary Alliance, remarked concerning the surprise with which the fact was greeted of our suspending all lectures for one day every month for these exercises: "No wonder," said one, "McMaster shows such a deep interest in missions."

In the second place along with instruction and preparation comes the practical work undertaken and accomplished, both in the Home and Foreign mission fields, at the expense of time, money, and self-denial on the part of professors and students. When he had washed the disciples feet Jesus said, "For I have given you an example that ye also should do as I have done to you." Professors and students alike unite, humbly, prayerfully and enthusiastically, in taking up the work where the Master left off. To help on the foreign mission work we support one native worker in India. The home work is carried on by our members spending the five holiday months in active missionary endeavor throughout the country, while the same students during the winter perform the missionary duties in connection with different missions in and around the city. Now I desire to emphasize the fact that our theories as a society are put into practice. We are not dead but a living, growing organization. As Toronto Baptist College became McMaster University and our Arts department filled up, our membership has more than doubled. Why, we can refer to a time when we had but twenty odd members: now we number about one hundred and twenty-five. Once our society met for missionary prayer only on Tuesday evenings, now we have our monthly missionary day. Then they had such men as Drs. Castle and McVicar, now we have our large and efficient staff of professors, men equally consecrated and devoted to the Master. Surely we are at present better able

fully to realize our purpose of "fostering the missionary spirit, and the doing of missionary work at home and abroad." Our prospects for the future were never brighter: as regards funds too we are pleased to note the large student-body, for by the greatly increased number contributing our funds are consequently increased, and we are thereby enabled to extend our operations. Excepting the funds contributed on this occasion and at the time of our annual sermon, all our expenses are met by voluntary offerings on the part of members of the society. Our expenditures consist in the support of our Indian worker, together with the general expense needed to run our missions, such as house rent, oil, etc. Let us then be full of gratitude to God for our past development, and be as liberal as possible that the work may still progress.

You ask for evidences of past work: let us then for a moment withdraw the veil which hides the past. Gaze at heathen lands. Fourteen members of this society have been foreign missionaries. Twelve went out to India, viz: John E. Davis, Wm. Garside, John G. Brown, W. B. Boggs, George G. Brock, Jesse Chute, E. G. Smith, Messrs. Priest and Stilwell, with Mrs. Stilwell and Miss Kate McLaurin, comprise the number, among whom Mr. and Mrs. Stilwell, and Mr. Priest departed about a year ago. While Mr. H. F. Laflamme, whom we rejoice to have with us to-night, was, with Mr. Sears, the first of our missionaries to set out for India; and then Mr. Thomas Moody went to the Congo, and Mr. Earnest Grigg carried the gospel to Burmah. Truly we have a history which we survey with humility, as we "thank God and take courage." Think of it, an avarage of one Foreign Missionary a year since our society was organized. At home our missionaries have been throughout the land, preaching, calling, distributing literature, etc. Converts have been many —new causes have been established. Surely the people of Toronto should have our society to heart because at least the following of their churches may be attributed to student effort:— Tecumseh Street, Ossington Avenue, Toronto Junction and Kenilworth Avenue Baptist churches, while several missions are annually carried on in their midst. You will see that our work has met with success in the west, nor has it been less so during the last year. I will give a brief account of the work performed.

This summer some 74 students, who were members of the society last winter, labored on various fields. Of these 8 graduated and 7 remained out for a year, some 59 coming back this winter. They report an unusually successful summer's work. Special services were held in many places, resulting in many conversions. Besides making several thousand calls on their repective fields about 100 in number, they preached about 3,500 sermons, attended about 2,300 prayer meetings, taught about 1,550 Sunday school lessons. About 300 were baptized and there were 450 additions to the various churches. Other special features are as follows: two churches were organized, the one at Dunbar, the other at Mac's River. Several new causes were started: among others I might mention Pendleton, Burnbrae, Dungannon, Cascades, Skippereen. Some six churches have either totally or partially paid off their debts. Brush Ave. Mission and Georgetown churches with one or two others were repaired. Church buildings have been provided at Belle Ewart and Monck. Acton Baptist church has raised $2,100 towards building purposes. These figures in the rough will but give you an idea of the seed sown and the work performed. Eternity alone will reveal its fruits. The voluntary work has been more than usually encouraging. The students have been earnest and willing to take up its work. At present we have under our care seven churches and missions, Amelia St., River St., First Ave., Royce Ave., Weston and Weston Road, and Edward St. At each of these places the leaders are encouraged and meeting with success. Souls have been saved and unkempt children have been attracted to the Sunday schools. River St. reported three weeks ago having induced 8 young men from off the street, to come and form a Sunday school class. This is but an example of the the good done, while it affords an excellent opportunity of training for Christians. Two young men spend occasional Sunday afternoons calling on the French Roman Catholics in the city, while others visit the needy districts distributing tracts and bringing cheer to the wants of the sorrowful. Five more men, every Sunday morning, teach and preach in the Central Prison. To the above must be mentioned the fact that one of our number, Mr. A. B. Reekie, spent last summer in South America, sizing up the Peruvian and Bolivian mission fields,

ascertaining the opportunities for work and self-support. He believes that after the first year or two, with some effort, the students may do a great deal towards their self-support. He distributed 300 tracts and 60 Gospels, and sold 9 Bibles and 13 Testaments. He is now working up our interest in this needy field.

The sphere of our work has thus gradually been extending including both North and South America, from Manitoba and the North-West to the Maritime Provinces, in both Ontario and Quebec. Still there is more to be done. It is said "at this very hour the masses of Asia and Africa and of the islands of the sea are almost as open to the Christian missionary as are the non-church-going multitudes in so-called Christian lands." God has opened the doors, and "to-day the world," according to a late appeal to Christians, "stands on the brink of its greatest crisis since the time of Christ." Will these millions be redeemed? Have we the means? Have we the strength? Are we willing to take the Gospel through these open doors? Not only far off countries but French Canada cries aloud to-day in its need for workers. Are we ready to say, as Isaiah: "Here am I, send me." Will we let souls perish without the Gospel? Our missionary society is endeavoring to do its part, will you help us? May we be able to say as did Henry Ward Beecher of himself, "I was made for action, the Lord drove me on, but I was ready, I have always been going at full speed."

Mention should be made of God's demand upon our all. In this connection special notice should be taken of the eloquent and soul-stirring sermon preached to us last winter in the Bloor Street Baptist Church, by the Rev. Dr. Gifford, of Buffalo. May his message "stewards of the manifold grace of God," ring in our ears, quickening our interest in his work, till we shall, as a student body, make our society, by our presence and labors therein, a source from which the noblest and best manhood of our denomination shall receive the requisite training, to serve God and man most acceptably, "till he come."

Signed on behalf of the Society,

CHAS. H. SCHUTT, '95,

Recording Secretary.

PROTECTED.

I stand beside the cross,
No other shelter needs my guilty soul
As the wild billows roll,
I stand beside the cross.

I hide beneath the blood,
It lulls the tumult in my beating breast,
And bids my spirit rest,
I hide beneath the blood.

I pause in silence deep
To see the languor in his pitying eyes,
To hear his echoing cries,
I pause in silence deep.

I wait beside the cross,
The strange sad meaning of his faltering groan—
His muffled dying moan—
I wait, beside the cross.

I stay beneath the blood,
The healing virtue of the woful scene
I wist will make me clean,
I stay beneath the blood.

O. G. Langford.

THE IDEAL COLLEGE AND WHAT IT OUGHT TO DO FOR A YOUNG MAN.

The ideal is generally conceded to be a potent factor in the development of character. With the student this is peculiarly true. It is in fact the great central sun about which the lesser planets of our life revolve. We read of the ideal, think of the ideal, and to a large extent live in it. Its ministry is one of power, bidding us in the language of Robert Browning

"Look up not down,"

and in the struggle for purity and nobility of character in which no one has failed to

"Feel the fleshly screen,"

it yields a consolation unspeakably precious to a humanity that seems destined ever to struggle upward. In the light of this fact the ideal college and the consequent effects produced upon her students should be a fair inquiry and a natural theme for reflection. First let us consider the ideal college as to its environment. It is a generally acknowledged fact by those who have any large experience of life, that environment is a very potent factor in the development of character. As the habitat of a plant to a large extent determines its nature and its flora, so is it with the individual man or woman. This is pre-eminently so in the case of the student. Solitude is an absolute essential to student life. His environment must be such that no disturbing influences can come in to wrest away his attention. Russell Conwell, in a recent article, calls "concentration the essence of education," and judging from one standpoint he is right. Now, in order to develop the power of concentration, the student, in the early years of his course especially, must make solitude his constant companion. His educational seed sowing must take place in a study chamber where loneliness finds its continual abode.

Yet solitude, however necessary, is not the only factor that enters into the ideal college environment. It must be, besides being quiet and conducive to study, inviting. After the hard drudgery of the study the student must be introduced to a na-

ture about him that will make him cheerful and hopeful. The warbling brook, the pleasant fields, the over-arching trees, the cheering song of birds, the golden sunset, the bracing atmosphere, these not only rest the weary plodder but they speak words of divine ministry. For to live in communion with nature is to hear the voice of nature's God, in the warbling of the brook, in the song of the bird, to see Him reflected in the lily and the golden sunrise, and to catch his message in the whispering music of the trees. Thus to come in touch with Him, to stand in His presence and to hear His voice is always to be invited up to a higher plane of life, of thought, of action. Hence environment has a foremost place in our conception of the ideal college.

But the ideal college must have more than proper outward environment, it must be true also in its inner constitution. Now constitution is a large word, and I can treat but one topic under this division, namely, the Faculty. The college staff, generally speaking, is its best recommendation. It is a late hour in the history of our modern education to dwell upon the necessity of well-trained men and women to stand at the head of the different deparments as well as those of exceptional ability to act as principals or presidents. For unless this is assured the college from a scholastic standpoint is bound to be a failure.

But I look at the teachers personally apart from their professional duties, as largely operative in the development of the students inner life. And this we must regard if we judge rightly, of vastly more importance than outward scholastic attainment.

The student, during his college course, is destined to be largely influenced by those under whose tuition he comes daily. Hence it is absolutely essential to the symmetrical development of the highest type of Christian character, that those who stand before the students as teachers should be men worthy of imitation, themselves examples of a high type of Christian character. Theirs is a sacred task, for they help to quarry and lay the foundation stones upon which the characters of the students are to be built. In the light of this fact the work of the teacher is supremely important and his calling among the highest. They who would perform their duty fully must go often into the secret place of the Most High and sit at the feet of the great Master,

the incarnation of ideal manhood, and the only ideal teacher, and from Him learn both how to live and how to teach.

But again, let us consider what shall be the purpose of the ideal college. No college rises to its dignity and privilege that stands merely for secular education, for the teaching of the bare facts of a stipulated curriculum. This work is certainly essential to the success of the college, but it is ours to enquire what more than this should be its aim? It should seek, as Herbert Spencer has well said, "to make man primarily a good animal." Not only to train his intellectual faculties but also fit him to take his place in society, to be an honor to himself, an honor to his Alma Mater and a blessing to humanity at large. He should leave the college not only mentally trained but cultured in the noblest sense.

With this impartial treatment of the first part of our subject, we shall turn to consider, in the second place, what this ideal college of which we have been speaking should do for a young man.

If it be a signal hour in the history of a young man when he enters the college halls, it is a far more signal hour when he leaves them. For whether he realizes it or not he is much the man he is ever to be. True, there are examples of marked revolution after a student's graduation, but we must declare them the exceptions, by no means the rule. If his three or four years at college have failed to inculcate in him a noble ideal, have failed to create a deep abiding love for the true, the beautiful, the good in life, if he leaves the halls of learning without his aspirations directed into channels of unselfish service, if he has failed to catch the spirit of the maxim given by the greatest teacher, "He that saveth his life shall lose it," either his Alma Mater has failed to do her duty by him or else he has not allowed himself to be influenced by her as he should, and whether he realizes it or not, normally speaking, he is destined to be a weak, poor, selfish man.

The ideal college should create in the young man a true life vision. It should seek to impress him with life's seriousness, to show him the responsibility of living. No one can go out into life and make a success of it until he has got burned into his soul the stern fact of its seriousness. There is danger however

of grave miscarriage in this direction, namely, of emphasizing the solemnity of life to the exclusion of its pleasures. This is a great mistake. Yet the truth that a young man needs to keep most prominently before him is this, that it is indeed a most serious thing to live. It is a wonderful thought for us to think that while there are many things in our lives which we regard as trivial and unimportant yet they have eternity bound up in them. And the future will reveal the fact that there is nothing simple in life—but all is infinitely complex, that our actions, our words, and even our thoughts stretch on over eternity and will there stand either for our weal or our woe. No one can live an isolated life. There are a thousand forces operating upon us, and we on the other hand are continually sending out influences that stretch on and on and on.

> "Each deed thou hast done
> Dies, revives, goes to work in the world."

But again the ideal college should give the student not only a serious but a large conception of life. For

> "Whatever crazy sorrow saith,
> No soul that breathes with human breath
> Has ever truly longed for death;
> 'Tis life whereof our nerves are scant,
> O Life! not death for which we pant,
> More life and fuller what we want."

Only those who gain this large conception of life succeed. It is a sad fact that such a large percentage of men entertain only a bread and butter conception of life. The only problems that face them and to which serious thought is given are these: How am I to get enough to eat, to drink, to wear, to gain a livelihood? They never launch out into the deep of life's great possibilities and enjoy the bracing atmosphere of mid ocean. But sticking close to the shore they drag out a narrow miserable existence, content to be shiftless mariners on life's great sea, to drift on aimlessly with the current of circumstances, never to stem the tide! The college, if she does her duty by the young man, will point his bark out from the shore into the deep, will let his eye gaze upon the boundless waters of higher possibilities in service, and from such a vision he will learn of life's largeness. The recognition of the fact that before the youth lie these possibilities of success, is the first great step in their attainment. Life in the light of this vision will be different. He will now

go out into its hot folds determined "to wear out rather than rust out" and thus going he can not fail to be successful in the highest sense.

But again the ideal college should convince the student that even upon the day of his graduation from her halls he has by no means completed his education His college course should teach him that the educational march upon which he has entered is an eternal one; that he must ever be a learner if he is to make the most of life and prove in the highest sense a blessing to humanity. In college he learns the alphabet by the aid of which he is able to move out into larger and more promising fields of intellectual culture. He can now unlock her treasures with his own golden key, and this is to be his highest joy and constant employment. In college the student gets the thirst for knowledge, in life he begins to slake it. The all important point during the college course is to inculcate a thirst for the right kind of knowledge, for upon this question of standard the whole destiny of the man will turn. For the student, in most instances, when he leaves college is to enter none other than the greatest of all schools, that of life, and there he will have to work over in the practical realm what he has learned in the theoretical.

To sum up and conclude, we have noticed the power of ideals, we have seen that the ideal college should have a proper environment, that those who constitute her faculty should be noble and inspiring, and that their purpose should be more than to give scholastic culture. This ideal college should create a true life vision, impressing the student with life's seriousness, with life's largeness, and convincing him of the fact that he must ever be a humble learner if he is to make his life and those about him most happy. Thus living and learning he finds the deeper he delves, the more precious the ore; the higher he climbs, the more enchanting the vision; the farther he sails, the fairer the breeze that wafts him to that immortal shore, where the darkly gropings of this earthly life fade away into the perfect vision of the heavenly.

"Then welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids, nor stand, nor sit, but go!
Be our joys three parts pain,
Strive and hold cheap the strain.
Learn nor account the pang,
Dare never grudge the throe."

LEWELLYN BROWN, '96.

THE SNOW FALL.

Cold, cold,
Dreary mould,
All brown and bare.

Down, down,
A fairy gown
Through feathery air.

Snow, snow,
High and low
And everywhere.

J. F. Vichert, '97.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S: LONDON.

Towards the close of the last century there lived in Switzerland a physician noted as a modeller in wax. He was invited by one of the Bourbons to take up his residence in Paris. Soon his ceroplastic studio became the rendezvous of royalty, aristocracy, and artists, who foresaw that modelling in wax was destined to become one of the fine arts. Among the number of devoted students was the physician's niece, Madame Tussaud, who in time became so proficient in her art that she was called upon to instruct royalty. To her, on his death, the physician left his collection—a collection not only of exquisite figures, but also of a number of curiosities that formed the nucleus of the later mammoth museum on Marylebone Road, London, where Madame Tussaud transported her "Cabinet de Cire," when the French Revolution was at its height.

The building, situated as aforesaid on Marylebone Road, is palatial in structure. The main floor is divided into four spacious halls, devoted to exhibiting wax figures of past and present celebrities, so lifelike that one would fain converse with them. Indeed many visitors have made bold to question the

burly constables stationed here and there among the groups, and only after waiting patiently for a reply did they discover to their chagrin that the men were of wax. Many hundreds of pounds sterling have been expended in dressing the figures in the costumes of their day. For this reason alone, were the representations of the features altogether at variance with the real (which is not the case), the student of history would spend a very profitable day at Madame Tussaud's.

All the models are arranged in groups. Each figure in a group is numbered, and opposite that number in the catalogue which one procures on entering, one ascertains who it is that attracts his attention, and also learns from the historical sketch appended the salient points in that person's life. Thus throughout the four halls of this portion of the exhibition are arranged kings and queens, statesmen and divines, soldiers and men of letters, philanthropists and reformers. The chief actors of English history are here before one. But the collection is not limited to English celebrities, for here and there you chance upon a noted European or American. Nor are only the famed of the past present. Let a person become noted in whatever vocation it may be, and soon he will be modelled and standing side by side with the heroes of antiquity. Every year many such figures are added, making the collection more interesting for the visitor and more historic for the student.

Adjoining the main hall are the Napoleon Rooms, where Napoleon and his celebrated marshals, Ney and Soult, are seen. Here too are members of the Buonaparte family. Several pictures and relics adorn the walls of the rooms: pictures of the great general, and various battles, and relics such as the famous military carriage used by Napoleon in his campaigns. Scattered around the rooms are numerous smaller relics, all of which are intensely interesting as throwing much light on the manners and costumes of the days before and after the French Revolution. Moreover, in every corner of the already overcrowded rooms, one will find a bust of some Buonaparte prince or princess, worked in marble by distinguished sculptors. One of these, the work of a Danish sculptor, must attract the attention of every visitor. It represents Napoleon as deified, his bust resting on a globe which is supported by the French Eagle. All that is lacking is

a shrine where it might repose and be the object of worshipping admirers.

Leaving this part of the building the visitor descends a winding staircase of stone into a dismally lighted chamber. It is the "Chamber of Horrors" that he has entered, and gazing upon him are the eyes of many of the worst criminals that the world has ever seen. They are there as they were in life. Some are on trial waiting sentence of death: others are in the act of taking life either as highway-men, like Burke, gagging their victims or like Palmer, insidiously luring their victims on to a gambler's death. To make the effect more horrible, Deeming is there with pick in hand digging up the concrete of his cellar that he might the more securely hide his victims. Instruments of torture and death are shown. The most noteworthy is the famous knife that decapitated some of the most celebrated as well as the most repulsive persons of the French Revolution. Near it is the head of Marie Antoinette, who was among the first to feel its keen edge. Surrounded with such scenes of death it is with a feeling of relief and security that the visitor makes his way into a more cheerful and, perhaps, more fascinating division of the exhibition.

When the saddened spectator has passed through the "Chamber of Horrors" he enters a large room devoted to the representations of scenes such as a company enjoying a game of cricket, a tiger-hunt, a number of golf players, and a yacht race. These are on a large scale and rivet the attention for a long time, especially if one is fond of yacht racing or cricket. Whether musical or not the orchestra claims a portion of our time by reason of the quaint lifelike figures of which it is composed. And it is with breathless expectancy that we gaze upon the hunt scene depicted, wondering if the hounds will eventually capture the hare so near them.

Passing from this room the visitor joins the surging throng of London life and mingles with real persons. But he has not spent the last few hours in vain. They have been to him of great educational value, and he becomes one of a living throng more deeply interested in the present and more thoroughly enamored of the personages of the past.

H. Proctor, '99.

Editorial Notes.

The writer of the tender and highly appreciative sonnet addressed to Dr. Rand in this number is the author of "Marshlands," a volume of sweet and finished lyrics that was duly noticed in this department of The Monthly a few years ago.

We take pleasure in making reference to several honors that have lately been conferred upon Dr. Newman. He has been invited by the Alumni Association of the Rochester Theological Seminary to deliver the Alumni oration at the next Commencement, and by the Faculty of the Seminary to act as examiner at the public examinations. The professors of his Alma Mater, Mercer University, Macon, Georgia, have asked him to preach the missionary sermon at the next Commencement of that institution. Prof. Dr. Albert Hauck, of Leipzig, has entrusted to his care the important task of preparing articles on John Clarke, Roger Williams, and John Foster for the third edition of Herzog's great "Real-Encyklopædie fur Prolestantische Theologie und Kirche," now in course of publication. In addition to this the members of the Comenius Society (Comenius-Gesellschaft) of Germany have expressed their appreciation of his work and ability by electing him an honorary member (Diplom-Metglied) of their Society. We who know Dr. Newman are fully aware that these honors have been wisely bestowed, and that he is in every way worthy of them.

Our readers will, we are sure, welcome the sketch of the life of the late David Buchan, which we publish this month. We were exceedingly fortunate in being able to obtain the consent of Chancellor Boyd to take time from his busy labors to write the article, for no one could have done it so appropriately or so well as he. It bears all the marks of being what it truly must have been, a labor of love, and is characterised by that aptness of word and phrase, and general lucidity of expression that distinguish the Chancellor's decisions in the courts of law no less than their well-known reasonableness and justice.

The story of David Buchan's life will be read with sympathetic interest by all Canadian Baptists, but particularly by those who had the honor of acquaintance with him, and the privilege of associating with him in Christian or other work. It will also be an inspiration to the younger generation of Canadian Baptists, who, perhaps, are only too fain to forget what they owe to the men and women of the past.

In thus recording the history of our pioneer Baptists, we believe THE MONTHLY is performing an invaluable service, not only to our own readers but also to those who in years to come will read the history of Canadian Baptists, the materials for which will be obtained, to no little extent, from the biographical sketches we publish from time to time. We have to thank Chancellor Boyd for his very valuable contribution to our columns and to Baptist history.

In THE MONTHLY of April last, Dr. Rand gave an extended sketch of Rev. Thomas Trotter as a student, minister, professor, and man,—especially referring to his co-operative sympathy and service with him in the movement to establish McMaster University. Few, if any, have had a more intimate knowledge of Mr. Trotter. We make no doubt in saying that all who have had life-fellowship with him, recognized the truth and justice of Dr. Rand's sketch. It is with the sincerest congratulations, therefore, to Acadia University, that we record Mr. Trotter's acceptance of the very responsible position of the Presidency of that institution, tendered to him in November last, and unanimously urged upon him by the Board of Governors early the present month. For nearly sixty years the Baptists of the Maritime Provinces have carried on their educational work at Acadia, and the distinguished names of Crawley, Cramp, and Sawyer precede that of Mr. Trotter in the Presidency. It is understood that Mr. Trotter's appointment carries with it a public effort to raise $75,000 additional funds for Acadia and the schools affiliated with it on its campus. Mr. Trotter enters on his new duties in August next. In thus submitting himself to the will of his brethren we can well believe that he is sacrificing, in a large degree, his preference for the active duties of the pulpit and pastorate; but the service is interwoven with the highest welfare of the churches at large.

We extend to Mr. Trotter the cordial sympathies of his former fellow-workers in the educational field, and assure him of the interest and affectionate remembrance of McMaster University.

The retiring President, Rev. A. W. Sawyer, D.D., LL.D., is in his thirtieth year of presidential service. The condition of his health led him, in June last, to ask release from administrative duties. He is, however, to continue as professor in Philosophy,—a chair which he is reported to have filled with distinguished ability.

Book Reviews.

"FOUR BIBLE STUDIES."*

In a small book recently published, new names are suggested for certain of the parables. If the interpretation of the author is correct, the parable of the Midnight Petitioner should be called *Shamelessness;* that of the Unjust Judge, *Revenge;* and that of the Unjust Steward, *Fidelity*. Convinced that the current interpretation of those parables, and of James v: 16-18, is imperfect, and an occasion of exegetical and doctrinal difficulties, he offers his book as a contribution to a sounder exegesis. His method of treating the parable of the Midnight Petitioner, Luke xi: 1-10, is typical of his treatment of the other passages. The three characters named in this parable are the traveller who has arrived inopportunely; the host whose larder is empty, and the neighbour who, though displeased at the midnight disturbance outside his door, leaves his bed to give loaves to the embarrassed host. The second of these represents the man who prays, and the third represents God who responds to prayer. In the ordinary interpretation of the parable, the midnight petitioner is represented as making a reasonable request, and his neighbor as ungracious and crabbed because he does not leap from his bed as soon as he hears his friend calling at the door. With this interpretation the author takes issue, since in the application it makes the one who represents praying man faultless, and the one who represents God faulty, requiring therefore that, in drawing the lesson from it, the contrast, and not the likeness, shall be shown between God and the man who in the illustration represents Him. The author argues that there is neither excuse nor occasion for this. By an appeal to Oriental customs he shows that the request for loaves at midnight was unreasonable; that the host in making such a request was endeavoring ostentatiously to show a hospitality for which there was no call; that the neighbour whose rest was so inconsiderately and noisily interrupted would have been fully justified in refusing to grant the request, but that, to prevent his clamorous friend from making more trouble for him than rising to hand out the loaves would occasion, he hastily rose and sent him away supplied with bread. In the King James and Revised Versions it is stated that the neighbour granted this request because of the "importunity" of the petitioner. The word

*Four Bible Studies, Shamelessness, Revenge, Prayer, Fidelity. By John H. Osborne. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.

rendered *importunity* is ἀναιδεια, the proper meaning of which is *shamelessness*. Mr. Osborne argues that to translate this word *importunity* is to miss the point of the parable. Instead of teaching that ἀναιδεια represents spiritual excellence, the parable teaches that it suggests spiritual imperfection; and yet this is no bar to success in prayer. Indeed, "spiritual shamelessness," the asking of unreasonable things at unreasonable times, is directly encouraged by the Word of God. God makes allowances for the frailties and follies of men; He teaches them to offer large prayers in strong language (vide verse 4); they need not fear that He will be unresponsive even when their petitions are unreasonable; let them "ask," "seek," "knock," that is let them *pray*, *pray*, *pray*. "Our application is," says the author, "that, in spite of any extravagance or impropriety in our prayers, God does hear and answer them; He loves us for the motives that prompt to shamelessness in asking for any good thing, but He does not love us for mere importunity, and He has assured us that He will certainly answer our prayers. Our Lord has given us encouragement in this by the unlimited terms in which all the petitions of His model prayer are conceived." The author writes reverently and makes a plausible argument, which is worth reading even by those who hold still to the current interpretation.

O. C. S. W.

"MABEL GRAY AND OTHER POEMS."

This is a prettily-bound volume of verse by a Canadian writer. Mr. Lyman C. Smith is principal of the Oshawa High and Public Schools, and is one of those hard-working men who in the schools of our land are toiling quietly, but none the less successfully, to lead out the minds of our Canadian boys and girls into the delightful paths of literature and science. It is pleasant to think that, amid the incessant and sometimes wearisome duties of his position, Mr. Smith has been able not only to retain his appreciation of poetry, but also to find opportunity to cultivate his own poetic gift. It would be well indeed if to more of our teachers poetry were such a real and living thing as it apparently is to Mr. Smith. The poems contained in the present volume are of course not great poems, a fact that the writer would doubtless be the first to admit; but some of them are very good indeed and make

"Mabel Gray and Other Poems." Lyman C. Smith. Toronto: William Briggs.

pleasant reading. Throughout the whole volume there runs a strain of cheerfulness that is pleasing to note, particularly when one remembers the despairing note of so much modern verse. Though there is an entire lack of didacticism there is in the poems an ethical quality that proves the writer to have wholesome views of life. His poetic faculty exhibits itself in fancy rather than in imagination, but it is most apparent in the many striking images of sensuous beauty that are to be found on almost every page. To our mind the poem entitled "A Day with Homer" is perhaps the most interesting of all. In it the writer gives a series of vivid pictures of a day of the Trojan war; he seems to have caught the spirit of Homer and to have given it fitting expression. We should like to quote some passages from the volume, but have not space in which to do so. Those who care to read them should go to the book itself.

Here and There.

A. M. Overholt, Editor.

The February number of *Massey's Magazine* contains an excellent article by William Houston, M.A., on Toronto University. Those who claim Toronto University as their *alma mater*, and wish to refresh their memories regarding the history of that educational institution, cannot do better than read the article that Mr. Houston has given us. The photo engravings that are inserted are worthy of mention, showing, as they do, the University building to the very best advantage.

Many of our excellent exchanges—strange to say some of the most literary college papers—have belittled themselves recently by printing parodies on some of the standard poems, poems which every lover of poetry prizes. This is a form of literary plagiarism that has become far too prominent of late. Time and time again have the famous soliloquy from Hamlet and Tennyson's Crossing the Bar, been forced to do service in this humiliating fashion.

The literary death-roll of 1896 contains no greater name than Mrs. Stowe's. H. C. Bunner was the other notable American loss. Coventry Patmore and William Morris, Du Maurier and Thomas Hughes, Mathilde Blind and Lady Burton died in England. France lost Paul Verlaine, Arsène Houssaye, and Edmond de Goncourt, besides Jules Simon, Léon Say, and M. Challemel Lacour. Two eminent historians passed away in Germany, Curtius and Von Treitschke.—*New York Post.*

The following is one of the many good poems that appear in *Varsity* from time to time:—

THE MOURNING OF THE MARINERS.

ODYSSEY XII, VV. 14, 15.

The sea-wave smites down at the tall crags' base,
  Dashing far skyward flakes of snowy foam,
Far out from shore the heaving billows race,
  Nor ever cease the ocean s path to roam ;
  Wild is the wind, dim in the earth's great dome
The darkened sun. for that athwart his light
  A mantle of malignant mist is thrown,
Hiding his welcome orb from mortal sight,
Too soon, alas ! descend the shades of densest night.

O, comrade, brother toiler, where the wave
  Of hoary sea is surging evermore,
Where there is sound of strife, where waters rave
  Against this battered peak of island shore,
  With bitter tears, with saddened hearts and sore
We lay thee down to rest ; out on the main
  The sea-gull sings thy requiem, the roar
Of rushing waters adds a hoarse refrain,—
But where is solace found for souls enslaved in pain ?

W. H. ALEXANDER, '99.

We welcome *The Notre Dame Scholastic* as one of our new exchanges. Its literary standard is indeed a high one, as is evinced by the excellent contributed articles and college verse that it presents. Especially instructive and interesting are the articles entitled, "In Fancy's Realm," and "Our Debt to Early Writers." I append two selections of their college verse.

DEATH AND LIFE.

Rose-red the curling waves begin to glow
  Afire with sunset flames. Far in the west
  And lulled upon the ocean's heaving breast,
And gently soothed by murmurs sweet and low
  Of crooning waves that ever come and go,
  As 'twere by earth and sea and sky caressed,
  The crimson sun hath sunk to peaceful rest
Beyond the water's ceaseless ebb and flow.

And as I viewed the scene with bated breath,
  I seemed to see the passing of a life.
    Life was the sun that sank into the sea
Of endless time. The sunset we call death.
  And death is but surcease of human strife—
    A link that joins life to eternity.

A. M. J.

SUNRISE.

Westward steal the lingering shadows
And the night is done;
Eastward turns the black earth whirling
To the morning sun.

Thin grey lights along the mountain
Quickly growing bold,
Cast upon the sea at daybreak
Quivering bars of gold.

Swift Apollo with his quiver
And his golden bow
Sends a flood of silvered arrows
Onward through the glow.

Then a lay of hope and gladness
From the songster thrills,
Greeting in his noisy welcome
Sunrise on the hills.

It has been remarked, apropos of Coventry Patmore's death, that "the great poets at the beginning of the century died young; at the end they live to full age." What the writer had in mind was doubtless Patmore dying at 73 and Morris at 62, to say nothing of Tennyson at 82 and Browning at 77, contrasted with Shelley's 30, Keats' 26, and Byron's 36. But why omit Southey's 69 or Wordsworth's 70?—*New York Post.*

The *Christian World* expresses the opinion that "the recent history of the Yale lectureship is a remarkable illustration of the extent to which America looks to Great Britain for light and leading. To fill this post, four divines of the English and Scottish Free Churches, to wit, Drs. Dale, Stalker, Horton, and now Dr. Watson, have in a brief interval of years crossed the Atlantic."—*Ex.*

W. J. Thorold, '95, has returned from London, England, and is now in New York City on the staff of "Town Topics." He is devoting all his spare time to writing stories and plays. It is likely that a romantic and spectacular drama of his will receive metropolitan production next season.

College News.

L. Brown, B.A. Miss E. Whiteside, '98.
W. B. Tighe, '99.
Editors.

The University.

Those who attended the Concert given by Mendelsohn Choir in the Massey Hall, on the 22nd ult., are all of one opinion that it was the best of the season.

We regret that Mr. John McLachlan, '98, on account of the serious illness of his mother, has been compelled to give up his course for this year.

Chancellor Wallace gave a very interesting address at the last meeting of the Tennysonian Society on Amiel, a Swiss professor and writer which was much appreciated.

The small rink at the rear of the College, kindly prepared by our steward, has been the scene of many pleasant games of hockey and has afforded recreation to many lovers of that royal game.

At a meeting of the resident graduates of McMaster, called recently for the purpose of choosing a graduate to stand as a candidate for office at the approaching elections of the Senate, Mr. W. S. McAlpine, B.A., was the unanimous choice.

A number of our students of late have suddenly got very "swell." Some of these have gone down in this respect and are again seen about the halls and class rooms associating with their former classmates, while others are passing through various stages of that unpleasant disease known as "mumps."

The students of McMaster heartily congratulate Prof. Trotter on his accession to the Presidency of Acadia University. As professor of Homiletics in this institution he proved himself not only an inspiration to those under his tuition in the class-room, but was highly esteemed and loved by professors and students alike. His deep interest in the Fyfe Missionary Society, and his general activity in all Christian work with which the University was associated have left behind him a noble testimony of faith and zeal. Acadia University is to be congratulated for her wise choice. We are confident that Prof. Trotter, who did such excellent work here in McMaster, will do Acadia noble service.

Mr. A. Imrie, B.A., was appointed by the student body to represent us at the annual conversazione to be given by the undergraduates of Queen's College, on the evening of the 12th inst. Mr. I. G. Matthews, '97, also received appointment as our representative in reply to an invitation from Western University for the same evening.

THE students of McMaster are interested in Grande Ligne Institute for more reasons than one. Her noble history, her graduates who have distinguished themselves in our class-rooms, the grand work she is doing in Quebec commend and endear her to us. Rev. M B. Parent, pastor of the Grande Ligne Baptist Church, spent a few days in the city since our last issue. We were pleased to have him with us in the dining room, in our prayer meeting and monthly Fyfe Missionary Day.

THE fact that Chancellor Wallace, on account of the sickness of his little daughter, is unable to attend his classes, is a matter of deep regret on the part of the students. We miss him very much in chapel, about the halls, and in the class room, and we entertain a hope that he in turn misses us. We have come to know Chancellor Wallace not only as an able teacher, but as a true friend, and shall hail with delight his return.

THE French table in our dining hall, under the able direction of H. B. Tapscott, is in every sense a success. They eat heartily—talk well and laugh much. Proficiency in conversation is thus gained without the organization of a special class for this purpose. These gentlemen had the honor of entertaining Mr. Parent while our guest in the dining room. He seemed quite at home with the boys.

A VERY interesting game of hockey between Knox College and McMaster was played on Knox's hockey rink on the afternoon of the 9th inst. The following players represented McMaster: goal, L. Brown; point, P. Baker; cover point, G. Murdoch; centre, R. Simpson; wings, Captain J. Schutt, W. Teakles, — Rossier. The game from first to last was fast, and good playing was done by both teams. The score when time was called stood 6 to 1 in favor of McMaster.

THE Theological Society held a very interesting meeting on Friday evening the 5th inst., President A. J. Darroch, B A., in the chair. The programme was of a very stimulating character. Mr. G. S. Webb, delivered a powerful oration on "The Power of the Pulpit," which was much enjoyed. Messrs. Roy and Chapman entertained the audience with a sacred cornet duet entitled "Too Late." Following this Messrs. W. S. McAlpine, B.A., and A. J. Darroch, B.A., presented sermon plans which were criticized and eulogized as well.

ENRAPTURED senior looking out upon the newly fallen snow—
"My but is'nt that beautiful, it looks as if the whole earth was washed and hung out to dry!"

THE annual elections of the Inter-Collegiate Football League took place in the 'Varsity Gymnasium some time ago. Mr. McLay, who has served as President since the origination of the League, was again enthusiastically elected by acclamation. Chancellor Wallace, who has taken such a deep interest in the League since his connection with the University, was honored by being unanimously chosen as Honorary President.

THE Ladies Literary League of McMaster University held their open meeting on Friday evening in the University Chapel Room. The entertainment was of a high character, and was listened to with interest by a large and appreciative audience. The first number was an instrumental duet by Misses Cohoon and McLay. The President, Miss Burnette, '97, gave an address of welcome after which Miss Carrie Cornell recited "The Famine" from Longfellow's Hiawatha. This was followed by another instrumental by Miss Cutler. Miss M. Bailey, '98, gave in her usual excellent style selections from Oliver Wendell Holmes. Miss Carrie Scott delighted the audience with a vocal solo entitled "The Dream Angel." The chief feature of the evening was a debate, Resolved, "That Shylock does not get justice in the Merchant of Venice." The affirmative was presented by Mrs. J. T. Marshall, '97, and Miss E. M. Botterill. The negative was upheld by Miss M. D. Eby, '97, and Miss J. E. Dryden, '00. All the speakers made spirited speeches, and the arguments presented on each side were put in splendid style. This was followed by a vocal solo by Miss Racie Boehmer. Miss Boehmer is a favorite with McMaster audiences, and on this occasion her excellent rendition won for her an enthusiastic recall. The debate was then summed up by Miss Dicklow, Ph.M., Principal of Moulton College. In a few well-chosen words Miss Dicklow reviewed the various arguments, and decided in favor of the negative. The ladies of McMaster are to be congratulated on the excellent programme which they presented. It was certainly one of the very best ever given in our University.

THE regular monthly meeting of the Fyfe Missionary Society was held in the College Chapel, on Thursday, January the 28th. The morning session was opened by a short devotional meeting, led by President Goodspeed, after which came a short business session, during which encouraging reports were received from the leaders of the different missions under the control of the Society. The chief feature of this session was the address by Rev. Mr. Parent, pastor of the church at Grande Ligne, Quebec. He gave an address on certain Romish doctrines, using the arguments which would be used by the priests. After this the students raised objections to these arguments, and asked Mr. Parent questions along the line of the address. In this way we got a better idea of the kind of work which our missionaries are doing in Quebec, and came into closer sympathy with them. Mr. Parent afterwards had a talk with those students who contemplate French work. The devotional exercises of the afternoon were led by Chancellor Wallace. As this was also the day of prayer for colleges the meeting partook of that character. Reports were given of the work done and the spiritual life in other colleges; Varsity, by Mr. McLay, Victo-

ria, by Prof. Willmot, besides Queen's, Acadia, Woodstock, and Moulton. Thus was closed one of the best days which the Fyfe has had during the present year.

Class '98 Theology has made many innovations in the traditions of our college life. In Arts the precedent has been established that all classes on entering the University shall organize. It was left to '98 Theology to introduce this feature into their department. The benefits accruing from such organizations are recognized by all who are in any way associated with them. It affords to each member of the class an opportunity to become more intimately acquainted with his class-mates, and likewise to develop the sociable spirit. This is not by any means complete without an annual class rally. The subject was discussed by '98 at an early date in the first session, and preparations were pending for a festive evening which was to occur sometime during the second session. When the opportune time had arrived the distress of India and Armenia pressed their claims upon us, and we considered whether or not we might practice some self-denial in order to bring relief to our suffering brethren in the East. Several suggestions were offered, but the one which gained most favor was that which accepted the kindness of the Toronto Junction friends, who placed at our disposal their beautiful church home. A programme was accordingly drawn up by the Executive Committee, which met with the approval of the class.

PART I.

1. Selection ..... University Orchestra.
2. Prayer ..... Mr. D. Brown.
3. Address of Welcome ..... Pastor J. R. Webb.
4. Solo ..... Mr. W. S. McAlpine, '95.
5. Recitation ..... Miss Gertrude Trotter.
6. Selection ..... University Orchestra.
7. Recitation ..... Mr. F. E. Brophey, '00.

PART II.

8. Duet ..... Messrs. W. S. McAlpine, '95, and J. J. Ross, '98.
9. Oration ..... Mr. L. Brown, '96.
10. Recitation ..... Miss Gertrude Trotter.
11. Duet ..... Messrs. W. S. McAlpine and J. J. Ross.
12. Recitation ..... Mr. C. E. Scott, '96.
13. Selection ..... University Orchestra.

During the progress of the programme a collection was taken which amounted to the sum of $15.50, to be forwarded to Rev. H. F. Laflamme, missionary to the Telugus. After the audience had withdrawn and the chairs cleared to one side, a short informal reception was held, of which the refreshments, served by the ladies of the church, formed a prominent feature. After a unanimous vote of thanks and good cheer had been tendered to the members of Toronto Junction Church, the company returned to the city feeling that the evening had been an enjoyable one to all.

Professor in History—"Servius Tullus was meditating certain reforms in Rome, but was unable to carry them out owing to the fact that he was murdered before he died,"—(applause)—"or rather he was murdered before he abdicated." (Continued applause).

A GENERAL spirit of expectancy and suspense has been noticeable around the Hall for some time past; in fact ever since it was definitely known that the annual debate with Victoria was in course of preparation. Twice had McMaster's champions come off victorious, and the question was, would we this year be able to keep up the record. Two men were chosen who would, we felt certain, bring honor to the name of our University, and acquit themselves as McMaster men have ever done, whether they were victorious or not. At last the suspense is relieved, and although it did not result as we had hoped, yet our champions did everything that was expected of them, and more, and McMaster has every reason to be proud of their debating ability.

On Friday evening, Feb. 18th, our students marched over in a body and took their places in the centre of the Victoria chapel. We missed the genial countenance of our Chancellor who was, we are sorry to say, detained owing to sickness in his family. However his place was ably filled by Dr. Newman, who replied on behalf of the University to Dr. Bain's address of welcome. A short programme was rendered very acceptably to the audience: Miss Picket's piano solo being particularly well received.

The subject of the debate was: Resolved,—That higher education should be supported by public funds. The affirmative was supported by Victoria, while our champions upheld the negative. The debate was opened by Mr. D. Norman, B.A., the leader of the affirmative. His main arguments were, that taxation for education is, like all taxation, for the public weal, and since higher education is a benefit to the people at large it should be provided by the state. It was argued that the state should not provide that which was not a direct benefit to all the people. This would rule out almost everything that was clearly the duty of the state. There could be no state at all if this view were carried out. He also said that whether religious denominations provided higher education or not, the duty of the state remained.

Mr. R. Routledge, B.A., in opening the debate for the negative, said that the question was as between higher education by the state, or independence. If the state must provide that which is of indirect benefit to all, it must subsidize every legitimate line of business. The duty of education of a child lies primarily with the parent. But since they were incapable of carrying this out the state in self-defence must step in. This was a thing which was of benefit to all the people. Higher education only directly benefited part of the people and the higher it was the further it was removed from the people. Everything should be left in the hands of the people which they could carry out, and they had shown themselves capable of conducting higher education. State control also closed up private beneficence.

Mr. G. J. Blewett, '97, of Victoria, said in part, that some activities are of so much benefit that the state must step in and provide them. State control of higher education was necessary, because, elementary education requires University education; because of the influence of higher education on the general intellectual, political and commercial life of the people. The Universities of Germany are state Universities, and they had changed the science and shaped the commerce of the world.

Mr. M. C. McLean, '98, who spoke for the negative argued that the state cannot engage in matters of education without infringing on the conscience of some of the people; the government has not the freedom to carry out a system of higher education particularly along such lines as ethics, philosophy and history; education by the state tends to a rigid uniformity which destroys the individuality of the pupil and discourages originality in the teacher.

Mr. J. S. Willison, managing editor of the 'Globe,' acted as chairman, and judge of debate. In opening the meeting he said that he felt the delicacy of his position, which was going to impair his standing with one-half of the audience. In these times of social unrest it was very necessary that there should be wise, prudent, progressive, well-equipped leadership. For this leadership we have a right to look to the Universities of our land. In rising to give his decision he said that what he feared had happened. He had hoped that one side would be so much in advance of the other that he would have no difficulty in deciding. But such was not the case; but he felt compelled, after weighing all the arguments, to give the debate to the affirmative by a majority of eight points out of one hundred and twenty.

We hope that our defeat this year may only be a temporary reverse, and that next year McMaster will be able to obtain her former standing again.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

ELIZA P. WELLS, B.A., MARION CALVIN, EDITORS.

WE are glad to state that Miss Angus, who was obliged to leave for a few weeks on account of ill health, is sufficiently restored to be able to resume her work again.

WE have had the pleasure of seeing several of our former students lately. Miss Lilla Kirk is at present visiting Miss Smart, Miss D. McKay, and Miss Stewart, of Rochester, have made brief stays with us, and Miss Mabel Jones paid us a flying call the other day.

THE Day of Prayer for Colleges was observed at Moulton by the suspension of recitations and attendance at exercises suitable to the occasion. At 10.30 class prayer-meetings were conducted by the students, all the resident, and quite a number of the non-resident pupils being present. At 11 o'clock all gathered in the chapel for the principal service of the day, which was conducted by the Rev. Dr. Welton. After the usual opening exercises, he gave a very beautiful and appropriate address from the words, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners." In the afternoon, at 2 o'clock, the final service of the day—a service of prayer and song was conducted by Miss Dicklow. As we separated, after joining in several of our favorite hymns, I think all felt that the day had been spiritually helpful, and that its influence would stay with us for many days to come.

Although it was a matter of regret that owing to ill-health Dr. Rand was not able to deliver his lecture as we had hoped, on the 12th instant, all were pleased to learn that Mr. Cohoe had kindly consented to occupy the evening, and talk to us on "Sound." He gave many interesting facts and figures on music, in its relation to science, and illustrated the points in a very full and striking way, by means of a variety of apparatus, which he had had brought over and set up for the occasion. Everyone enjoyed the lecture very much, and many pleasant things were said concerning the trouble the lecturer had taken to give us a pleasant and profitable evening.

The much-talked of, and, of necessity, long-deferred sleigh-ride, took place one evening towards the last of January. The roads were in good condition, and everybody who could manage it, was out, like ourselves. Our four horses took us around the city at a lively pace, while our tongues kept good time with them. One of the pleasant features of a sleighing party is that the members are permitted, and even expected to give audible proofs of their enjoyment. We did not forget this, and enjoyed all the drive very much. On our return, we repaired to the dining-room, where oysters and other good things awaited us.

Among the pleasures of the past month have been the concerts by the Male Chorus Club, and the Mendelsohn Choir. Both were very much enjoyed. The latter was attended by fully one-half of the pupils, and much enthusiasm was manifested over Mr. Vogt's magnificent success in conducting the chorus numbers, and also over the individual artists whom he had secured to assist in the programme. After such occasions as these, it is not unfrequently remarked, "There, this is one of the advantages of having a boarding school in the city! If it was in a small place, we would never hear anything like that."

Student reading "The Princess,"—

"The two old kings,
Began to wag their baldness up and down."

Teacher—"What figure of speech do you find in the word "baldness?"

Student—"Synecdoche."

Teacher—"How do you make that out?"

Student—"Why, it is a w(hole) instead of a part."

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

S. R. Tarr, B.A., F. H. Phipps, Editors.

English Class Professor—"Mr. M. how do you spell "solemn?" Mr. M.—"S-o-l-e-m-n, if I'm not in a hurry."

Hockey has received a good deal of attention here this winter. The juniors have been playing all the matches up to this time, but the seniors expect to play a match ere long with the London Collegiate team. It is to be played on the college rink, and no doubt will be an interesting game. The juniors have played three matches, winning two. In the last game, the one in which they were defeated, they had to play against men greatly superior in size and weight; this accounts for the result, as our team played a comparatively better game. We experienced the pleasure this winter, of going to the rink down town and yelling ourselves hoarse in admiration of our victorious team as they scored against the opposing side. It is encouraging to witness this spirit of interest for hockey in the school, for wherever there is life it must be manifested, and where a good and hearty interest is shown in any manly sport, it indicates the presence of a good and lively spirit in the school.

La Grippe has paid its annual visit to the college, smiting alike young and old, and leaving coughs and colds as souvenirs of its visit. Several of the boys were compelled to go home to be cured. Some have come back completely recovered, while others are not yet well enough to return to continue their studies. We have hopes however, that all will soon be gathered round the festive board again, their faces ruddy with health, ready for fresh attacks on "Chinaman" and "Speckled Jim."

Although Closing Day, and matriculation examinations seem a long distance ahead, yet even at this early period their influence is felt, and the Fourth Year are ransacking their brains to find subjects for their graduating essays. Of course every one has long ago determined that his essay will be a wonderful production. Its well-rounded and polished sentences, the beauty of its rythm, and the lofty character of its sentiment, are to surpass those of all previous essays. He imagines himself standing upon the platform confronting a sea of faces, his breast heaving with pride and exultation as he reads to the entranced audience the prize essay. But alas! these fair castles of the air very quickly vanish when assailed by the puzzling question of what subject should be chosen. Some of the aspirants to fame incline toward philosophical subjects, some intend to enrich the world by bold explorations of the mysterious by-ways of science, while others of lighter vein are awaiting an inspiration that will enable them to let loose upon some pleasing subject the torrent of poetry which at times breaks beyond their control, and finds vent in the soul-inspiring odes so appreciated by the admirers of that famous paper—The Oracle. Thus it is probable that the graduation essays will treat of many interesting subjects, and the contest for first place will no doubt be a keen one.

GRANDE LIGNE.

E. Norman, B.A., Editor.

The religious interest in the school and vicinity has been steadily spreading and deepening. During the second week in February a short series of special meetings was held, presided over by Rev. W. H. Bullock, of Maskinongé. The work was very quiet and unpretentious, but none the less effective. The presence of the Holy Spirit was clearly manifested. Many careless ones were aroused and much good was done. No less than twenty-seven students, besides several people from the neighborhood, showed that they were anxious for their soul's salvation. Many of these have now taken Jesus as their Saviour and Lord, and we hope that many others will follow.

While our pastor, Rev. M. B. Parent, was absent in Toronto, the pulpit of our church was occupied in turn by our missionaries, Rev. Theo. Lafleur and L. A. Therrien, B.A. We are much indebted to both of them for very instructive and helpful sermons.

On January 14th we had our second regular monthly lecture, given by Rev. W. T. Graham, of Grace Baptist Church, Montreal. Bro. Graham's subject, "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation," was very forcibly dealt with, and no doubt made a deep impression upon the minds of the students. It is always a delight to us to have the visits of our Montreal English pastors. To some extent they have to fight against the same difficulties that we encounter, so that their advice and experience is beneficial to us. We hope it may soon be our pleasure to have another lecture from Brother Graham.

On January 26th our missionaries who were within easy reaching distance of Grande Ligne, assembled at Feller Institute to discuss plans and propositions for the future. Quite a number of propositions were made which, if adopted, will exercise an important influence upon our work. It was decided to enter at once upon special evangelistic services on a number of the fields, beginning with Grande Ligne. For some fields an exchange of missionaries was advised, and several other minor items of business were attended to.

Our pastor evidently had no easy task to perform during his Toronto visit. Since returning home he has most of the time been confined to his house with a severe attack of La Grippe. This overtook him on his way from Toronto, and kept him confined for a couple of days in Montreal. However, he is now able to take his work again. He reports having had a pleasant and profitable trip to our Baptist Capital.

240

Sincerely Yours
Adam Behnash

THE

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

MARCH, 1897.

ADAM BURWASH.

The eastern portion of Ontario has given to the Baptist ministry some of its ablest and best men. The mention of the names of J. McLaurin, R. S. McArthur, D. A. McGregor, J. L. Campbell, and Adam Burwash, is proof sufficient of this fact. Some of them are still occupying important positions, and are doing heroic service for the Master. Others after "serving their generation by the will of God, have fallen on sleep," but their work and influence abide, uplifting and blessing lives, and shall continue so to do until the last redeemed soul shall pass into the presence of the Lord, and bow with them in blissful adoration before the throne.

The last named of these devoted servants of the Most High, was born in East Hawkesbury, Prescott County, April 3rd, 1852. He came of a godly ancestry. There is still in the family a ring, which was owned by one of his ancestors in the sixteenth century, and on the inside of which is engraved the following—"We live in love and fear the Lord." Mr. Burwash's father was a man of deep, unostentatious piety. He died some years ago, exclaiming, "How can I fear when I have such a great High Priest." His mother was a deeply pious woman. She was a prayerful and diligent student of the Word of God. The Bible

was her constant companion. She was much beloved by all her neighbors. She prayed and worked for the salvation of Roman Catholics, many of whom lived near her home. Many of them attended her funeral, and mingled their tears with those of Protestants over her grave. It was largely owing to her teaching and example, that her son became so interested in the salvation of Romanists, and it was one of the happiest days in her life, when she learned that he had resigned the pastorate of an English Baptist church, to give himself fully to French evangelization in connection with the Grande Ligne Board.

At the time of Mr. Burwash's birth, and for a number of years afterwards, his parents were members of the Methodist church, and prayerfully and diligently sought to bring their children up in the "nurture and admonition of the Lord." From a boy the subject of this sketch was thoughtful and studious. It was his great ambition to secure a thorough education. As soon as circumstances permitted he left home to attend the Vankleek Hill Grammar School. While there he was converted at the age of sixteen, and joined the Methodist church. He at once gave himself unreservedly to Christian work among his ungodly companions and friends. He loved to study the Bible, for the upbuilding of his character and for the better fitting of himself for dealing with unsaved souls. This study of the Word led him to the conclusion that immersion and immersion only, was Scriptural baptism. To break away from early associations was no easy matter, but being always thoroughly conscientious and fearless he decided to be immersed. Accordingly he went to Rev. W. K. Anderson, who had been instrumental under God in leading him to accept the Saviour, and made known his views, and was by him baptized and received into the fellowship of the Breadalbane church. Through his labors his parents also soon afterwards became members of a Baptist church.

Immediatly after his change of views he decided to give himself to the work of the Gospel ministry, and began the study of the French language. He gave two full college years to it, one at Grande Ligne, the other at McGill University, Montreal. About this time his health failed from overstudy, and he left college to preach to the English and French in the Ottawa Valley, especially at Papineauville, and at Dalesville. Regaining

his health he went to Woodstock, and spent three years in the study of theology. Leaving Woodstock, he accepted the pastorate of the Baptist church at Eaton, in the Eastern Townships, where he labored successfully, beloved by all, for nearly four years. In August, 1880, he was united in marriage to Miss Cecilia Docksteader Burwash, who was throughout the remainder of his life a thoroughly devoted helpmeet in every way. She entered heartily into all his plans, and much of his success as a student and missionary is due to her inspiration and example.

While laboring at Eaton, he felt the need of a better training for his work. Hence he resigned the oversight of the church to attend Toronto University. Here he took the full Arts course, taking honors in Mental and Moral Philosophy, and two prizes and a scholarship in Oriental Languages. While prosecuting his studies at the University, and afterwards, he served the Dominionville church, as pastor, for about four years. It was indeed a period of great blessing to this church and to the cause at Maxwell. There was a revival of spiritual life, and a marked growth in the knowledge of the Scriptures, followed by a greater consecration to Christ, and more loyalty to the truth. He left Dominionville, at the earnest solicitation of friends in Quebec, to accept the pastorate of the newly reorganized and struggling cause in the city of Sherbrooke. He labored there for nearly four years, endearing himself to all associated with him in Christian work.

It was largely through the instrumentality of Dr. Fulton, who was at that time pastor of Grace Church in Montreal, that Mr. Burwash left Sherbrooke to give himself fully to missionary work among the benighted Romanists in the Province of Quebec, thousands of whom were as ignorant of the way of salvation as the heathen in India. Prior to this he used to give what time he could spare from the regular work of the pastorate of an English speaking church, to evangelistic efforts among the French on the fields upon which he labored. He now felt that the call had come to him to give up the regular work of the pastorate and enter fully into pioneer missionary effort among the Roman Catholics of Eastern Ontario and Quebec. He at once obeyed the call, and gave himself unreservedly to this important and difficult undertaking, in which he was marvelously successful.

It was mainly through his efforts that the work that has grown to be so fruitful in results at Maskinongé, Sorel, Canaan, Quebec City, and other places, was begun. True, in carrying on the work in these fields he received valuable assistance from other missionaries of the Grande Ligne Board. His work was more in the line of exploration. For this he was preëminently qualified. He was wise, judicious, patient, persevering and fearless. He was always on the alert for an opening to preach the Gospel. Whenever he heard of a parish in revolt, he went as soon as possible, sometimes single-handed and alone, to tell the people of Jesus and His love. At times he came near suffering bodily injury from those he went to benefit. The priests would denounce him from the pulpit, and stir up the people against the "heretic" as they called him, but God cared for His servant, and he suffered no harm. While labouring in the city of Quebec, a mob attacked the *salle* in which he and his co-laborers were conducting services; windows and doors were broken by stones, and had it not been for the timely arrival of help it is hard to say what the results might have been. It was while laboring in that dark and idolatrous city, that he resigned as a missionary of the Grande Ligne Board, owing to differences of opinion that arose between him and members of the Board, concerning methods of work. His resignation was accepted, and he left at once for the United States, to begin work there similar to that in which he was engaged in here. During his stay there he preached to large numbers of French Catholics, who had emigrated from Quebec to labor in the factories in the New England states. God owned and blessed his ministry there, to the salvation of souls, and to the quickening of an interest among the churches visited by him in the work of French evangelization.

As he travelled from place to place there he concluded that great good might be done by holding open air meetings in the great centres for the benefit of Romanists, who would not, for fear of the priests, enter a hall or chapel to hear a Protestant minister preach. After much prayer and consultation with brethren, he resolved to try the experiment. Before doing so, however, he decided to visit his relatives and friends in Canada, and rest for a season in order to be better fitted to carry on this arduous labor. With this end in view he left Somerville, Mass.,

in May, 1896, purposing to return about the first of the following August, to test what he believed to be the best plan for reaching and saving those whose spiritual welfare lay so heavily upon his heart.

During his stay in Canada he was not idle. How could he rest when there were so many of those whom he loved going down to eternal night "without God and without hope in the world?" Toil on he must for their salvation. After visiting the Baptist Convention in Montreal, he preached in Ottawa, Dominionville, Maxwell, Clarence, Canaan, and Rockland. After visiting those places he decided to begin open air meetings in the Ottawa Valley, for the benefit of French Roman Catholics, hoping that he might be instrumental in reaching and interesting some who would not attend services conducted by him in a hall or house of worship. It was in preparation for one of these meetings, to be held on the evening of the Sunday upon which he died, that the fatal stroke came to him. On the Saturday previous, he got up from dinner complaining of the intense heat but otherwise feeling well, and began at once to write upon his sermon, "The Bishops' Mandement *versus* The Good News of the Kingdom." While writing the sentence "Repent ye for the k—— the pen dropped from his fingers never to be taken up again by him. He cried for aid. Kind friends ran to his assistance. They found him prostrate and vomiting. A physician was speedily called in. He pronounced it sunstroke. In a short time the patient rallied and appeared to be getting well again. About 2 o'clock on Sunday morning he took a relapse, and began rapidly to sink. A second physician was called for consultation, but before his arrival the spirit of our brother had passed in to behold the King in His beauty. His end was peace. He was willing and ready to depart and be with the Saviour whom he loved and so faithfully served. Death did not come to him like an officer of the law, to open the prison doors and lead him forth to execution, but as God's angel to set the captive free and send the exile home.

The body was taken the next day to the old homestead at East Hawkesbury, and on the following day, in the presence of a large concourse of sorrowing relatives and friends who had come from far and near, was laid beside those of his parents awaiting the coming of the Lord.

Thus suddenly and unexpectedly closed, in the prime of manhood, the earthly career of one of the most devoted and useful men in the Baptist body. He had rare qualities of head and heart that eminently fitted him for the important sphere to which God had called him, and in which he served to the best of his ability. In his own quiet way he has rendered excellent service to our churches, and has done more than many of us have any idea of to advance their interests. He was a true, loyal, unswerving, uncompromising Baptist, and was not ashamed to let it be known. When one got to know him one would be impressed with his striking personality. Let us fix our attention upon the man, and endeavour to trace some of the distinguishing traits of his character.

In the first place he was preëminently holy. All who knew him were impressed with his likeness to the Saviour, and with the thoroughness and beauty of his religious principles. He lived constantly in fellowship with God. He threw every avenue of his nature open to the incoming and indwelling of the Holy Ghost. He was careful to do nothing that would grieve the Divine Guest or drive Him away. Knowing well the danger of neglecting to cultivate one's own spiritual life, in efforts to benefit other men, he paid strict attention to the culture of his soul. That was one of the first considerations with him. He believed that he could be of more service to others if he attended well to the upbuilding of his own character. He longed to become more and more like Jesus so that his life, as well as his words, would recommend Him to the unsaved. One of the last entries in his diary, written a few days before his death, is: "Oh for a more intimate fellowship with Jesus; this is the great need of all missionary workers." Was it not most blessed in this world in which there is so much formality, hypocrisy, worldliness and sin, to come into touch with a man who had so much of Jesus in his composition? Is it any wonder that he was so useful in the Master's vineyard, and so much loved by all who had the privilege of being associated with him in Christian service?

Then he had a purpose in life. It was not that of the miser who lives for gold, or of the worldling who lives for pleasure, or of the craven-hearted professor who lives for popularity or ease. His purpose was preëminently godly, and into the Master's ser-

vice the whole of his life was pressed. He aimed always to glorify God: to exhibit the supremacy of truth; to publish fully and fearlessly the truth as it is in Jesus; to denounce formalism, superstition and error wherever found: to lay bare the lost, helpless, and guilty state of man; and to bring him to his knees in self-abasement before God; to preach Jesus as the only Saviour from sin, and as the only rightful Lord and Master of the life. This was his life purpose, that which held the man in perpetual spell. From this purpose he never swerved; amid doubts, misunderstanding, misrepresentation and abuse, the life never deviated from its God-given purpose. It manifested itself in everything he did and thus made the man mightier than his surroundings. Nothing ever turned him aside or caused him to falter in the path he had intelligently chosen and in which he believed God called him to work. He turned a deaf ear to the clamor of the world's rebellious voices, and braced himself by patient waiting upon God for the overcoming of every obstacle that crossed his path. In doing this he would sometimes have to stand alone, but he believed that principle was better than expediency, and the "well done" of God better than the plaudits of men. Like the great apostle he could say, "this one thing I do," anxious for nothing but the approval of his own conscience and the approbation of his God.

Then he was an ardent lover of the Bible. It was his constant companion. He spent a portion of every day studying it upon his knees. He used to say that no man could be a successful minister of Jesus Christ, no matter what other qualifications he possessed, if he were not a prayerful, diligent and systematic student of the Book of books. He practiced what he believed. This devotional study of the word manifested itself in all his ministry. As a preacher he possessed gifts of exposition that are rare. It was his delight to unfold to the people the beauties of God's word, and get them to feed upon its hidden manna. Hence he was what may be termed a doctrinal preacher. His sermons were thoroughly Biblical. It was his aim to hide behind the Cross, so that it and not the human lifter would be the magnetic power attracting sinful men. He believed that what Ruskin says of the artist is also true of the preacher, "That he has done nothing until he has concealed himself." Sometimes he

would denounce the errors and superstitious mummery of the Catholic church. In this some of his brethren misunderstood him. They thought that his denunciations were harsh and unnecessary. They concluded that more good might have resulted from simply presenting the truth and leaving the errors of Romanism alone. Those who were intimately acquainted with Mr. Burwash, knew well that it caused him no small amount of pain thus to expose the iniquitous system of the hierarchy. They also knew that he loved Catholics as dearly as he did his own life, but hated with all the intensity of his great soul the system that held them in intellectual and spiritual bondage, and robbed them of the priceless blessing that he and others who had accepted the gospel enjoyed. He realized that much rubbish had to be cleared away before those who were hiding behind it would listen to the story of salvation from the power and consequences of sin, through faith in Christ's atoning death. All who are familiar with the methods of Jesus, of Paul, of the Reformers, will agree in saying that he followed well-established precedents in the way he dealt with Romanists. He longed to see them coming out into the light and liberty of God's children. For the accomplishment of this result he had no faith in anything but the fearless exposure of falsehood, and the preaching of the gospel in all its fullness and power. He knew that whenever it was accepted the shackles of Rome would be broken, and the slaves of ignorance and oppression would march forth freedmen of the Lord.

Then he was a man of prayer. He began, continued, and ended everything in prayer. It was his practice to seek guidance from above, before he undertook anything of importance. He lived and moved in an atmosphere of prayer. In the home, on the street, mingling with friends, in the house of worship, or bracing himself for his work, or suffering under the stroke of insult or calumny from those he endeavored to benefit, the grace of supplication was invariably resorted to. The secret of his fortitude, constancy, usefulness and triumph, was born in prayer, where he importunately besought his God. Prayer assimilated him to the nature of Him with whom he communed, and so cast over his soul the gentleness, calmness and meekness of the Saviour. His widow, in a letter to me since his death, says:—

"I have known him to go off by himself for hours with his French Bible, and pour out his soul alone with God, for the salvation of Romanists: and waken so often in the night, and pray in silence. Oh, how he loved to pray in secret." Among the last entries in his diary is the following:—"The Lord is taking care of me and of His own cause. Let me still wait patiently upon Him." He knew from experience the value and potency of prayer. It was this that gave him so much power with men. He reminded me of the sainted D. A. McGregor, of whom he often spoke, and whom he loved unto the end. May their mantles fall upon us, so that, clothed in the garments of the holy departed, like them we may do and die: and when the battle is over, we too shall pass to our coronation, and join with them in singing the song of Moses and the Lamb—

"We are coming, happy loved ones,
We shall meet again some day;
You have left us in the shadows,
But they soon will pass away,
And a summons from the Master,
Will beckon us to come,
Where we all shall dwell together,
In our happy Heavenly home.

O how blest will be the meeting!
And the greeting—O how sweet!
All our dear ones re-united,
We will fall at Jesus' feet,
And in grateful adoration,
His praises we will sing,
When at last we meet—to worship
In the presence of our King."

W. T. Graham.

Montreal.

NOT DEAD.

In Memoriam: Dr. A. J. Gordon.

They say from the land of the living
  Our brother has gone, and is dead:
From a world full of pleasure and beauty,
  To a lone land of darkness and dread.

That the home and the loved ones he cherished
  Are changed for a cold, silent bed,
Where the music of love, hope or duty,
  Never stirs the repose of the dead.

They say that his life work is over,
  And, alas! that so soon it should end,
When he had such superior powers,
  And the world needed all he could lend.

They say—but how narrowed their vision,
  And how blinded by sense is their eye:
To think that a life lived for Jesus,
  And linked with His life can e'er die.

Ah, no! through the portals celestial,
  A soul from its fetters of clay,
Has leaped at the call of the Master,
  To see Him in unfading day.

To serve Him with powers unflagging,
  And swifter than birds of the air,
With spirits of sainted made perfect,
  And angels resplendently fair.

O, say not their loved work is ended,
  Whose hands, feet and voices are still:
Forever the soul of the ages,
  Their words, works, and influence thrill.

W. H. Porter.

IN SHAKESPEARE LAND.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

One day early in July of '95 three of us met at Euston Station. The thirst for green fields and a clear sky was upon us, but something a trifle deeper led us to choose our destination, which, we learned, could be reached within four hours. Our journey once begun, and getting well off from that champion Bedlam, Euston Station, we began to enjoy all things, great and small, odd and conventional, as only three art students "off duty" could enjoy. We were soon flying through the suburbs of London. On the outskirts was a town that caught our attention. This was Bushy, to which was attached a legend, gravely considered by any student of either sex. It was here that the American painter, Herkomer, had his famous Art School, to whose course no individual was enrolled until said individual had pledged his or her word not to marry till the course was completed—(the course covers ten years!) They take art seriously at Bushy!

After this came, intermittently, hills, fields and villages—the bonny English villages!—that set us wondering as to their age, and the possibility of their existence during Shakespeare's time. Was he wont to travel up to "London town" past those same meadows and streams and cottages with the hedge-rows and gorse-bushes "yellow all the year round"? We tried to imagine him in a third class carriage, his smooth, large brow concentrated on under-plots, character development, etc., but we could not, and had to give it up. By-and-by as we neared Stratford the villages grew quainter and quainter, rousing our imaginations as we flashed past them. Sometimes crumbling old churches appeared, closely guarded by trees and ivy, and then vanished, leaving us the fields again, where summer looked its daintiest and sweetest. Then came a tunnel: a sooty, stifling, common tunnel which served to mix still more our conflicting emotions. In excited silence we entered enchanted ground. We came to the last station but one, where we had a moment to wait. The old cobble-stone streets twisting about the village were sparsely peopled, but the old gabled cottages with the wide casements

of round window panes were generously supplied by us with outlaws and disguised noblemen. And the inns were there, with the faded signs still swinging. Yonder might be "The Garter Inn," to whose inclosure we lavishly assigned clowns, fools and knaves, who call with stentorian lungs: "What ho! minion!" to servile attendants, when the great clanking pewter tankards need replenishing—and when the jocose songs are followed with "By my troth a good song!" But here our engine gives a shriek that startles us back to the present and our senses again, and we start for Stratford-on-Avon.

It was three o'clock when the silence was broken by a faint exclamation, "There it is!" and peering out eagerly we descried, lying midway between us and the horizon, a church—the church—with great clusters of old trees pressed to its sides, and at its feet the river like a silver ribbon. Then cottages crept in sight, with the delicious detail of old towns, and the river broadened, and then at last our train pulled up at the funniest little station! We saw very little of it as his mightiness, the engine, placed himself before the platform and we had to scramble out from a somewhat giddy height to a little foot-path which we soon found branched off to a stile, taking a short cut across a field to the main street. Once there, we slackened our pace, the better to take in the scene. How low the grey stone cottages and houses looked, after London, and how clean! Among other peculiarities we noticed that all the chimneys were clustered together in the centre of the roofs, giving an odd effect to the shape of the houses, and that over each doorway was a primitive little "box-garden," better known as a "window-garden" which pleased us very much.

Enquiring our way we arrived at last at Hemley Street, and there to the right of us was Shakespeare's old home. The windows and narrow doorways looked out from the sober-tinted dwelling, as if they had been watching always, and somehow as we stepped up to the threshold we lowered our voices to an undertone. The rooms were almost empty, except for an old arm-chair blackened with age. The low-raftered ceilings caught our eyes, the square windows and the fire-places that yawned in each room, huge fire-places that once gleamed and sung with warmth while, perhaps, the boy William dreamed before them in the

midst of sisters and brothers. A narrow staircase leading to the bed-chamber, seemed fraught with intangible associations. Then that very small room at the head of the stairs, so paltry in size, a very tabernacle of interest for the sake of the little child born there 333 years ago. Do parents have no premonition of what is being given to them at the birth of a child? Did those parents dream in their greatest dream that it would one day be said of this baby—"He has given to the world grander intellectual brain product than any human being that ever lived."

Another staircase led to the "study," or library—here all vestige of childhood has vanished. This is the abode of a student. Two rooms are thrown into one, the walls lined with strong oaken cases, filled with books. A ponderous table and two chairs to match, (in one of which David Garrick was wont to sit vis-a-vis to the great writer of plays,) sundry letters and documents, written by his hand, a few pictures, and that is all. Very little in all save the "great indefinable presence" which pervaded all things. Ere leaving this room we were shown a window, where, on one of the panes we found the names of W. Scott and T. Carlyle cut in the glass. Descending we came face to face with a window at the foot of the stairs: it opened into a square garden, hedged in with yew, and quite filled in with lilies, tall and white and fragrant, pressing up to the old window and suggesting by their silence his words—"My spirit is thine, the better part of me." And this "better part" how infinitely great it has proved!

SHOTTERY.

So closely is the little hamlet Shottery allied with Shakespeare's home that we must include it in this memory sketch. It was at Shottery that Anne Hathaway lived, the woman with "the sweet face and debonair figure," and it was down these lanes, during the joyous summer holidays, that the ardent youth of eighteen hastened to her home. "Shakespeare a lover, a pleader with his burning words, his ardour, his irresistible impetuosity, his intensity, his vital eloquence, his witchery of playfulness, his vivacity, his power of persuasion!" All this and more was he taking to this woman, who accepted it and the man—and well nigh marred his life, the great disparity of their ages, perhaps, rendering impossible a happy union.

After a delicious walk through these same lanes, hemmed in with hawthorn and ivy, we reached Shottery. The cottage made itself known to us from its resemblance to the many pictures we had seen of it. And the scent of the roses clambering over the walls made it real. Entering the wicket gate, we were fascinated by the little wilderness of a garden. More roses, and standing apart, the tall white lilies, twin sisters of the group at Shakespeare's window. To us they seemed emblematical of the love that once hovered about this old garden. We learned that the occupants of the cottage still bore the name of "Hathaway," the old home having been kept in the family for generations. The said family, reduced now to a very old man and woman, the latter nestled into the ingle-nook of the old chimney-place, greeted us with a pleasant smile, and motioned a young woman forward to do the honors. The latter conducted us from "cellar to garret," talking volubly. Here were the "veritable blue china plates," standing on "the veritable dresser," washed and polished many times by Anne's quick hands, the old "settle," the high-backed arm-chair, the oaken table, the sunken stone floor, the faded prints on the wall, the copper kettles and boilers, the low blackened ceiling, the narrow casements of tiny window panes opening inwards: then the tumble-down little stairway leading to Anne's bed-room, where the "four-poster" still stands, a chair, a table, a candle-stick; all of which relic-gatherers would so delight in. After a glance out of the low square window into the garden below—a view that commanded the gate-by-the-way, and how often Anne Hathaway must have thrust her laughing face through the roses in times long since, when a certain step passed beneath—we retraced our steps to the garden. The good-natured caretaker gave us some of the roses, and we hied on our way, for the sun was getting low in the west, and there was one more spot to be visited ere our day was finished.

Our feelings on entering the cemetery recalled somewhat those experienced on first visiting Westminster Abbey. Perhaps the solemnity was less oppressive. It is difficult to describe what we saw there in the evening light, as one impression followed another. The broad lichened walk to the church door was flanked on either side by lines of oaks so ponderous and majestic that one felt awed in their presence. The boughs laced and in-

terlaced over head, until the thick foliage hid every glint of sky, and from around the gnarled mossy trunks one looked to see if gnomes were peering or ghoulish forms flitting. From this mouldy shadow we turned up a nearly effaced by-path, and lo! what a stretch of green lay from our feet to the circling wall yonder. The green of centuries of moss was there, deep and velvety. Where the sun touched it glowed like an emerald. The graves had yielded their forms to the pressure of time, but the leaning head-stones, strewn over the green carpet, told by their mute allegiance where the dead were sleeping; stones so weather-beaten and wrinkled that epitaph and date were obliterated, like the memory of the dead. Here too were roses, abundant roses, lying with their red petals pressed to the moss or clinging to the old stones. Here too were lilies, waiting like white spirits among the sleepers, recalling Ruskin's delicate fancy, that the souls of the dead blossom into flower over their graves.

We left this beautiful place reluctantly, to enter the gloomy church, where his tomb lay cherished close within the altar rails. The lettering was scarcely discernible, yet the stone slab was strewn with flowers. Gaining the street once more, we paused an instant to listen, for just outside this "garden of sleep" we heard the cool lapping of the river, as it ran softly by the outer wall singing a ceaseless lullaby as it passed on, curving in silver links through the fields. Around us were the old world gardens. Against the red west loomed the church, and yonder lay the quaint old town. Where that hush dwells there is not silence but a brooding presence, and once more his words came to us—

"My spirit is thine, the better part of me."

FLORENCE CARLYLE.

Woodstock.

AFTER TRIAL.

"And so they lead me back and I am led,
Strange, stubborn noises dart about my head,
Lights flash and blind.

"And now their words are locked
Away from me,—by echoes I am mocked,
By silence chid, by men and women hated,
By God—no word from Him! by conscience vindicated.

"Short shrift, O God, and naught of hope they spared
This poor, foul convict that the people stared
Upon with horror. Yea, and he is lost
If Thou wilt hear him not,—for say accost
Your advocate, he spurns you all the while,
'*Vultures come nigh no life!*' is in his smile:
The judge rebukes you that you are not still:
The jury scowl and note the evil will
That turns your actions. Defiled, defiled, defiled!
Is in your soul.

'Why should a man be wild
And anxious in a court where all are just?
The wretch shall have his justice. Only must
A keen eye gaze, examine all his mood
Fearless and bold and stern with hardihood
To hear all 's meant or uttered—as he could
Not satisfy his heart but justice would
Condemn him—eh? acquit? In truth,—acquit.
Fearing his trial would not be true! Here sit
The jury, there the judge. Can they not tell?
Who better? Man, have never fear of hell
Unless your due. And yet to look at him
He murdered! Friend, too early? This his whim
Of justice must be granted? Must indict,
Address, convict, condemn? Well, thou art right.'

"Thus is the court, O God! and people praise
Their own sweet patience that they do not raise

An instant clamour! are content to wait,—
It makes a mouse more happy of its fate
If cats but grip it fast within their claws
And hold a gentle trial.

"Now is there pause.
Heart, bitter, bitter! Christ I cry to Thee
And from the Heavens Thou wilt answer me
Who saidst: 'Let there be life!' and thine own breath
I drank, inhaling;—these: 'Let there be death!'
Framer of us, Thyself hast dwelt within
And borne the rebel fury-spurring Sin,
Mocked, scourged and innocent, whose clear voice grew
To heaven: 'Father, these my people do
They know not what.' These, such a crime although
Stained through their souls, lived. Ay, 't is better so—
Forgive, forgive! they know not that they lie
And if it is a dreadful thing to die
Thee do I thank Who hearest, Who hast heard,—
With Christ died two and I shall be the third.

"You startled me. These husks to him that gave!
'T is time, O friends, to lead me to the grave."

George Herbert Clarke.

Chicago.

Students' Quarter.

(Graduates and Undergraduates.)

M. C. McLean, '98, W. B. H. Teakles, '98.
Editors.

OLD SCOTCH POEMS.

One of the most noted Scotch poets and collectors of ancient works in America to-day is Mr. Andrew Wanless of Detroit. Mr. Wanless was born in the little village of Longformacus, Berwickshire, in the heart of the Sammermoor hills. His father, William, for fifty years the village school-master, was closely related to the celebrated Douglas clan. His mother was a direct descendant of the Grahams, of the north country. At an early age Mr. Wanless went to his father's school, and in addition to the routine books, tried to master Latin. But he loved nature better than he did bookish lore. To him there were more lessons, there was more truth, amongst the hills and the glens, than in all the wisdom of the scholars. It was his delight, therefore, he explains,

"To wander by the murm'ring stream,
To pull the roses fresh and fair,
And learn to dream life's idle dream
And build the castle in the air."

At the age of twelve he was bound for seven years as 'prentice to the book-binding trade. In the interim between work hours, he began writing poems. Concluding his time he went to Edinburgh as a foreman. Mr. Wanless had the honor of binding a number of manuscript copies of Walter Scott's works, and although he considered the occurrence of merely routine importance at the time, lived to see the day that the same manuscripts were sold for $3,000. He paid a visit to Burns' birthplace and wore such tight shoes that he was in misery all the time. Asked to write a verse in the visitor's book, he penned these humorous lines:

"I've wandered here on cruteh and stick
With brother Bill and Master Dick;
I fain would scrawl a line of verse
But deil a word can I rehearse!
My heart and soul are out of tune,
I'll drown mysel' in river Doon."

But he did not act on the rash threat and lived to come to America in 1851. Toronto claimed his residence for a time, then Brantford, Ont., and he finally settled in Detroit, 1860. From that time to the present he has become widely known as a collector of rare books, and as a poet of sufficient reputation among his fellow-countrymen to win the title of the "Burns of America." In 1872 he published his "Poems and Songs," a copy of which was graciously acknowledged by Queen Victoria, in a letter that the poet still possesses. He has also received a letter from Wm. Black, the novelist, who quoted Mr. Wanless' poem, "The Robin," in "Stand Fast Craig Roylston." A robin was sent by admirers in Scotland, and the poet wrote :

"I ha'e a bird, a bonnie bird,
And Robin is its name,
'Twas sent to me wi' kindly words
Frae my old Scottish hame,
And when it cam' unto my hand
It looked so dull and wae,
Nae doot it missed the flow'ry glen
The burnie and the brae.

There's mair than you, my bonnie bird,
Ha'e crossed the raging main,
Wha mourn the blythe, the happy days
They'll never see again.
Sweet bird ! come sing a sang to me,
Unmindful o' our ills ;
And let us think we're once again
'Mang our ain heather hills.

The joyful hours o' nameless bliss
O, come ye back to me ;
My love ! my lost ! again we meet
Aneath the trysting-tree.
O, sing to me, my bonnie bird,
And ilka note o' thine
Will conjure up the gladsome days—
The joys o' auld lang syne."

In all, Mr. Wanless has written many hundreds of poems. So high an authority as Crockett's "Minstrelsy of the Merse" gives Mr. Wanless great praise. Crockett quotes from several of the poet's works, showing Wanless' power of picturing Scottish life. "Wanless is always true to old Scotland," says Crockett, as these verses suggest :

"O let us ne'er forget our hame—
Auld Scotland's hills and cairns—
And let us a' whate'er we be,
Ay strive to be guid bairns,
And when we meet wi' or age,
A hairpling owre a rung
We'll tak' their part and cheer their heart
Wi our auld mither tongue."

Although Mr. Wanless has 22,000 books in his shop, and loves them all, he has a selected private library of 500 bookish treasures. Could you give the time, he could show rare volumes for a week or longer, nine hours a day. Probably one of the most noted in his collection, is the first edition of Robert Burns', printed 1787. This book was picked up by Mr. Wanless in Ontario many years ago, and is a handsome specimen of the printer's and bookbinder's skill. It contains 250 pages, printed in large type. The book opens with a list of patrons, paid subscribers, who number 2,872, but, the editor adds, the list is incomplete. The publication brought Burns the most money he ever had at one time, $3000. It was printed just after he had emerged from obscurity, and when, on invitation of the famous literary arbiter, Dr. Blacklock, the plowboy poet had come to Edinburgh to become the social lion of the day. There are very few copies of this edition in the world, at this late date, and it is considered a very great treasure to bookish people.

A rare collection of Jacobite songs and ballads merits attention. Although the Scotch gained from the royal Stuart line nothing but trouble, they also secured the Jacobite lyrics, which cannot be excelled the world o'er. They are written in classical Scotch. In a word, there is no Drumtochty about them. They bring no disgrace upon the "mither tongue." These lyrics may be classed under three heads: "The Song of Welcome," "The Song of Victory," and "The Song of Lament." The following is a good example of the last mentioned class: —

FLORA MACDONALD'S LAMENT.

"Far over yon hills 'mang the heather so green,
And down by the corrie that sings to the sea,
The bonnie young Flora sat sighing her lane,
The dew on her plaid and the tear in her e'e.
She looked at a boat which the breezes had swung
Away on the wave, like a bird of the main:

And aye as it lessened she sighed and she sung,
' Farewell to the lad I shall ne'er see again.
Farewell to my hero, the gallant and young,
Farewell to the lad I shall ne'er see again.'
The moor-cock that crows on the top of Ben-Connal,
He kens o' his bed in a sweet mossy hame ;
The eagle that soars o'er the cliffs of Clan Donald
Unawed and unhunted the eiry can claim ;
The Solon can sleep on his shelve of the shore,
The eagle can roost on his rock of the sea,
But oh ! there is ane whose sad fate I deplore
Nor house ha' or hame in h's country has he.
The conflict is past, our name is no more ;
There's nought left but sorrow for Scotland and me."

The best love lyric in the Scotch language, according to Mr. Wanless, was written by Richard Gall, who was born in the year 1776, and who died in his 25th year. The song is entitled, " My Only Jo and Dearie O."

" Thy cheek is o' the rose's hue,
My only jo and dearie, O,
Thy neck is like the siller dew
Upon the banks sae briery, O.
Thy teeth are o' the ivory,
O, sweet's the twinkle o' thine e'e :
Nae joy, nae pleasure blinks on me,
My only jo and dearie, O.

The birdie sings upon the thorn,
It's sangs o' joy fu' cheery, O,
Rejoieing in the summer morn,
Nae care to mak' it eerie, O.
But little kens the sangster sweet
Ought o' the care I ha'e to meet,
That gavs my restless bosom beat,
My only jo and dearie, O.

When we were bairnies on yon brae,
And youth was blinking bonnie, O :
Aft we wad daff the lee lang day,
Our joys fu' sweet and mony, O.
Aft I wad chase thee ower the lea,
And round about the thorny tree,
And pu' the wild flowers a' for thee,
My only jo and dearie, O.

I hae a wish I canna tine,
Mang a' the cares that grieve me, O,
I wish that thou wert ever mine,
And never mair to leave me, O.

Then I wad dawt thee night and day,
Nae ither warldly care wad ha'e,
Until life's stream forgat to play.
My only jo and dearie, O.'

Another very curious song which interested me very much, was a street ballad, entitled "Half-past Ten."

"I'll ne'er forget the time when I courted Jessie Dunn,
How the hours fled awa' maist afore we had begun:
Her father's name was John, and like a' godly man,
His door he barred and lockit up at half-past ten.
At half-past ten, at half-past ten,
His door be barred and lockit up at half-past ten.

Ae night how my fond heart gaed duntin' wi' glee,
When she said she lo'ed naebody better than me:
We sat in the neuk, and our thoughts ye may depen'
Were naeways sair concerned about half-past ten.
At half-past ten,———

Auld John clawed his pow, and then he rose and said—
'Wi' sleep I'm fairly dished, I must gang awa' to bed.
But there's ae thing I maun say afore I toddle bed,
That our door is barred and lockit up at half-past ten.'
At half past ten,———

This hint was enough for a bashfu' lad like me,
But I caught a bit blink frae my Jessie's black e'e;
She gade cannie ben the house, she let naebody ken
That she stopit the auld clock just afore it struck ten.
At half-past ten,———

At four in the mornin' the auld guid man arose,
And he lighted a spunk, and to the clock he goes:
'Losh! bliss me!' he cried; 'I maun seek the bed-stok,
I must grope back to bed, for it's no ten o'clock.'
At half-past ten,———

We courted in the neuk, but the kye began to roar,
Sae I took aff my shoon, and I made for the door:
Now Jessie is my wife, and we ha'e bairns like ither folk,
And now she never needs to stop my guid father's clock.
At half past ten."———

Mr. Wanless has some rare original matter concerning the song, "Bonnie Annie Laurie." The old version ran thus:

"She is backbit like a peacock,
She's briestit like a swan;
She's jimp aboot the middle,
And her waist ye weel might span.

Her waist ye weel might span,
And she has a rolling e'e,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'll lay me doon and dee."

"The authorship of the modern version," said Mr. Wanless, "was, for many years unknown, and I may here state that a warm friendship existed between the Spotswood family and our family. John Spotswood, of Spotswood, was a landed proprietor, and one of his daughters was married to Lord John Scott, of the Scott's of that ilk. A sister of mine, who now resides in Scotland, wrote to me that she had heard it said that Lady John Scott was the authoress of the song in question. On receipt of this information I took it upon me to write to her ladyship." Mr. Wanless has her reply. The letter is truly a friendship's offering, but the following is the most important: "As to Annie Laurie, I composed the tune long ago, to other words, but happening one day at Marchmont, ... , to meet the old words on Anna Laurie, I thought the tune would suit them. I did not think the second verse well adapted for singing. I therefore altered it and added the third." This is the real history of Annie Laurie.

A specimen of verses written by Mary Queen of Scots is contained in a work of three volumes, published in London in 1795, entitled: "Anecdotes of some Distinguished Persons, chiefly of the Present and two Preceding Centuries." The following verses were written by this beautiful but unfortunate Queen, while imprisoned in Fotheringay castle:

"Alas, what am I? And in what estate?
A wretched corpse bereaved of its heart;
An empty shadow lost, unfortunate;
To die is now in life my only part.
Foes to my greatness, let your envy rest,
In me no taste of grandeur now is found;
Consumed by grief, with heavy ills oppress'd,
Your wishes and desires will soon be crown'd.
And you, my friends, who still have held me dear,
Bethink you, that when health and heart are fled
And every hope of future good is dead,
'Tis time to wish our sorrows ended here;
And that this punishment on earth is given
That my poor soul may rise to endless bliss in heaven."

The last book I wish to call attention to is the "Breeches" Bible. Bible scholars have invented a whole literature to describe the technicalities of their various editions. If some careless or tired printer happened to make a mistake in a word in a text the fact becomes the basis of a new classification of Bibles. So it is with the "Breeches" Bible. Now, Genesis 3: 7, reads: "They sewed fig leaves together and made aprons." Which was printed: "They sewed fig leaves together and made breeches." From a collector's standpoint all this is very rare. This wonderful Bible was printed in 1589, London, by the deputies of Christopher Barker. It is a large quarto, bound in boards, covered with calf skin, curiously embossed. It has leather clasps with quaint catches of brass. The type is old black letters, and the printing is in red and black. Printers who have examined the book assert that it is set with a skill that is a marvel of their handicraft. The spacing of the letters, in particular, is so wonderfully accurate that it almost seems as though the work were done with microscopic measurements. There is added a curious collection of the psalms of David, done in metrical form by Thomas Sternhold and John Hopkins. As usual, in those days, the introductory page is very verbose, if not actually idiotic, as follows:

> Set forth, and allowed to be sung
> in all churches, of all the peo-
> ple together before and after morn-
> ing and evening prayers as also
> before and after sermons and more-
> over in private houses for the God-
> ly soul's comfort laying apart all
> ungodly songs and ballads which
> tend only to nourish vice and
> corrupt youth.

The "Breeches" Bible is one of the rarest book treasures in the world, and is considered by collectors a prize of the first denomination.

Mr. Wanless is only one of the many book collectors in America. If at any time you should have access to one of these libraries, I would advise you to avail yourself of the opportunity, as you will feel fully repaid for the time spent in examining these curious old books and documents.

KENNETH MCLEOD.

CAPTAIN AND MATE.

Across the sunlit summer sea
The morning breezes steal;
"And will you sail as mate?" said he,
"See, Love is at the wheel!"

"We'll sail away forevermore
Till twilight stars reveal
The Port Beyond, the voyage o'er
And Love still at the wheel."

The sweet south breezes stir the sail,
Salt ripples bale the keel:—
"Dost fear my mate?" "Nor fog nor gale,
While Love is at the wheel!"

Thick mists arise and tempests black
The shadowy shore conceal:
The rough winds roar across our track,
But Love is at the wheel.

Sharp streaks of light'ning slit the sky,
Our timbers crack and reel:—
"Captain, canst breast the breakers high?"
"Ay, Love is at the wheel!"

The light enpurpled turns to dark
And shades the tossing keel:—
"What think you, mate?" "My captain, mark,
Still Love is at the wheel!"

The evening bells are calling clear,
Dark shadows o'er us steal,
But oh! the harbor lights are near
And Love is at the wheel.

Our anchor drops beyond the bar,
"My captain, let us kneel:
We glide into the dim afar
With Love still at the wheel.

A clearer dawn will give the Light,
The Port Beyond reveal,
The sea is still, our tossings o'er—
And Love still at the wheel!"

ETHEL M. BOTTERILL.

March, 1895.

THE CAPITAL OF PERU.

Within a few years after the discovery of America by Columbus, the Spaniards had a number of small colonies around the Gulf of Mexico, and along the Isthmus of Darien. They crossed this isthmus to the Pacific side, and there founded the city of Panama. From the Indians of this region they learned of a great country to the far south, that was wonderfully rich in gold and other precious metals. They were told that gold was as plentiful there as iron was at home in Spain. Such information fired the gold-thirsty Spaniards with a great ambition to go in search of the land that possessed such treasures. For this purpose an expedition was fitted out, and a man named Francisco Pizarro, who afterwards became the conqueror of the Inca Empire, was selected as leader.

When the expedition was fitted out, and the adventurous Pizarro was given command, a religious service was held for the adventurers, that they might go out with the blessing of the church upon them. For they were not only to search for gold, but they were to carry the Cross to the people, and even force their religion upon the natives, if necessary, by means of the sword. One historian has said: "In the name of the Prince of Peace, they ratified a contract of which plunder and bloodshed were the objects." This first expedition met with many difficulties and dangers, but after a time returned with glowing accounts of what they had seen. Again the expedition went out and saw and learned more of the riches of the south. The natives wondered at the strangers that came among them. They entertained them kindly, and did not try to conceal the richness of their land, but rather had delight in showing them all they possessed. The expedition returned again to the isthmus, and Pizarro visited Spain, where he told of the wealth of the country he had seen. He was graciously received by the royal family, and again sailed for Panama, where an expedition was fitted out for his final voyage to Peru. This voyage was made for the purpose of conquest. The Spaniards had gunpowder, while the Indians had only bows and arrows, and though the invaders suffered many hardships before they subdued the

Incas, yet their sufferings were nothing compared with those they inflicted on the poor Indians, who were struggling in defence of their homes. The Peru of the Incas comprised what is now Ecuador, Peru and Bolivia. After many cruelties and much treachery Pizarro subdued the Peruvians, took possession of the city of Cuzco, their capital, and killed the Inca.

After conquering the country and bringing it into subjection to Spain, Pizarro looked about for a suitable place for a new capital and residence for the Peruvian viceroy. This place he found in the valley of the Rimac, about seven miles inland and about 500 feet above sea level. Here he founded the city of Lima, the capital of the present republic of Peru. The name first given to the city was Ciudad de los Reyes (city of the kings) but this was afterwards changed to Lima, which is a corruption of the Indian name Rimac.

Having selected the site he gathered the Indians in from the surrounding country for great distances, and began to build the city. It was first laid out in a triangular shape, with the Rimac as the base. From this river they now receive their water supply. The plan of the city is regular, and the streets cross each other at right angles. In the centre is the large *plaza*, which has the cathedral and archbishop's palace on the east, the President's residence on the north, municipal buildings on the west, and other public buildings on the south. In the centre of the *plaza* is a beautiful garden with a large fountain, and the rest is occupied with trees planted in regular rows. The ground between the trees is paved with cobble stones, instead of being covered with grass, as we would find in a park in a city in North America. This is characteristic of all their *plazas* but why, I have not heard explained. It certainly is not because grass will not grow there. Though the city is in a rainless district, the land for some distance around is irrigated, and grass grows in the fields, but the inhabitants do not seem to think of it as a means for beautifying their parks. Although the city was first of a triangular shape, it has long since grown beyond its first limits, and cannot now be described as of any particular configuration.

The streets are wider than those of many other cities of the south, yet not so wide as those of Toronto, and are all paved

with cobble stones, except about three-fourths of a mile of the principal street, which was paved last summer with square wooden blocks. Over these stones the carts and coaches rumble and rattle in a way that is by no means helpful to the nerves. The street walls of the houses are so joined that each block of the city is practically walled in. The windows are protected by strong iron bars; and the entrances from the streets are closed at night by heavy wooden doors. This style of building is adapted for protection in times of war; and as revolutions are of frequent occurrence in Peru, the people have often found shelter behind those walls and heavy doors.

Some of the buildings are constructed of stone, but because of danger from earthquakes stone is not extensively used for building purposes. Many houses are made of sun-dried bricks, or large blocks of clay; the upper stories being made of a light frame, and the whole plastered over with a clay rough-cast. Near Lima are still to be seen broken walls of buildings erected by the Indians before the conquest. These walls are made of blocks of clay which would soon be washed away in a country where there are heavy rains; but as they are in the rainless region of the coast of Peru they stand for centuries. Where there is no rain everything is covered with dust, and consequently the general appearance of Lima is not attractive.

There are a few public gardens in the city, and all are made somewhat after the style of the central *plaza*. They have trees and flowers, but no grass. The *Exposicion* is a large park well supplied with tropical trees and flowers, many of which are very beautiful. In this park there is a sort of museum containing paintings, Indian relics and curiosities of various kinds; among them a number of Indian mummies that are probably four or five hundred years old. This place was robbed by the Chilians during the war of 1880 with Peru, so that now it is only a poor representative of what it once was.

The cathedral and many of the churches are large and somewhat imposing, but have little external beauty. The cathedral was built by Pizarro more than three centuries ago, and has stood the shocks of many earthquakes. One of these in 1746 killed five thousand people through falling buildings. The university was built in 1576, and is the oldest in America, but its

educational standing compared with those of North America is very low. The city is furnished with a system of horse cars, electric and gas lights, and telephone system. Much more might be said along this line, but the most interesting feature of the city is its people.

The present population of Lima is about 160,000, and is made up of people from many nations. The chief elements are Spanish, Indian, Negro and Chinese. Besides these there are many other elements from Europe and North America. These different races are thoroughly mixed, so that in the streets we find a motley crowd indeed. Parts of London and New York are noted for the medley of humanity they present, but it is doubtful if anything worse can be found in those cities than is seen in Lima. There are also a large number of half-breed Indians and Negroes, called Cholos, and the lower classes generally have so mingled socially that every conceivable mixture of blood is found there. These are found chiefly in the slums and the poorer parts of the city. The Indians and those of mixed blood form the laboring class, and many among them live in abject poverty. The climate being very mild (the average temperature for the year is about 73° Fahrenheit), they do not suffer from inclement weather. But their homes are unclean, and there is wretchedness of every sort. There is smallpox in the city always, and it frequently becomes epidemic, especially among the lower classes. I think it is safe to say that nearly half the natives met on the street are pock-marked. There are also a great number of blind people in the city. These go about the streets, two by two, begging Besides these there are many more who never come out to beg, because they belong to families who are able to support them, without allowing them to resort to this means of obtaining a livelihood. This blindness is said to be in almost all cases, directly or indirectly, traceable to unclean habits of life.

Among the upper classes the unseemly mixture of blood is not so often met with. Those of the different white nations intermarry, but it is seldom they form such relations with the other races. A large number of the poorer people are never legally married. The only ceremony that is legal in Peru, is that performed by the priests; and they charge such high fees

that the poor are unable to pay them, and two will live together as man and wife so long as it is agreeable to them to do so. Sometimes that is not very long, and they will separate and perhaps each go and live with some one else. There was an attempt made at the last session of Congress to establish civil marriages, but it was unsuccessful.

The Spaniards are a proud people and think much about personal appearance. The style of dress for the gentlemen is much the same as that of our own country; but the usual lady's costume is somewhat different. A few of the more fashionable ones break through the custom of the land and follow the styles of the North. And so we find some wearing puff sleeves, and in other ways trying to keep up with the fashions. But the usual street costume for rich and poor, is a large black mantua (shawl) and a strip of black lace, about six or seven inches wide, and about two feet long, called a mantilla, hung over the head. The poor generally cannot afford this latter, and simply wear the mantua over the head. So many going about in this sable dress, gives the city the appearance of being in mourning. All use cosmetics very freely. Many need them badly enough, if the practice could be defended. But many are beautiful without powder or paint.

All the people are greatly given to amusements. Each year they usually have a three days' celebration of the independence of the republic, when the city is gaily decorated, and processions and amusements of various kinds are the order of the occasion. At such times there is a great deal of drinking, and it is not an uncommon thing to see women staggering in the streets There men, women and children drink wines or liquors of some sort. Though there is so much drinking, quarreling is seldom seen in the streets. This may be partly due to the great number of policemen. These are all armed with a baton and revolver, and some with a sword. They are all little men, but feel quite large when performing some official duty, and so are always ready to act whenever there is the slightest opportunity. Consequently order is pretty well preserved in the city.

The law permits many things there that are not permitted here. Acts are common on the streets that here would be

counted indecent, and for which a person would be immediately arrested. Sunday is the day for pleasure. The churches are open and those who wish can go to mass in the morning. But the majority think of the day in connection with its pleasure, rather than with its religious privileges. The afternoon is given up to the bull-fight, cock-fights and other sports, and the evening to the theatre. To people here the bull-fight would be a very revolting exhibition, but there it is witnessed with delight by men, women and children of every class.

In Peru, all public worship, except Roman Catholicism, is prohibited by law. Romanism is the state religion, and its evidences are seen everywhere in the capital. Nearly all the women wear the cross and beads, and most of them are very attentive to religious duties. The men as a rule are indifferent to the church, and some of them positively hate the priests. The people are kind in their disposition, but their religion has not taken hold of the inner life, to make them of strong moral character. Their lives are not controlled by high moral principles, and none are found worthy of perfect confidence. Such is the testimony of those who have dealings with them for any length of time.

Lima is in many ways an interesting city. To business men it is not so much so as it once was, for since the war with Chili in 1880 it has been declining commercially. But to the missionary it was never more interesting than it is to-day. The people are more open-minded now than they ever were before, and although the law prohibits public Protestant worship, yet much can be done by personal work. And it is hoped that the power of the Gospel will soon be so felt among the people, that, at least, the moral aspect of the city will be greatly changed, and that Lima which is the capital from which the laws of the land go out, may become a centre from which an influence will radiate that will effect the moral uplifting of the whole republic.

A. B. Reekie.

Editorial Notes.

We are glad to be able to present to our readers an excellent photogravure of the late Rev. Adam Burwash and an appreciative sketch of his life and work from the pen of Pastor Graham of Grace Church, Montreal. Our late Brother Burwash was a strenuous toiler in the cause of French evangelization and all who are interested in that great work—and who is there among Canadian Baptists who is not?—will read with interest Mr. Graham's account of the life and character of one so closely connected with it and so fully devoted to spreading the light of the Gospel among those who are yet in darkness.

It is with feelings of peculiar sadness that we record the death of Mrs. J. C. Yule, which took place on Saturday, the 6th inst., at the house of a friend at Ingersoll, Ont. Pamelia S. Vining Yule, as she was accustomed to sign herself, was one of the most highly gifted and most Christ-like women the Baptist denomination in Canada has ever known. Ever since her earliest connection with our educational work in Woodstock nearly forty years ago, her name has been widely known and greatly beloved among us, as well for her high personal qualities and strong religious influence, as for the many and beautiful things which she has written and which have been read and remembered by thousands of admirers and grateful friends in all parts of our land. An appreciative estimate of Mrs. Yule's life work will be found in the biography by Dr. Dadson, which appeared in The Monthly for December, 1894. Remembering the shadow of sorrow which so long darkened that life and the pain and suffering of her last illness, we must rejoice that our sister has gone where it will be far better for her than here below. Still we deeply mourn the loss of one so gifted and so useful, and all the more as we feel that we shall not soon see her like again.

Most of our readers are doubtless aware of the fact that Professor McKay is away on leave of absence, and that he is spending the year at the University of Cambridge. Letters received from him inform us that both he and Mrs. McKay and children are thoroughly enjoying their life at Cambridge. Few have the rare good fortune to come so closely into touch with the refined and cultured life of England, and not a little of the charm of their stay abroad will be in the delightful social intercourse the University affords. The year at Cambridge will certainly be an inspiration to Professor McKay. Only those who have visited Oxford or Cambridge can form anything like a vivid conception

of the irresistible charm they have for the student. Germany may have great universities where men of marvellous ability and world wide renown lecture to thousands of students, but none of them can offer that broad and generous culture of our many-sided nature that the two great English seats of learning afford. These latter give social, æsthetic and spiritual culture quite as fully as intellectual, nor are the opportunities for culture confined to the lecture room or study. One would hardly exaggerate in saying that it would be a liberal education in æsthetics to spend a day a week listening to the exquisite antiphonal singing in King's College Chapel, or gazing on the architectural beauties of that "immense and glorious work of fine intelligence" with its

> "branching roof
> Self-poised, and scooped into ten thousand cells,
> Where light and shade repose, where music dwells
> Lingering—and wandering on as loth to die ;
> Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
> That they were born for immortality."

Professor McKay will of course avail himself of all the opportunities for high culture that Cambridge can give, but at the same time his whole energy will be devoted to obtaining the fullest benefit from the able and famous mathematicians of the great university. The better to pursue his work, he has taken advantage of the new regulations and enrolled himself as a regular student of Trinity College. He is thereby enabled to come into close personal touch with Professor Forsyth, perhaps the greatest English-speaking mathematician of the present day. Professor McKay seems to be finding great satisfaction in his work. In his letters to his colleagues at home he speaks in the most enthusiastic manner of the inspiration he is deriving from Professor Forsyth, Sir Robert Ball and the other great men whose lectures he is privileged to attend. The professors and students of McMaster University are exceedingly glad that Professor McKay has been granted this year of respite from the active duties of instruction. Those intimately connected with our University know how willingly he has shared the burdens in connection with the work of its early existence, and how gladly he has devoted his best service in its behalf. We are all glad that he has received this well-merited reward, not only because of our high regard for him and our appreciation of his genial, lovable nature and of his ability as a teacher, but also because of the assurance that the University as a whole will reap a rich benefit from his year's study. He continually speaks of the pleasure with which he anticipates his return to our midst, and we feel sure that he will bring us much of the inspiration that Cambridge is giving him. In the meantime his place

is being ably supplied by Mr. J. W. Russell, B.A., as Lecturer, and Mr. W. Findlay, B.A., as Fellow. Both of these are graduates of our own University, and are doing work which Professor McKay as their special preceptor and the University as their *Alma Mater* may view with great gratification.

Book Reviews.

AGNOSTICISM AND RELIGION.

This little book consists of three addresses, the first of which is entitled, Huxley and Scientific Agnosticism; the second, Philosophical Agnosticism; the third, Spiritual Religion: its Evolution and Essence.

Scientific Agnosticism is the agnosticism of Huxley. This agnosticism is an attitude of mind rather than a speculative system. Early in Huxley's career, Darwin published the "Origin of Species," which became Huxley's guide in his own investigations. But Huxley's work was more than that of a searcher after truth. He would become the champion and advocate of truth. Standing within the circle of scientific leaders, his chief delight was in compelling the public to assent to the results achieved by the scientists. "He was the great apostle of the modern gospel of science. In his temper and mental habit, in his attitude towards what he believed the truth, Huxley was as truly a dogmatist as any of his theological antagonists, though they cursed what he blessed . . . . a scientist by profession and achievement, but inwardly a theological iconoclast." p. 12.

Darwin's theory of the origin of species was the explanation of them by natural laws already at work. The only alternative was the belief in the creation of species—and the creation, too, described by the zealous theologians whose opposition was called forth against Darwin and his teachings. Huxley eagerly came forward as the champion of the new science. The battle was waged over three questions: (*a*) science against revelation; (*b*) evolution against creation; (*c*) the ape against Adam. Here was found abundant scope for the exhibition of that mental attitude which Huxley first designated agnosticism.

Let me make clearer what Huxley's attitude was. Atheism could not be inferred from his teaching. "What he attacked was that vener-

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Agnosticism and Religion.—Jacob Gould Schurman, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1896, pp. 181. Price $1.

able tradition of the process of creation which had been so long accepted as a part of religion itself, and he attacked it for the good and sufficient reason that it was at variance with the facts revealed in the fossiliferous strata of the earth's crust." p. 36. Huxley also applied the Darwinian theory to account for the origin of man, in a work entitled, "Man's Place in Nature." This doctrine of the descent of man from some form of animal life was of much importance in his conflict with an unbelieving public. Thus his advocacy of the theory of the development of species in opposition to the theological doctrine of the instantaneous and separate creation of the species, and his adherence to the descent of man from some form of animal life in opposition to the theological doctrine of man's creation as recorded in Genesis, gained for Huxley and his followers the epithet, scientific agnostic.

Only two points in President Schurman's reply to this agnosticism need be mentioned. The first is that "the notion of creation implies the absolute beginning of existence; the notion of evolution implies gradual and progressive change in that which already exists. . . . Creation is the prerequisite of evolution" which is only a mode of procedure. p. 35. Secondly, in regard to the doctrine of man's origin from some form of animal life, President Schurman replies that there is a conviction even among the most liberal that the Darwinian theory of descent with modifications has been pushed too far. Something like a reaction from earlier Darwinism seems now in force. Just where the lines must be drawn we do not know. Meanwhile, we may busy ourselves with such questions as these: Assuming the truth of Darwinism, "What matters it that you have come from brutishness, if you are come to humanity? . . . I ask not what you are derived from, but what you have arrived at?" You are not what you have come from, but what you have become. p. 40 and 41.

Again, Huxley waged war against the Scriptures as revelation, especially against the miracles of Scripture, holding that they were not in harmony with the teachings of science. He wrote on such subjects as the "Noachian Deluge" and the "Bedevilment of the Gadarene Swine." p. 48. He also regarded miracles as "the fantastic tribute of a pious generation . . . to a transcendent personality."

But we may reply: Even if we were obliged to admit the truth of these arguments against miracles "would not that miracle of miracles still remain—Jesus of Nazareth, the wonder-worker of human history? And would not the purpose of his coming—"I am come that ye might have life and that ye might have it more abundantly"—be fulfilled in the revelation He made, not only through His teachings but in His human

life, both of the actual fatherliness of God and the potential divineness of man?" p. 50.

Pass, now, to the second part entitled, Philosophical Agnosticism. There are two branches, the positivistic going back along empirical lines to Comte, and the rationalistic, going back through Mansel and Hamilton to Kant. "The burden of their message is always the incapacity of the human mind to know anything but the phenomena of the sensible world or the contradictions in which it is involved when it attempts to reach Infinite and Absolute Reality." p. 86. One assumes that the knowable is limited to what the senses can apprehend, the other assumes that God, the Infinite and Absolute, can not be known because man knows only the finite and the relative.

In reply, President Schurman shows that knowledge is not limited to what the senses alone can apprehend. There are principles by which the material of sense is fashioned into 'experience.' Nor are we limited to the finite and the relative. "If it is the nature of the Infinite Being to reveal and realize himself in the finite and relative, and if it is the nature of intelligence to apprehend these realities, not separately but together, how, from such a perfect ontological and psychological arrangement for the meeting of the Divine Being and the human mind, can it be inferred that they must remain eternally apart?" p. 116.

We may then be assured that the human mind does know the Divine mind. While we may believe that the agnostic craze is on the decline, both scientific and philosophical agnosticism have united to introduce a new era in which spiritual religion in contrast with a religion of creed and dogma shall prevail.

This brings us to the third part of the book, entitled Spiritual Religion. Religion is a development both in the individual and the race. There are three stages of this development. In the individual they are credulity, doubt, reasoned belief; to which, in the race, correspond the three stages, (*a*) the religion of cult or ritual, (*b*) of creed or dogma, and (*c*) spiritual religion. 136–155.

President Schurman's thought is that religion is a life, constantly developing. He would indentify "spiritual religion" with the essence of Christianity in distinction from the doctrines of Christendom. Yet he shows that this spiritual religion may be found, in some measure at least, in the church life of to-day, of which it is destined to take full possession. Let me call attention in closing to certain conclusions of the author which will clear up what he means by spiritual religion—the religion of the future.

(*a*) Spiritual religion will maintain a social organization, i.e. the

church is not to be discarded but maintained as an essential form of the expression of the spirit life. (*b*) The religion of spirit does not need a unique or separate sect, i.e. it can work in the existing sects. (*c*) Spiritual religion will make its home in any of the religious bodies which will recognize it. One remark is made under this head which is full of significance, namely: "The first business of those men" who see beyond dogma to the essential, spiritual life, the so-called advanced members of our churches, is to "understand and sympathize with their brethren who have not yet escaped the bondage of rites and formulæ. One thing they must not do: they must not part company with them." Otherwise, spiritual religion will never possess our churches. p. 169. (*d*) Spiritual religion will lead to a modification, if not to an abandonment, of the conception of authority in religion, i.e. spiritual religion rests on the free life of the individual in relation to the Father who loves him rather than commands him as a distant, almighty Judge. (*e*) The religion of Spirit will be not only theistic but Christian, i.e. it will hold that God is known as the divine Personality, and that man and God exist for one another. It will be Christian in the sense of a deeper consciousness of the person of Jesus as the pattern of life. T.

Here and There.

A. M. Overholt, Editor.

The death of Professor Henry Drummond, of Glasgow University, has removed one of the best-known University Professors among English-speaking people. His books, some of them by no means easy of mastery, have appealed to almost every class of readers

We are indebted to the *University of Michigan Daily* for an excellent account of the new library for Princeton. The library is equalled by none in America unless it be the Boston Public Library and the Congressional Library at Washington. Some idea of the enormous capacity of the building, which represents an outlay of about $600 000, may be gathered from the fact, that there will be thirty-two miles of shelving.

The *King's College Record*, of Windsor, N. S., is one of the best exchanges that reach us. One new feature, which few college papers have, is a column given to the reviewing of the better magazines and periodicals. The February number contains an excellent article on "Ian MacLaren," but would it not be an excellent thing if we all give "Ian MacLaren" a rest for a while; no less than seven exchanges on our list have eulogised him in the last year.

PROFESSOR Charles G. D. Roberts, formerly occupying the chair of English Literature in King's College, has accepted the position of assistant editor of the *Illustrated American*, a New York weekly. His place has been filled by Mr. A. B. DeMille, M.A., and judging from his poetry, some of which has appeared in the *Independent*, we congratulate the College authorities on their excellent choice.

A WRITER in the March *Longmans* contributes a new story about martinet headmasters. It was related to Mr. Parker by the late Sir Thomas Whichcote, who stated that once in his Eton days he was walking through the Fourth Form Passage when "the Head" met him and stopped. "Boy," said the terrible pedagogue, "what is that book you are carrying?" It proved to be nothing less innocent than a dictionary, but it sufficed not the less for the text of a grim warning. "I thought it was a Bible," was the reply. "Read your Bible, boy, or I'll flog you."

THERE was once a mathematical tutor in one of our great universities who was in the habit of boasting that he neither knew nor cared to know anything about poets or poetry, and considered it all "a lot of unpractical rot." A certain brother tutor was very anxious to convert him to the admiration of fine poetry, and by way of accomplishing this gave him the famous "Charge of the Light Brigade" to read. The mathematician took it up and began to read aloud, thus: "Half a league, half a league, half," then he banged the book down, exclaiming impatiently, "Well, if the fool meant a league and a half, why on earth didn't he say so?"—*Tit-Bits.*

MEMORY.

When years have swept across the thread of life,
They leave vibrations sounding in the soul
That are the lingering memories always rife
With magic tints of pleasure or of dole.

Man oft forgets, but only for a time,—
Alike is he to some old master's lute,
That only needs a passion's touch to rime
The thoughts that live with thoughts that have been mute.

J. F. C. in *Notre Dame Scholastic.*

College News.

L. Brown, B.A. Miss E. Whiteside, '98.

W. B. Tighe, '99.

Editors.

We are pleased to welcome back J. Chapman of '98 (Theology) after a temporary illness from la grippe.

The students of McMaster are looking forward with interest for the appearance of Dr. Rand's volume of poems which went to the press some time ago.

The continued illness of the Chancellor's little daughter still robs us of his presence. We are, however, looking forward to, and hoping for his return in the near future.

The students generally are down to hard work. As exams. are fast approaching there is a growing earnestness manifested on the part of theolog. senior, junior, sophomore, and freshman.

The finals in the chess tournament are being played off between Messrs. J. A. Grant, '99, I. G. Matthews, '97, E. Armstrong, '00, and T. N. Ritchie, '97.

The annual Fyfe missionary sermon will be preached in the College Street Baptist Church by the Rev. W. W. Weeks, on Sunday evening, April the 9th.

Dr. and Mrs. Goodspeed entertained a number of the theological students at their home, 330 Brunswick Ave., on the evening of March the 20th. A very pleasant time is reported.

At the annual meeting of the Student Volunteer City Union, Mr. L. Brown, B.A., was appointed as representative for McMaster University to act on the Executive of the Union for the ensuing year.

Encouraging reports have recently come from Messrs. J. Tiller and G Murdoch, both of '97. They are hoping to come back in the spring to write off their final exams.

A large number of the students were present at the Union Station on Friday evening the 1st inst., to say farewell to our genial and much respected fellow student A. N. Marshall, B.A., who took train for New York en route to Sidney, Australia. His last letter, written from New York, just before going on board his steamer, reported a pleasant journey. He was looking forward to a pleasant voyage, and we trust that under God's blessing he may be speedily restored to health.

THE Demosthenian Oratorical Society of the University meets fortnightly on Saturday morning. This speaking club is composed of members of the first and second year ; the meetings are well attended, and good progress is reported.

THE faculty have been busily engaged on the last few Friday afternoons in listening to and criticising essays of the graduating classes in Arts and Theology. Many of the essays read have been of special interest, and some will perhaps appear in our columns in the near future.

THE second match played by McMaster in the inter-collegiate hockey series was with the School of Practical Science, at whose hands our men suffered a defeat. The opposing team played a more scientific and faster game, while our players found it much more difficult playing on a large enclosed rink, being used to a smaller one (Victoria) where they had practised.

THE Camelot Club held their usual monthly meeting on Saturday morning, the 13th inst. A paper was presented by H. Proctor, '99 entitled "Lowell's Sonnets," which was well written and warmly received. Excellent selections from Lowell's poems were read by Messrs. J. C. McFarlane, '99, and J. Cornwall, '00. The monthly literary digest presented by the President I. G. Matthews, '97, was enjoyed by all.

THE lecture delivered on the evening of February 16th, by Mr. J. W. Bengough, in St. George's Hall, under the auspices of the Literary and Scientific Society, was in every sense a great success. There was, besides rare exhibitions of wit, humor and pathos, good sound argument running through his discourse from beginning to end. The excellent cartoons drawn by Mr. Bengough, at different intervals, contributed largely to the enjoyment of the evening programme.

WE have been pleased to receive visits from G. H Clarke, M.A., '95, of Hartford, Conn., and D. B. Harkness, of Plattsville, a former member of '97. While renewing old acquaintances in the College and City Mr. Clarke received many congratulations upon his recent appointment on the staff of the organ of the Young People's Union. The best wishes of his old student friends go with him to his work in Chicago.

THE hockey match between McMaster and St. Michael's in the Intercollegiate series, played on Victoria rink, resulted in a signal success for our team. The following represented McMaster : Goal, C. Clarke ; Point, P. Baker ; Cover Point, A. Imrie ; Forwards (centre), R. Simpson ; (left), E. Rossier ; (inside left), W. B. H. Teakles ; (right) Captain J. P. Schutt. The ice was in good condition, the game fast and friendly, resulting in a score of 13 to 3 in favor of McMaster. The playing of Captain Schutt, Rossier and Baker is especially worthy of mention.

THE students of the University were delighted and profited by the sermons and lectures recently delivered by the Rev. O. P. Gifford, D.D., pastor of Delaware Ave. Baptist Church, of Buffalo, N. Y. The lecture on Monday evening on "The Problem of Life" has called forth many comments of appreciation, while the sermons were of a most stimulating character. Dr. Gifford has an excellent delivery, a beautiful diction and rare ability for pleasing and profiting his hearers at the same time.

PROF. Farmer delivered a lecture on "A Liberal Education," before the Collegiate Institute, in Brockville, on the evening of Friday, March 12. From the report given in the *Brockville Recorder*, we learn that the lecture was very interesting and highly appreciated. Prof. Farmer in this lecture defined what he considered true education to be, and showed how the theoretical could find a practical test in life with all its broad and inviting avenues for usefulness. Says the *Recorder*, "The lecture was brought to a close by an eloquent and forcible appeal for the study of the classics, which he said developed, strengthened and beautified the mind."

THE Mathematical Society held its closing meeting for this year in Class Room 8, on the 22nd March. The programme consisted of a paper on "Recent Discoveries in Telegraphy," by H. S. Jordan, '00; a paper on "Mathematics as an Aid to Mental Culture," by W. W. Charters, '98, and a paper on "A Liberal Education as an Aid to Mathematical Teachers," by A. M. Overholt, '97. After the programme the election of officers for next year was held and the following were elected:—Hon. President, Prof. McKay; President, A. W. Vining, '98; Vice-President, W. W. Charters, '98; Secretary Treasurer, B. R. Simpson, '99.

THE general Literary and Scientific Society held a very interesting meeting on the evening of the 5th inst., President P. G. Mode, '97, in the chair. The programme opened with an instrumental duet by Misses McLay and Cohoon, which was well received. Mr. J. F. Vichert, '97, followed with a reading, which was rendered in his usually admirable style. After Mr. C. Triggerson, '00, had delighted the audience with a vocal solo, Mr. W. Houston, M.A., delivered a very interesting lecture on Tennyson, dwelling especially upon the "Idylls of the King" Mr. Houston advanced some thoughts gained from original resources, and in every way pleased his audience. An instumental duet by Messrs. Overholt and Roy, brought a very interesting meeting to a close.

THE Faculty and students of McMaster had the pleasure, on , of listening to a carefully prepared lecture, by Rev. J. W. A. Stewart, D.D., of Rochester, on the late George J. Romanes. The lecture was, in brief, a mental and spiritual biography of Romanes. Born at Kingston, Ontario, trained to the doctrines of evangelical Christian faith, and seized of scientific method and spirit in the full

blown development of his remarkable activity in his English home, he became an ardent disciple of Darwin, and finally "a thorough-faced" agnostic. Possessed of one of the keenest analytic minds, dispassionate and impartial, his quest for truth was almost abnormally active,—though it was a quest wholly from the side of the physical and the intellectual. The Christian faith was soon left behind him, and he imagined that he had outgrown it. But as time wore on, and his philosophical spirit hungered for an adequate constructive system, the personal problem emerged with ever-increasing force, and "would not down" Failing health brought him face to face with spiritual truths, and, now by slow stages, now by leaps and bounds, he retraced his steps to the Christian fold, and found peace for his perplexed spirit in the faith of his fathers. Dr. Stewart's sketch was full of pathetic suggestion, and adapted to make eager and gifted souls thoughtful and sober in the presence of this semi-tragic life, so outstanding in the world of recent science and philosophy, and so worthy in its extraordinary pursuit of knowledge. Dr Rand, on behalf of the students and Faculty, conveyed to Dr Stewart the warm thanks of all present, and emphasized the truth that the intuitions of the heart could not be disregarded in the quest for bread to sustain the life and satisfy the yearnings of the deathless soul

The regular monthly meeting of the Fyfe Missionary Society was held in the Chapel on Wednesday, February 24th. The usual devotional exercises were led by the President, Dr. Goodspeed. The business of the meeting was then considered, with Mr. McAlpine in the chair. The reports of the Voluntary Workers were particularly pleasing, especially that from Weston Road, where a series of special meetings had been held, Prof. Campbell assisting the students in these series. Some twelve persons had been led to put their trust in Christ as their Saviour. Conversions were also reported from several of the other fields.

Mr. Mellick, Superintendent of Home Missions, for Manitoba and the North-West, gave a very interesting address. After taking a hasty look at the great world field, he described the various phases of the work in the West. He drew attention to the many openings there were for work, if there were only men and means to seize the opportunity. He pointed out the work which was being done among the Scandanavians, Indians, etc., and dwelt upon the immense need for spiritual enlightenment existing among these people. He passed also to British Columbia, and outlined the need in that Province, and urged our responibsilities in this work.

In the afternoon Mr. L. Brown, B.A., gave a splendid review of the progress of missions during the past year. It was pointed out that we had reached a critical hour in the history of missions. There were open doors on every side, and yet there was a great apathy on the part of Christians as to the needs of this work. One important element in the progress of the year's work was the rapid development of the principles of self support. The paper was comprehensive and gave an interesting review of the work and prospects in the various mission fields of the world.

Mr. Craig, our successful missionary at Akidu, India, gave an earnest address on the work out there. He described his own early Christian college experiences and his call to India. He showed that it was not a hard duty, but a glorious privilege to carry the gospel to these dark lands. He told of how God had honored the work of many of the native helpers. He mentioned several instances of the call of natives to the work and their success as preachers He said that our expenditure on ourselves was out of all proportion to that upon the Lord's work. He urged us to be more zealous for God's honor in spreading his glorious gospel.

An audience that filled the seating capacity of the Chapel to overflowing assembled on Friday evening, March 19th, to enjoy the last open meeting for the year of the Literary and Scientific Society. The programme presented a decided change from the time-honored custom of making a debate the chief matter of interest. An oratorical contest took its place, and judging from the expressions of approval heard on all sides, the innovation was a decided success. The remembrance of the different speeches, fresh in the mind as they are, tends to produce an editorial eloquence in description that is difficult to restrain. Of the five orations delivered not one fell below the mark of a very considerable degree of excellence, giving evidence at once of good talent and careful preparation.

The first oration was made by Mr. C. H. Schutt, B.A., who represented Theology. He chose for his subject "Henry Ward Beecher." His short account of the most marked features in the life and character of the great preacher showed a deep sympathy and appreciation, and his description of Mr. Beecher's vigorous denunciations of slavery and his thrilling appeals in behalf of the slaves was one of great vividness.

Mr. E. A. Brownlee, '00, followed with an oration on "The British Flag." The Freshman class have every reason to feel proud of the way in which they were represented, for a more loyal and patriotic speech, we venture to say, has never been heard within the walls of McMaster.

Class '99 was ably represented by Mr. F. J. Scott, who spoke on "Liberty." Mr. Scott had already made a reputation for ability in public speaking and his oration on this occasion fully maintained it. He closed with an apostrophe to Liberty, which in less skillful hands would in all probability have served to lessen, rather than heighten, the good effect already produced upon the audience.

Mr. A. W. Vining was the next speaker. He prefaced his oration by expressing the pleasure it gave him to "draw the sword and fling away the scabbard for 98." And the sword received at his hands a vigorous and dexterous wielding. His subject was "William Pitt, the Earl of Chatham"; certainly a subject full of inspiration for every liberty-loving Englishman, and the speaker did not fail to do it ample justice.

The closing oration was delivered by Mr. J. F. Vichert, '97, on "Wilfrid Laurier," in which the Premier's merits were extolled with a grace and eloquence worthy of the Premier himself.

The difficult duty of judge was kindly undertaken by Rev. C. A. Eaton, M.A., who has never failed on every available opportunity to show his sympathy with the University. The task he had was a difficult one, but he performed it most acceptably, giving his decision in favor of Mr. Vining. Mr. Eaton has a humor quite inimitable and it made his speech not the least pleasing feature of the evening.

The musical part of the programme consisted of two selections by the University Orchestra, a vocal solo by Mr. W. S. McAlpine, B.A, and a chorus by the Glee Club, Sullivan's "Lost Chord." Miss Jessie Dryden, '00, also favored the audience with a delightful rendering of "The Bear Story" by Riley, and responded to an encore with Carleton's "Apple Blossoms."

The orations gave proof that there is abundance of talent in the University for public speaking, and that the officers of the Society feel satisfied that the change from a debate to an oratorical contest was one fully justified.

Much praise is due the President, Mr. P. G. Mode, '97, not only for the great success of this last open meeting, but also for the excellent programmes rendered during his term of office.

GREAT was the astonishment of all, when it was noised about the college halls, that the Tennysonian Society was going to endeavor to prepare a Mock-parliament, within the short intervals of two weeks. But with W. B. Tighe as Premier how could it fail to be a success? As the evening drew near, the enthusiasm of all concerned in the undertaking rose higher. The assembly consisted of Lieutenant-Governor S. E. Grigg; Speaker J. C McFarlane; Clerk, J. Cornwall; Sergeant-at-arms, J. F. Ingram; Pages, B. R. Simpson and P. Baker; and forty-three members, twenty-two of whom led by W. B. Tighe represented the Liberal Party, thirteen led by W. E. Robertson formed the Opposition; while the remaining eight, with H. C. Newcombe as their leader, upheld the Patron platform. The session opened at 7.15 on Friday evening of March 12th, the chapel being taxed to the utmost capacity to accommodate the spectators. The ladies formed a larger part of the audience than is usual in our meetings. The speech from the throne having been delivered by the Lieutenant-Governor, an enthusiastic debate followed, opened by H. Proctor who moved the address from the throne, which was seconded by J. T. Jones. The leader of the Opposition as was expected, took issue in an able speech with many points in the address, while the Patron leader, in a very bright, witty speech showed himself a true Patron, upholding the government in some points and taking issue with them in others. The address delivered by Hon. C. L. Brown, Provincial Treasurer, certainly deserves high commendation. His jokes were novel and original and were enthusiastically received by all.

Many words of commendation might be said of those who delivered addresses, but we must refrain. Suffice it to say that before the hour of adjournment the Tennysonian society had won the admiration

of those juniors, seniors and theologs. who were before astonished at the audacity of undertaking so great a task in so short an interval of time. Our only regret is that our most worthy president, Mr. D. Bovington, under whose leadership the society is in every way a success, was unable to be present.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

ELIZA P. WELLS, B.A., MARION CALVIN, EDITORS.

The subject of our monthly lecture was "Socrates, the Man and the Philosopher," and the lecturer, Dr. Tracy, of Toronto University, charmed the audience by his vivid picture of the sage, and his account of the services rendered by him to truth and humanity. In fact, so interesting was the lecture, that several of the young ladies have since expressed a new-found desire to study Greek. We consider this result a high tribute to the eloquence of the lecturer.

THE usual monthly missionary meeting was held on the evening of Tuesday, the 9th. The programme was informal in character, consisting of readings of missionary news, and statements of the needs of the work in various departments, varying the customary prayer and song service of our Tuesday evenings. At the close, a collection was made, as usual, and plans were formed for making a special contribution to the India Famine Fund. These were carried into effect a few days later, with good results.

THE following is the programme of the last Heliconian meeting:

Essay . . .	Oliver Wendell Holmes	Miss Cutler.
Piano Solo		Miss Nicholas.
Recitation . .	Liberty and Union . .	Miss Emma Campbell.
Song . . .	Lullaby	Miss L. Burke.
Recitation . .	"The Oysterman"	Miss Ritchie.
Recitation .	"The Chambered Nautilus" . .	Miss Clemens.
Piano Solo		Miss Eckhardt.
Debate—Resolved: that every woman should have a trade or profession.		
Affirmative		Misses Calvin and Spencer.
Negative		Misses Burke and Hoffman.

It was unanimously conceded that this was the best meeting of the year, all the numbers being very well rendered. The chief interest of the evening centered in the debate which was very spirited, and well argued on both sides. Miss Wells, who acted as judge, decided in favor of the affirmative.

THIS month we have had two recitals by the elocution pupils, to which the day girls and their friends were invited. Over twenty girls

took part and their selections were quite varied, long and short, tragic and humorous. One very pleasing feature of these recitals was that the recitations were so well-suited to the pupils who gave them. The girls did both their teacher and themselves great credit, and Miss Trotter certainly deserves to be congratulated.

During the past month we have had the pleasure of having our chapel exercises conducted by the Rev. J. Neal, the Rev. Mr. Bishop, and Dr. Welton of McMaster. We always enjoy having our service led by some friend from outside the College, and appreciate the kindness of those who occasionally take time for this out of their busy lives.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

S. R. Tarr, B.A., F. H. Phipps, Editors.

The Rev. Mr. Mellick delivered a very interesting address to the students on Manitoba and North-West Missions. His witty sayings, and graphic descriptions of life among the Indians, kept the audience intensely interested from the beginning to the end of his address.

The monthly examinations have just been written off, and all feel somewhat relieved after having an opportunity of letting off the superfluous knowledge which was almost bursting our craniums. In some cases, judging from the percentage taken, the pressure must have been great, but in others there is, as yet, evidently no danger of an explosion. Those standing first are: in 1st year, E Davis; 2nd year, W. Pearce; 3rd year, E. Scarlett; 4th year, S. H. Arkell.

The Baseball club has organized for the coming season. The officers elected were: F. H Phipps, Captain; E. Zavitz, Secretary-Treasurer, and C F. Russell, an Eastern League player, as Custodian. The meeting was large, and great interest and enthusiasm were manifested. Everything promises well for a good season, and all anticipate some good games during the coming months. The Rev. Mr. McKay was heard to say that he intended to apply for the position of second base on the team, so it is quite evident that the club lacks no support, and is on the road to success.

The Rev. Mr. Garside, returned missionary from India and a former student of the College, gave a very instructive lecture in the Chapel room upon the insects and reptiles of that country. The lecture was illustrated by views of the different species mentioned, some of them being rather formidable in appearance. All who heard

of the annoyances caused by some of the insects there, felt thankful that they were inhabitants of Canada, and concluded that our own country shows its superiority over all tropical lands, especially in regard to comfort.

Rev. Mr. Eaton's Lecture—On the evening of Friday, the 22nd of January, the monotony of college life was broken by a very pleasing and instructive lecture delivered by Rev. Chas. Eaton of Toronto. The event had been anticipated by the students, who turned out in full force. A large number of friends from the town also, notwithstanding the rather disagreeable weather, determined not to miss the treat, and came to hear the lecture. The subject of the address, "The Reign of the Common People," was treated by the genial pastor in a most instructive and entertaining manner. In opening the lecturer referred to the occasion of his last visit to Woodstock, when his hearers were convulsed with laughter from beginning to end. This time it was his intention to be solemn. In this he was to a certain extent successful, though occasionally he had to give way to the joviality of his nature, and vividly illustrated his points by very humorous anecdotes. He once regretted that he had not been born at a time when his services would have been required in military exploits, or when he would have had a chance to distinguish himself as a politician, but he encouraged the young men in the audience not to despair, for the greatest political questions of the day were yet to be settled. Among these, perhaps the greatest of all was the demand of the common people. The state in which affairs are at present—the rich ruling everything—cannot exist much longer; the voice of the laborer will have to be heard before the important questions of the day are settled. The people of to-day need to be educated. They should read the history of our own age, and thus keep abreast with the times. They should form opinions of their own, and should broaden their views concerning the burning questions of the day, and above all should be led to think of the vast eternity beyond this life. Have not many historical events proved that the laboring class must be recognized? The Reformation, the victory of Wilkes over Parliament, the repeal of the oppressive Corn Laws, discoveries and inventions, all show the importance of the middle class. The speaker finally declared that the secret of the poverty and discontent now existing was due to one thing, viz: waste. He spoke of the waste which takes place in the departmental stores of the Dominion. The loss of capital, manhood, energy and vigor on account of these stores was something enormous. Many a man, trying to earn an honest living, but unable to compete with the low prices of these merchant princes, has been compelled to close his doors, and become bankrupt. These stores monopolize all trade, and by so doing ruin the smaller merchants. It is easy to foresee that this condition of things cannot continue very long, and who knows but that some of the boys of Woodstock College will perpetuate his name forever by having a voice in their settlement Concluding the lecturer pointed all to the star of hope, the one under whose influence all wrongs may be righted—the Christ of Nazareth. Let all men follow his teachings, and there remains no more to be done. The lecture was closed with the earnest prayer, "God save the People."

GRANDE LIGNE.

E. Norman, B.A., Editor.

Through unavoidable circumstances our regular monthly lecture for February, that should have been given by Rev. Donald Grant, of the First Church, Montreal, had to be omitted.

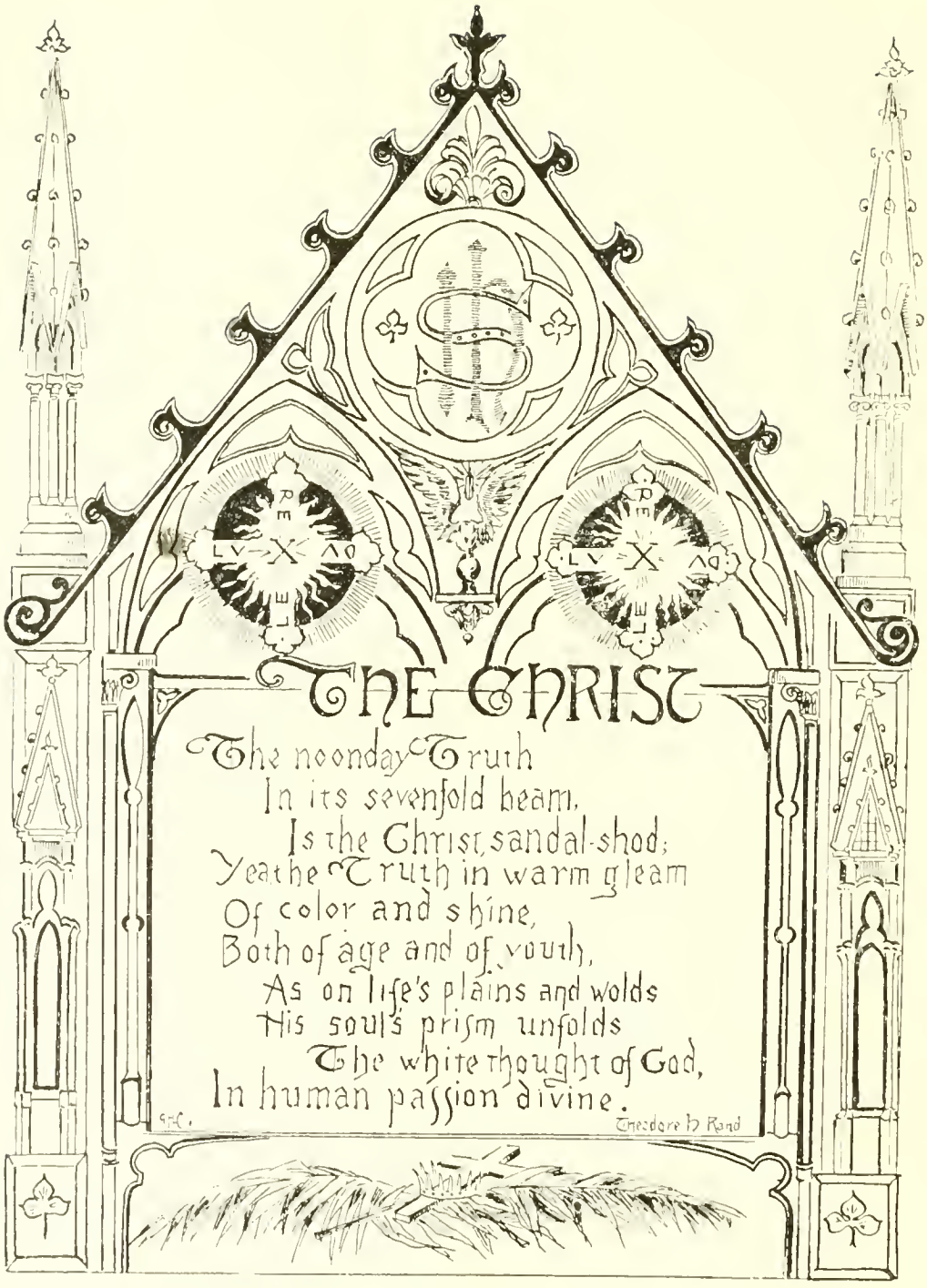
On March 11th, however, we had the pleasure of a lecture by Rev. J. B. Warnicker, of Point St. Charles' Baptist Church. His subject, "The City Mission Church," was dealt with in a very interesting and instructive way.

The girls and lady teachers of Feller Institute have been favored again this year by Mr. Roy, of Sabrevois, with a most enjoyable sleigh-ride. It is very seldom that any of the Grande Ligne students have the opportunity of a drive, so that our life becomes somewhat monotonous. Mr. Roy, evidently appreciating this, fitted up two large sleighs, and took the ladies for a drive across the Richelieu River to his own home. Here refreshments were served. After a short time for amusements, they drove back again to school. The beautiful day, good roads, and jovial spirits, made the drive all that could be desired. We hope Mr. Roy will remember us again next year. No doubt the boys would add much to the amusement of the party, if they could go also.

La Grippe has not forgotten to pay very persistent visits to Grande Ligne again this year. For a week or so his afflictions of the students were so severe and so numerous that the work of the school was seriously interfered with. Sometimes nearly a dozen of the students at once would be confined to their rooms. Even the teachers did not escape his heavy hand. However, he has left us at last, and we hope we may not be troubled with his presence again for a numher of years.

The annual meeting of the students, past and present, of Feller Institute was held on Thursday, Feb. 25th, in the College here. The weather was somewhat stormy, but quite a large number of old students braved its fury, in order to show their interest in their Alma Mater, and renew the friendships of the past. The afternoon session was devoted mainly to business of a routine nature. The Society was shown to have made very considerable progress both in numbers and in influence. The finances are in a flourishing condition, and several important suggestions were adopted regarding the expenditure of a part of the funds. Rev. M. B. Parent is succeeded by Mr. E. Norman as President for the present year; Mr. M. Auger becomes 1st Vice-Pres.; Miss S. Piche, 2nd Vice Pres., Rev. W. S Bullock, Sec.; Rev. G. N. Massé, Treas.; and Mr. A. E. Massé, Assistant Treas. Letters of sympathy were read from several members unable to be present. An enjoyable programme occupied the evening session, when our Chapel was taxed to its utmost to accommodate the audience. All went away well pleased with the work and enjoyment of the day.

284


THE CHRIST
The noonday Truth
In its sevenfold beam,
Is the Christ, sandal-shod;
Yea the Truth in warm gleam
Of color and shine,
Both of age and of youth,
As on life's plains and wolds
His soul's prism unfolds
The white thought of God,
In human passion divine.
Theodore Th Rand

THE

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

APRIL, 1897.

IN MEMORIAM.

D. A. McGREGOR

APRIL 25, 1890.

Bend low, O April skies,
  In weeping clouds bend low;
Our hearts are dumb, our lips are sealed,
  No tears relieving flow.

Bend low, O April skies,
  Over our wildering woe;
God moves in awful mystery
  And lays McGregor low.

All-Good, All-Wise, All-Free
  Father, Thy will be done;
This hour of darkness too shall tell
  Some triumph for Thy Son.

Thou mad'st him wondrous fair,
  Pure, gentle, true, and strong;
So like the Christ, whose name inspired
  His deathless dying song.

Hast Thou had need of him
  For higher service there?
In faith's repose, with him we sing,
  "*The day will it declare.*"

J. H. FARMER.

WORSHIP A CONDITION OF THE HIGHEST MORALITY.

The relation of worship to morality implies a necessary relation between morality and religion. Since worship is only the expression of religion, our first task is to determine the relation between morality and religion. If it proves to be a necessary relation, then worship as the expression of religion will be a condition not only of the highest morality but of any truly moral life.

(a) Is there a necessary relation between morality and religion? In order to show that there is such a relation, it must become evident that the phenomena of the moral consciousness make it necessary to discover an ultimate ground of moral principles in reality beyond the mere subjective experience. If there is an ultimate ground of moral principles and if this ultimate ground is identical with the object of religion, there is a necessary relation between morality and religion.

In order to solve our problem, we must examine the psychological basis of ethics, i. e., we must examine the moral consciousness from the psychological point of view: for, among the factors of the moral consciousness, if anywhere, will be found reason for seeking an ultimate ground of moral obligation beyond consciousness itself.

What then are the factors of the moral consciousness psychologically considered? Prof. Ladd gives the following convenient classification: First, the feeling of obligation for which we use such terms as "I ought," "he ought," "one ought," or the opposite feeling, "I ought not," "he ought not." This feeling of obligation arises only in view of some deed or course of conduct which is conceived as possible either of voluntary acceptance or rejection—something to be done or not to be done, and, it is always implied that the activity in question is a deed of will. Intellect must have developed far enough to include the capacity of holding up in imagination the deed to be done or the course of conduct to be followed.

Again, the feeling of obligation is necessarily connected with judgment. But this judgment as to what is to be done is not different from any other intellectual judgment. There is there-

fore no special faculty of conscience as a matter of pronouncing judgments merely. As to what is to be done, custom, environment and education are all concerned in the final judgment which is nothing but the weighing of evidence in the particular cases.

There is also a second feature, namely, the sentiment of moral approbation or disapprobation following upon the contemplation of some deed or course of conduct as an accomplished fact and as respects its moral character, and this sentiment is not the same as that of obligation although dependent upon it; an examination of the individual consciousness shows that the "ought feeling" and the feeling of moral approbation are attached without any intellectual process intervening, to a so-called moral judgment, but in making up the judgment any amount of reasoning upon evidence is admissible.*

(b) Such are the factors which a psychological analysis of the moral consciousness reveals. A still further question is: are moral obligation and the feeling of approval or disapproval derived or underived? i. e., are the factors of the moral consciousness above presented a product or original in character? Many empiricists reply that the moral sentiments are derived. This empirical theory holds that the history of the moral consciousness has three stages. In the first "there is an association being continually formed and strengthened between our actions and the pleasant or painful feelings which they entail." This results in an inducement to do what brings pleasure and to avoid what produces pain. In the second stage of the development of the moral consciousness "this inducement derives a new character of obligation from the authoritative commands of external government, with the punishment which that government is accustomed to inflict for disobedience. In the third stage this consciousness of obligation reaches its complete development by attaining an insight into the reason of external commands and thus enabling us to feel that certain actions are obligatory for reasons which are independent of their being enforced by an external power."†

Prof. Murray criticises this theory of the moral consciousness on the ground that in the second stage, the assumption is

*G. T. Ladd, "Psychology Descriptive and Explanatory," p. 579, ff.

†Murray's Handbook of Ethics, p. 50, 51.

made that the external command carries with itself the obligation to obedience which is the very thing we are trying to explain the origin of.

In addition to the criticism just made, the empirical theory assumes a principle which will compel us to abandon the theory and maintain instead that the moral consciousness may be understood as a form of the functioning of reason itself accompanied by an underived ethical feeling. The principle to which I refer is the capacity of distinguishing between certain painful and pleasant results of action, with the accompanying desire to do what brings pleasure and avoid what produces pain. The theory also assumes reflection upon existing customs and laws and insight into their suitableness for ensuring good and preventing evil, followed by free rational doing of the acts required by these laws and customs.

Now this assumption of reason's activity in view of actions proposed, is what I wish to call attention to. Recognize fully the place of reason in the consciousness of moral obligation and we shall find the empirical theory wanting. The results of action are known. Certain acts are found to produce desirable, others undesirable results. Certain ends of action have a value that others do not. Reflection upon a course of action discovers what reason would say about it. It is a reasonable act, one in which reason may find satisfaction and one which reason would impose on all reasonable beings. A closer examination shows that reason forbids us to view an act only in the present. There is a whole of life to be considered as well. Just so does reason forbid that an act be decided upon solely with reference to its consequences for the actor, because the actor is a member of a community and his acts have necessarily relations to others: so reason, which is supposed to consider all the data, requires a consideration of these other members of the community in reaching a decision as to a given course of conduct.

The act decided upon by reason will be accompanied by an unconditioned obligation, for reason having imposed this duty there can be no reasonable limitation of the obligation to realize the end pointed out by reason.*

This view is essentially that of Kant, but we now go beyond

*Murray's Handbook of Ethics, pp. 57-68.

Kant when we affirm that this presented end is responded to in a peculiar and underived form of feeling, called ethical, whereby everything is (in intent) surrendered to the presented end in corroboration of reason's declaration of its supreme worth.*

This effort to do justice to the principle of reason implied in the empirical theory of the origin of the moral consciousness compels the rejection of the empirical theory and the grounding of moral obligation in the functioning of reason itself accompanied by an underived form of feeling.

(c) Is there an ultimate ground of moral obligation? I mean: shall we, with Leslie Stephen, refuse to go beyond the psychological facts of the moral consciousness, rejecting all metaphysics? Or, shall we, instead, seek to relate the consciousness of moral obligation to the real universe, in other words, to God who is the foundation of all that is? I believe we must seek this ultimate basis of moral obligation. We should observe also that we can show a necessary relation between morality and religion only as we succeed in making it clear that moral obligation is grounded in ultimate Being and that this ultimate Being is at the same time the supreme Object of the religious emotion. If I can show this, the necessary relation between morality and religion will be evident and consequently, worship as the expression of religion, will be a necessary condition of moral attainment. Let us make the attempt.

Note, first, the bearing of the theory of knowledge upon the question at issue. If we are to accept the doctrine that our knowledge is by conceptions and limited to conceptions; if we are to make the test of knowledge consist in the clearness and distinctness of conceptions and the freedom from contradiction among them; if this thought-world so carefully ordered has a defensible claim to represent the world of reality: then must not this clear conception of unconditioned obligation which harmonizes so well with the totality of our rational world, have some definite meaning for reality? In other words, has not the consciousness of moral obligation as much claim to represent a real world and to be grounded in ultimate Being as the conception of causality or substantiality? These are categories of mind but

*Ladd, Psychology, Descriptive and Explanatory, p. 581.

we believe they are also categories of being. Why then shall we make an exception in the case of moral obligation and hold that it has only psychological significance, and that there is nothing in the ultimate nature of being which corresponds to it? This argument for a metaphysical basis of moral obligation certainly places moral obligation on an equal footing with the conceptions of cause and substance and if one is purely subjective, why not the others, leaving us in absolute solipsism?

Another argument for the grounding of moral obligation in reality may be found by analogy in the treatment of natural laws. What do we do with natural laws when we treat them from the standpoint of a philosophy of nature? We do not erect these laws like a scaffolding over things and command obedience. Natural laws are instead our thought-representatives of certain fixed, orderly ways of behavior on the part of the reality we know. "Laws of Nature" are so many abstractions made by the thinking mind in presence of the natural world. Reality in its changing activity founds law, gives a basis for this subjective interpretation, called natural law, by the observing mind. Now, if the natural world is the manifestation of some ultimate Being, must not the so-called natural laws be only our thought-representatives of the ways of energizing on the part of that ultimate Being?

Just so, I believe, must moral obligation in the shape of moral law, revealed by the functioning of reason, be carried over from ourselves to some ultimate ground. What I have already said supports this belief. In addition, I may appeal to Schleiermacher's "feeling of dependence" as the deepest factor of our inner life. We do not regard ourselves as self-sufficient but believe that we are real yet somehow dependent upon the one ground of all reality. If we did not have this consciousness of dependence, we might be satisfied to view the moral law as entirely subjective. Instead, as we ground the laws of the dependent natural world in the one ultimate Being, so we who are likewise dependent are impelled to ground our moral law in that supreme Being.

Another argument in favor of going beyond the mere psychological aspect of ethics is the relation of ethics to being. As Newman Smyth says: "All ethics involves some metaphysics;

for ethics is the science of well-being and well-being involves being."* The idea is that he who is to set forth a manner of life which can be described as favorable must first know the nature of the being which is living the life. That is before we can fully exhibit man's moral needs and characteristics, we must take his full measure or the coat will not fit. In other words a true ethic requires that man be considered in relation to the universe of which he is a part, and in relation to the one ground of all reality upon which his existence depends. This metaphysical consideration of man makes it necessary to establish the moral law in ultimate Being, in the Absolute, in God.

(d) Granting that the moral law must be thus grounded is this ultimate Being, this Absolute, personal or impersonal? This question must be answered before it can become clear whether or not there is a necessary relation between morality and religion. This is so because religion implies communion between the finite and the infinite personality. (I assume this without argument). Now, if it can be shown that the ultimate basis of moral obligation is the infinite Person, then, since the same infinite Person is the object of the religious emotion, the necessary relation between morality and religion will become evident. We have already seen that moral obligation must be grounded in that Being which is at the foundation of all that is. Confining our attention to moral phenomena, what is there in these phenomena to convince us that this ultimate Being is also personal?

One argument for the absolute personality is found in the nature of the moral law which, as we have seen, is progressively revealed with the development of man's reason. In the comparison of ends of action, a highest end is discovered which is unconditioned because reason imposes it upon all rational beings. Now, if it be true, as I have shown, that the laws of man's nature like the laws of all other finite existences are grounded in the ultimate Being upon which he is dependent; and if one of these laws is the moral law imposed or revealed by the functioning of his own reason, then, the moral law is grounded in an absolute Being that is rational, and because rational, moral. If, then, the Absolute is rational, we must hold that the Absolute

*Newman Smyth, Christian Ethics; p. 3 ff.

is personal, for reason is without meaning to us except as an attribute of personality. Therefore, the nature of the moral law itself enables us to conclude that the Absolute is rational, hence, ethical and personal.*

Again, the personality of the Absolute is made more evident by another psychological aspect of man's moral consciousness. Prof. James has given an interesting analysis of the self in its moral and religious phases. In speaking of what he calls the "social me," he shows that we are constantly asking how others think of us. There is a desire to be approved by our fellows. We carry on a constant self-judgment by imagining how we look in the eyes of others. But this desire for approval from some near and intimate companion is so vast that it becomes itself a kind of religion. This companion whose approval is sought, is idealized and magnified till he becomes the "great Companion," "God," "the absolute Mind." This relation between these two selves constitutes the moral relation; this moral relation is the restraint of one personality or self over another, and is the expression of the harmony or disharmony in their desires.† If this psychological analysis of our consciousness may be made a guide in our interpretation of the nature of the absolute ground of moral obligation, we again reach the conclusion that this Absolute is personal.

Once more: many are willing to ground the moral law in the universe, but find it necessary to stop short of a personal God, and put in his place a moral world order. Fichte did this in his attempt to escape what he considered a crude anthropomorphism in attributing personality to the Absolute. This means no personal God, but a moral world order. In reply, we may say with Lotze that this moral world order can not be regarded apart from the world—an unjustifiable abstraction. If this moral world order is simply order, *i.e.*, relations of that which exists, it can never be that which orders, never present itself as one who claims my personal allegiance. The moral consciousness does recognize this "great companion," and a true philosophy must not overlook this fact. Consequently, Fichte's moral world order is only a half-way house to the recognition

*Murray, Handbook of Ethics, 358 ff.

†W. James, the Principles of Psychology, I., 315, 316.

of the personal nature of the absolute ground of all reality.* Even Fichte himself later practically put the personal God in the place of his moral world order.†

A final argument for the divine personality may be drawn from the following implication of moral obligation: If we are to be moral, we need to believe that our life and the world are so ordered that morality is possible. This faith rests on the assumption of an intelligent Creator of the universe of which we are in some sense a part. Socrates, while he did not teach a philosophy of nature directly, really did so indirectly, for he implied that the righteous man would be happy and favored, because the world was so ordered as to work in his behalf. "This arrangement of the world could only arise from the wisdom and beneficence of the creative reason which we can nowhere seek but among the gods."‡ Kant in the Critique of the Practical Reason makes the existence of God the postulate of the certainty of happiness consequent upon virtue. Paul Janet says: "Man hopes and prays and believes that somehow the right not only ought to be done but can be done, not only ought to prevail but will prevail, and this conviction leads him to postulate the existence of the God who is able to establish righteousness and reward the faithful." The thought is that unless men did believe in the ultimate triumph of righteousness and goodness through a God of righteousness and goodness, there would not be a sufficient motive for the moral life. Hence, Janet says: "I make religion the practical condition of morality," and so may we.§

Reviewing our argument for the necessary connection between morality and religion, we have seen that, psychologically, the consciousness of moral obligation is not derived empirically, but is, with Kant, revealed in reason, and is, in addition to Kant, supported by a unique and underived form of feeling; that, considered from the metaphysical standpoint, this moral "law," like other laws of the finite, must be grounded in ultimate Being; that an analysis of moral phenomena shows

*Lotze, Microcosmus, II., 673 ff.

†Otto Pfleiderer, Philosophical Review, Sept. '96, p. 464, 469.

‡Zeller's Outlines of Greek Philosophy, p. 111 ff.

§Theory of Morals, 472-482.

that this ultimate Being must be personal. But religion also (this is assumed) requires as its object infinite Personality. Therefore, there is a necessary relation between morality and religion, and we may expect to find that worship, as the expression of religion, is a necessary condition of moral attainment.

(e) An appeal to history would confirm this statement concerning the relation between morality and religion. I can here only refer to the conclusions of such a writer as Newman Smyth, who says: "The two have grown together, and, so far as we can discover, have usually sprung up together. Throughout known history the two powers of human life, religion and morality, have been coexistent and coöperative." The earliest forms of the religious consciousness contain implicitly the moral consciousness as well; while "an awakening of the moral consciousness is usually accompanied by a profound stirring of the religious depths of human nature." On the other hand, "no religious teaching can remain, if its idea of God is discovered to be immoral." "All attempts absolutely to divorce these two original and allied elements of man's being, his religious faith and his moral sense, seem to be impossible; by some Power, creative of our nature, they have been so joined together that man can not put them asunder." This general interdependence does not, however, mean that morality and religion may not have a relative independence of each other from time to time: but "ultimately they belong together. Each originally implies the other, and in the perfected life both are made one." *

(f) At this point, I may refer to the views concerning the relation of morality and religion held by the Societies of Ethical Culture, of whom Felix Adler is perhaps the chief representative. These societies affirm that religious organizations, *i.e.*, the churches, have outlived their usefulness, that the day has come for separating ethics and religion in practice as well as in

*Newman Smyth, Christian Ethics, p. 1, 5 ff. The reader may profitably consult also Luthardt's History of Christian Ethics before the Reformation, Vol. I. Otto Pfleiderer's Philosophy of Religion.

NOTE.—One of the most impressive lessons of the history of philosophy is that the race mind develops in its entirety. No one part can advance far without influencing, or being influenced by, the other parts of the race mind. Indeed, such words as "parts" of mind are altogether misleading. The so-called "parts" are only phases of the one life. This truth alone is sufficient to overthrow any argument for the separation of morality and religion, either in the individual or the race.

theory in the interest of a nobler and more firmly rooted morality. Indeed, religion is a positive obstacle to the highest morality.

Such teachings are certainly rather sweeping, and it is refreshing to have them met by such a man as Prof. Pfleiderer in an article in the Philosophical Review for September, '96. Prof. Pfleiderer acknowledges the importance of the objections to religion made by these Societies of Ethical Culture, but maintains in reply that these objectionable features of present-day religion and religious teachings are remnants of a by-gone age, which served their purpose then, but are now out of harmony with the higher stage of ethical and truly religious life of the present. These objectionable features will necessarily pass away in the increasing purity of the religious life.

Our Ethical Society friends object to religion in connection with morality on the ground that religion corrupts morals by appealing to hopes and fears through a system of rewards and punishments. We may reply that the doctrine of retribution has an important part to play in the history of the race, but that it must give way to the "individual's certainty of the inestimable value and endless content of his life in virtue of his oneness with God," and his expectation of "nothing in the future except the further development of the intrinsic richness of his nature—the 'manifestation of the glory of the children of God'—as St. Paul puts it." Rom. 8: 18.

From the same quarter comes the objection to religion in connection with morality on the ground that it sets up such an authority over man that man is deprived of his true manhood, because he is made a slave of a foreign will. In reply, we may present the doctrine of freedom in God which means that man willingly surrenders himself to God, and in that life finds his highest freedom. For him who has the right view of the divine personality in relation to himself, the divine will ceases to be foreign and compelling. Such a relation is established in the religious life between the finite personality and the divine, that fear is removed, and friendliness and helpful, loving intercourse prevail, the commmuning spirit is at home with God.

Prof. Pfleiderer also argues positively against the doctrines of the Ethical Society that moral ideals without the support of

religion, are not powerful enough in their hold upon men in general to effect their realization. For example, it is a serious question whether altruistic ethical doctrines which require disinterested philanthropy would be long put in practice without the support of religious belief in a common Father of all, each of whose children is to be loved and served, not only for his own sake, but for the Father's sake.

In regard to the objection that religious organizations, *i.e.*, the churches, both Catholic and Protestant, have outlived their usefulness, it is to be granted that "churchly dogmatism and ecclesiastical supremacy" should give place "to the development of the true religio-ethical disposition," and "to the awakening and strengthening of the feeling of duty, of love and of confiding hope." This desired reform can not be accomplished on the Ethical Society basis, but must be done "in the name of the eternal religio-ethical Idea." Hence the church will continue to be the legitimate and powerful representative of the moral and religious life. "Those who are in earnest in demanding a truly ideal morality and a truly ethical community must labor, not for a morality outside of the church, but for a reformation within the church."

Finally, the thesis which Prof. Pfleiderer maintains against all the above objections to the union of morality and religion is: "Moral sanction must have a transcendantal ground; it must have as its basis some absolute or super-subjective rational will, *i.e.*, God." Thus the principle that I am seeking to establish, namely, that the religious life is an essential condition of the highest morality, is confirmed.*

(g) Having shown that morality, considered from the philosophical point of view is grounded in the absolute life, bringing morality into vital relation with religion, which has the same ultimate object, there is but one conclusion to be reached, namely, that one who is to be thoroughly moral should live conscious of the complete meaning of moral obligation, which is, in short, to have the worshipful spirit; that is, one must not stop short in the subjectivity of the moral nature. If it be true that the moral law has an ultimate basis in the divine

*Otto Pfleiderer, Philosophical Review, Sept., '96, pp. 449-472. Versus Pfleiderer, see Prof. Eliza Ritchie, International Journal of Ethics, January, '97, pp. 180-191.

Being, one should train himself to view his conduct *sub specie æternitatis*, as Spinoza said. This means that one needs to be religious if one is to be truly moral. It is even worship of the divine as altogether worthy. Thus I have come to my journey's end by showing that worship is a condition of the highest morality.

In conclusion, I may add that the worship which is to promote the moral life is in part, at least, the worship of our churches. It should and does lift the heart to God. This is doubtless the chief value of our religious services. It is not so much what is said or done or sung—if all this succeeds in lifting the hearts of the people to the "best things," good is accomplished, and the moral forces are strengthened.

But I would not limit the expressions of the religious spirit which are to promote the moral life, to our church services This world is the temple of God, as Habakkuk said, and "the Lord is in his holy temple," and "all the earth may well keep silence before him," (2 : 20). Let us feel the throb of the divine life in the world of nature, of art, of poetry, of music; for all things good come from Him who is good, and merit a loving response from devout recipients. The worshipful life, whether it find expression in the shop or the study, in Pagan temple or Christian church, is of God and leads to Him, having as its ripest fruit a high moral life.

One word more: while there is room for every form of worship, if only there be the true worshipful spirit which can support the moral life, the very nature of the moral law would require that the worship (or rather the religion of which worship is the expression) should be as much in harmony with the demands of reason as possible, that is, if the moral law, psychologically considered, is, in one aspect at least, the functioning of reason, and, metaphysically considered, is based in the divine Reason, then the form of religious worship which is to recognize and give expression to the ultimate significance of moral obligation should be as much in accord with reason as possible. It is all summed up in "worship in spirit and truth," worship according to the true state of things, worship according to the ultimate object, both of the moral law and of religion, which is the Truth, God, the Father.

The reader may not agree with either the arguments or the manner of presenting them. But let no one be blind to the magnitude and importance of the question at issue. I have sought to make an earnest protest against the effort to separate morality and religion either in theory or in practice, firmly believing that the religious life is the fulfilment and inspiration of the moral, that it enlarges our view and enhances the moral motive.

J. TenBroeke.

THE SOUTHERN ELECTIVE SYSTEM.

The elective system of the South is quite unlike the system of electives or options with which we in the North are familiar. It originated with Jefferson, who established it in the University of Virginia, where it has ever since been maintained. Dr. John A. Broadus, a graduate of that University, is responsible for its existence in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary at Louisville. The nature of this system will be more readily understood if we first call to mind the main features of our own fixed curriculum and elective methods.

I. *The Fixed Curriculum.* Note:

1. There is one course for all—a general course.

2. The studies in this course are chosen for their general educational value. They properly prepare for the degree of B.A., and are supposed to furnish the best liberal education.

3. The course is divided into three or four parts, each part to be done in a year. This is the *year system.* All students are expected to cover the same work in the same time.

4. This year system makes it necessary to adapt the range and strength of the course to the average student, and creates a difficulty for those who rise above or fall below that average. In the latter case the solution is found in a low pass mark; in the former, two main solutions have been sought. Sometimes Honor standing has been granted to those taking upwards of a certain per cent., and sometimes additional Honor work has been provided.

5. The strong points in favor of this plan are:

(1) The course of study has the highest educational value—a fact, surely, of the first importance.

(2) It enjoys the advantage that is always urged in favor of the class or year system that it fosters a desirable *esprit de corps*, and so furnishes a powerful stimulus to the student to keep up with his year.

6. Its weak points are:

(1) All men, however they may differ in preparation and aptitude for study, are assigned the same tasks. Strong and weak must pull the same load. It becomes galling to the man who is slow but sure, and sets a rather high premium on the student who can learn quickly, though he may be the other's inferior in real ability.

(2) In its low pass mark it disregards the fundamental principle that thoroughness in work is essential to the highest mental discipline.

(3) It discourages the slow student who is impatient with superficiality, and so robs him of the buoyancy of spirit and delight in his work which he might have under more favorable conditions. On the other hand, it may compel others to spend four years on that which they could advantageously do in three.

These three are inseparable from the year system.

(4) It involves hardship for students who, though strong in most departments, are hopelessly weak in one. For example, a student might be debarred from graduation by exceptional inability to learn mathematics, although, be it said, such exceptional cases may be met by a little practical good sense.

II. *The Northern Elective System.*

1. This differs from the foregoing in offering an extensive system of options. Two observations should be made in order to make clear the nature of the changes involved.

(1) Instead of one fixed course a large number of courses are offered. A large University like Harvard, with such a system, becomes little more than a congeries of small colleges, each with a small staff of teachers and a small attendance of students.

(2) These courses are not determined wholly by their educational value, but are also intended to meet different tastes and preferences, or prepare for special pursuits. To this extent they become professional schools, and depart from the fundamental conception of that liberal education which was formerly represented by the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

2. It agrees with the fixed curriculum system in holding to the year system, with all that is involved in it.

3. Its strong points:

(1) The class *esprit de corps* is retained, though perhaps somewhat weakened.

(2) It makes provision for constitutional differences, and so avoids the hardships sometimes involved in the fixed curriculum. Moreover, the student may fairly be expected to do better work in the studies which are most congenial to him.

4. Its weak points:

(1) It has the three weaknesses of the year system already mentioned.

(2) It sacrifices the greatest advantage of the fixed curriculum in departing from the true conception of a liberal education. I would like to refer the reader to an excellent article on this point, by Professor Forbes, of Rochester, in the Baptist Quarterly for July, 1888.

III. *The Southern Elective System.*

1. It main features are as follows:

(1) It differs radically from the two systems already noticed in its *abandonment of the year system.*

(2) The subjects of study are arranged in schools, such as the School of Latin, the School of Mathematics, etc. The work of a school may be covered in one or two years.

(3) There may or may not be optional studies. In the University of Virginia a generous amount of options is provided, but the whole system of options is held strictly subordinate to the thought of furnishing a true liberal education. The B.A. represents in all cases a general rather than a special course. Out of eight units demanded for B.A., one must be in each of the six great divisions—Classics, Moderns, History and English Literature, Mathematical Sciences, Natural Sciences,

Philosophical Sciences: the other two may be chosen from any of these. For example the first six might be Latin, French, English Literature, Rhetoric, Mathematics, Chemistry, Political Economy: the other two might be Greek and German, or Modern English and Astronomy, or Physics and Moral Philosophy, etc. In the Louisville Seminary there is a fixed course for each degree.

2. Its weak point is the loss of the class spirit and whatever stimulus that affords.

3. Its advantages are:

(1) It adjusts itself easily and naturally to the ability of the student. One may be able to pursue work satisfactorily in five or six different classes: another may find himself taxed to his utmost to keep up with three: whilst the average student will do thorough work in four. They go just as rapidly as they can go thoroughly. Sometimes a man who has been unaccustomed to study may cover but little in his first session: but with practice his ability to work grows, and in the last two years of his undergraduate course he may succeed comfortably in making up for his early slowness.

(2) Thoroughness can be, and is, insisted upon. The pass mark is 75 per cent. This means better education.

(3) Each class can cover more work in a session. If, in a class, any student begins to fall behind in spite of earnest application, he is advised to take less work, i. e., to drop one class. There is no obligation on the part of the teacher to hold the class back for his sake.

This involves two very important advantages:

(*a*) It lessens the number of classes and so makes for economy.

(*b*) It makes it possible to do a higher order of work.

(4) Since there is not the same unyielding pressure on the slow student there is less danger of men becoming discouraged, or breaking in health.

This is a very brief and imperfect sketch. I have striven to state as simply as possible, what seem to me to be the merits and demerits of each plan. If I seem to regard the Southern plan as the best, it is not because I have sought to do any special pleading. I have tried to state the facts just as I have found them in actual experience.

J. H. Farmer.

Students' Quarter.

(Graduates and Undergraduates.)

M. C. McLean, '98, W. B. H. Teakles, '98.
Editors.

"WHERE EVERY PROSPECT PLEASES."

In the southern part of India, away inland, rise the Nilgiri Hills to the height of five, seven or eight thousand feet above sea level, with here and there a peak of greater altitude thrusting its head above the crowd. These hills are a favorite resort for English and American residents of almost any part of India, who flee from the terrible heat of the plains in the summer months. The great attraction is, of course, the cool, bracing climate, but add to this grand scenery and beautiful, luxurious vegetation, and one has an ideal sanitarium.

There are two towns of resort among these hills, Ootacammed and Coonoor, distant twelve miles one from the other. "Ootz" (for short), higher in altitude, and consequently cooler, is the Government Sanitarium, and is more favored with the presence of "society," while Coonoor, further down the range, smaller and less pretentious, though not less beautiful in situation and surroundings, seems to be more sought after by the missionaries of many Societies, than by the "madding crowd," who follow in the train of the Governor and his suite.

The hills are traversed by fine roads, kept in perfect repair, hard and smooth as a concrete pavement, clean-swept as a ball-room floor built and kept up by that wonderful institution, the English Government. It depends on where one starts from, of course, but as the journey must be made on an Indian railroad, we are pretty safe in saying that it is probably a long, and it is sure to be a hot and tedious, ride before one arrives at Metlapollium, the terminus of the railroad which ends at the foot of the hills. The journey is through a dry and parched country. The ground is baked, the grass dead. The trees have lost their spring brightness and tenderness of hue and texture. The prospect is monotonous in its stretch of dreary barren field and dry river bed. The tall and solitary palm tree lifts its dimin-

ished and bedraggled head against the fierce blue white sky, looking as if it were longing to lie down in peace to die, if it could only bend that stiff, slender trunk. Here and there a village flashes into sight, a clump of thatched mud houses, a group of large trees, a shrieking crowd of dancing children—and it is gone. Now we shoot past the grateful gloom of a mango grove, and out into the glare again. The only relief to the dazzled eye is the soft blue outline of the hills, whither we are bound, now growing nearer and more distinct with every mile of our journey. At last the end is come, and we step out on the station platform at Metlapollium. Upon doing so, a breath as out of a heated oven smites us in the face. The atmosphere quivers over the bare, gray fields, and the glare is blinding.

From M——, the ascent—twenty-two miles to Coonoor, thirty-four to Ootz—is made in various kinds of conveyances. One may go up in the "tonga," a vehicle of the mail cart species drawn by four skinny but expeditious animals. This trip is made by daylight. Or one may patronize the humble and unostentatious ox-cart and make the ascent in the night. The latter method of procedure has its disadvantages: one does not get much of the scenery, but it is not devoid of a certain charm for those who love the night. A tender, subtle charm lies under the starlight, dwells in the hush of Nature, and speaks peace to the weary and care-worn, a charm peculiar to "Night's soft presence," which flies before the approach of Day.

The ascent is begun, our carts are creeping up the hill, the tinkling of the bells on the oxen's necks echoing under the trees along the sides of the roads. Up, up, up, winding along the road which circles the hills again and again, crawling along their slopes, diving down into the valleys, climbing up the steeps, traversing the brink of the precipices, stealing under the great over-arching bluffs. The night is still, breathless. Only the stars look down upon us from their steadfast height.

Up, up, up, through the cool, sweet darkness laden with the fragrance of many a hidden mountain blossom, full of the "calm, majestic presence of the night." Up, up, farther up, and now the mountain breeze begins to stir in the tree-tops, rushes down the gorge and sweeps past us to the plains, and a little

stream, starting from some hidden source high up in a woody dell, goes twinkling down the road-side on its way to the thirsty plains. "Why to the plains, little stream? 'Tis hot and dusty down there—you will choke, you will die—stay, come back!" But no, it hurries by while we go still further up. Every puff of cool, fresh air brings to our ears the sound of distant waterfalls, the woods on either side of us breathe in the darkness and stillness. Up, up, up—the gathering light foretells the day—a little while and the breeze freshens, the dawn breaks, the birds in a thousand trees awake and sing, the flowers by the road-side shake off the glittering dew-drops, the sun arises, and on a new world, for we are "on the hills." Look around us—here they are!

They stand on all sides, crowding, peeping over one another's shoulders, stretching away and away to east, to west, to north, to south, in "verdure clad," in sunshine bathed, crowned by the blue above. They bear on their slopes the marks of man's industry as well as signs of the Creator's skill. Here and there are plantations of tea and coffee, with the houses of the planters in the midst. See the low-spreading coffee bush growing close up to the roadside. Here is a branch of it, with its dainty white blossoms set close along the stem.

The way into the Town of Coonoor is literally a flower-strewn path. The sun which burns up in its fierceness the vegetation of the plains, here smiles down on a profusion of leaf and blossom. The grass is a tender, vivid green: many flowering trees stand along the way. For instance, there is the rhododendron, its thick, coarse foliage lit up by tufts of gorgeous crimson bloom: the gordonia with its waxy, white, scentless flowers, and many another leafy resident of the heights. Passion flowers, red, purple and pure white, run madly up the roadside shrubs and wave their tendrils in the breeze: pink lilies gather in fairy circles under the shade of the fir-trees, and clumps of stately callas cluster round the low-lying pools, looking strangely out of place amidst such undignified and rustic surroundings. Ferns and tiny English daisies clothe the banks in living beauty, while climbing over the lantana hedge, and almost falling over the bank into the road in their haste come the sweet pink roses, the dear familiar roses of our own homeland, to greet us like old friends in a strange country.

Many are the beauties of this land of "pure delight," over which our pen would linger in loving memory, but there is not time nor space for the recounting of them all. But one scene especially, returning again and again to the mind, insists upon "honorable mention."

We are on "The Droog," the summit of a hill which lifts its head high above the surrounding peaks. It is the guardian of the mountain pass into the plains below, and keeps silent and constant watch over the country at its feet, the country which we call "the plains." The word "Droog" means "fort," and sure enough, here are ruins of some ancient building which look as if it might just as well have been a fort as anything else. History has it that this fort was the stronghold of an ancient king, and that his enemies used to attack him from the mountain steeps below. One imagines that it must have been with very little success, for an army would have an interesting time scrambling over those "horrid crags" to take a fort set on such a pinnacle, and the party on top must have been most decidedly the master of the situation. Whether the old fort stood the siege, or whether it surrendered, who can now tell? Whether that old king repulsed his enemies and reigned "ever after" in peace and splendor over his land, or whether he died a prisoner, or whether he fell in valiantly defending the fort, who shall say? Only the old black stones lying about in confusion, or that fragment of staunch old wall could tell, and they will not speak.

But, leaving all that, turn your face to the scene before you and behold a world at your feet! It is as if a vast map were unrolled before you, and far as the eye can reach the scene is the same. A great plain lying still and dim and yellow under the sunlight, too far away for us to distinguish clearly the features of the landscape and yet, in the clear atmosphere near enough to allow us to pick out the prominent points. The whole surface is dimly marked into squares, which are fields, with here and there what looks like a heap of dust but which really is an isolated hill. The long, dark wavering lines which wander in every direction indicate the courses of rivers or streams whose banks are fringed with trees. A cluster of dots just distinguishable is Metlapollium, were we left the train and began the ascent; further up the dark line is another cluster

which is another town: the white ribbon unfolding from beneath us is the road which connects us with the world below. All this lies beneath our gaze, flat and open to the sky, flecked with the morning shadows of the white clouds which are sailing in the heavens. A goodly sight!

But look behind you to the right and to the left. You are looking over a never-ending sea, an ocean of hill tops, wave after wave of hazy-blue, of blue-green, of pink and brown hill-tops and mountain slopes. They dip and swell, they take on many hues and shades from distance unto distance: near and far they rise and fall, some in shadow, some in full glory of sunlight: some close to us where we may distinguish rock and tree and mountain path, some far, far away, throwing up their heads against the distant sky. A thin white streak on a far hill-side tells where St. Catherine's Falls leaps from the riven rock. The great world lies steeped in silence all about us, and our merry chatter and exclamations of wonder are hushed under a sense of the greatness of God's revelation. We stoop and pluck the tiny blue flower which dares to lift its head in the crannies of the great, wind-swept rock.

We leave the spot, and as we ride home down the mountain road and come to the well known place where one sees the last of the plains through the opening in the hills, we turn and catch a wonderful glimpse as we pass. There has been a shower down there, the clouds are breaking and the sun shines fitfully through on field and forest. Fleeting shadows and shifting sunbeams give the scene a strange weird beauty, and it shines like an opal, glooming and gleaming in alternate shade and shine.

But the good-bye day comes and we must descend the hills. The down trip is made in an open carriage, and as we spin down the road we get the benefit of daylight upon the scenes around us. We leave on a showery morning, and the trees and shrubs along the way are fresh, fragrant and "dripping with coolness." Every woodland scent is intensified, beaten out by last night's wind and rain; the little rills are full and run races with us down hill, over stones, under culverts, playing hide and seek round the big rocks, dodging under the road and laughing at us from the other side, most winsome travelling companions as we dash along under the waving plumes of the graceful bamboo. The

hills grow in height above us and with every curve new beauties appear. We pass Sentinel Rock, where we had a pic-nic one day, which juts out bold and brown over the ravine below. The clouds are floating low in the moist air, taking on many a strange, fantastic shape, and on the opposite hill sides before us a new scene presents itself. The drifting cloudlets are clinging close to the trees, and it looks as if two armies ambushed on the opposing slopes had burst into a volley of noiseless artillery.

Now we are passing under the shadow of the last of our friends. Old Droog looks up the ravine and down the ravine, steadfast, immovable, though the clouds playing about his mighty head sometimes obscure him for a time, only to roll back again, leaving the old monarch revealed, standing just where he was before. So do the clouds of Time flit over the face of Eternity, sometimes hiding—never obliterating.

Goodbye, little stream, we must part now. You have run a good race, but you've come to the river at last. Goodbye, old Droog, in sunshine days, in moonlight nights, in pelting storm and rushing mighty wind thou art the same old Guardian of the Pass.

> "Adieu to thee again! A vain adieu!
> There can be no farewell to scene like thine:
> The mind is colored by thy every hue:"

O. A. G.

STUDENT LIFE AT THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN.

The University of Michigan is situated at Ann Arbor, Huron County, Michigan, about thirty-six miles from Detroit. This is one of the most noted universities in America. Its educational facilities, number of departments, large faculties, number of students in attendance, and its many victories on the athletic field give it a recognized position.

At its head is President Angell, who is one of the most brilliant men of the present century. He has, during the past month, been appointed Minister to Turkey, by President McKinley.

The student life at Michigan is similar in many respects to that of many other American universities. There are the three

castes: rich, middle and poor classes. The latter of these is just as distinctly separate from the other two, in the social life, as if they were not members of the same institution. The poor student lives in a dingy back room, for the rent of which, perhaps, he tends the furnace, waits on the table or does many other odd jobs: while the rich student occupies a fine suite of rooms in one of the Fraternity houses. In the class-room, however, no caste distinctions are made; in many cases the poor man is a better student than some of his more fortunate class-mates.

This University is especially favored with at least twenty Greek-letter Fraternities, each having a chapter house. These houses are large, well lighted, and of handsome design. Each Fraternity has from twenty to sixty active members, the majority of whom live in the houses. The members are selected from the incoming Freshman class at the beginning of the college year. These members are selected because of their social position, wealth, or proficiency in some line of college life.

In the Fraternity house is seen the ideal student life. The boys rise about 7.30 a.m., and from then until 5 p.m. they have their daily routine of studies and classes to attend to. Directly after dinner they assemble in the parlors and lounging room and have an hour of good solid fun. The would-be orchestra plays, and the supposed-to-be glee club sings, while the remainder have either a grand march or a bicycle race through and around the rooms. By seven o'clock quiet reigns supreme, as the boys have gone either to their rooms to study or out to spend the evening.

Early in the fall there is the bidding and training of the Freshmen. Their initiation takes place, usually, the first Friday in November. This is a day never to be forgotten. The poor Freshmen are chased all over the country, at the end of a long rope, and made to do and imagine many horrible things. The next day he feels as if he had been drawn through a knot-hole, but, just think, now he is able to wear a Frat. pin, and be envied by his less fortunate classmates and many friends.

The Fraternities control, to a great extent, all class elections, social events, class socials, glee and banjo clubs, all the papers and magazines published, except the daily, and take a very prominent part in athletics. It is indeed surprising how they can

wield such a strong influence in the student organizations, when we consider that only about 10% of the student body are members of Fraternities. One reason for this is, that only the men who have a social position or are prominent in some particular line of college life, are chosen as members. The training in this line is of the greatest benefit to men in their later life, as is proved by the fact, that some of the most prominent men in the United States, at the present day, are Alumni Fraternity men.

President McKinley, ex-Presidents Harrison and Cleveland, and Chauncy M. Depew are old Fraternity men.

The Independents are so called because they are not members of any Fraternity. They are in the majority, and control the U. of M. Daily, The Students' Lecture Association, The Students' Christian Association, Alpha Nu, Jeffersonian, and Adelphi literary societies, Chess Club and several other organizations.

During the last five years the U. of M. has advanced very rapidly in the athletic line, and to-day is attracting the attention of all American institutions. She has held the championship of the West in football and baseball for several years until last year, when Chicago University won it in baseball. The championship in football was left undecided. Thousands of dollars are expended every year on her football, baseball and track teams. The men trying for these teams are put through a severe course of training under the guidance of professional coachers and trainers, hired for this purpose. The football team begin work about the middle of September and are kept in active training from then until Thanksgiving day when the last game is played, usually with Chicago University at Chicago. The team play, on an average, two games a week with different college teams both at home and abroad. The base-ball team begin indoor training in January, and continue this until the weather is fit for outdoor work. This team plays about a half more games than the foot-ball team.

One of the most important student organizations is the Choral Union. They give a series of eight concerts during the winter, and in May what is called the May Festival, consisting of five concerts. Some of the most important musical artists and organizations in America take part in these concerts; such as Thomas's Orchestra, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Max

Heinrich, Madame Nordica, Campanari, the noted tenor, Madame Klasky, and many others. The Students' Christian Association is another organization worthy of note. They have a fine large building directly opposite the Arts department, containing an excellent library, large reading rooms and auditorium. Here services are held during the week, and also on Sunday afternoons. This association is conducted and supported entirely by the students. The Students' Lecture Association gives a series of lectures every winter, by noted men on the important topics of the day. Such men as President Cleveland, Chauncey M. Depew, and Ex-President Harrison have appeared under their auspices. The U. of M. Glee and Banjo Clubs are. perhaps, better known than any of the student organizations. Last year these clubs made the longest trip ever taken by similar organizations Prof. Stanley, Dean of the School of Music, has entire charge of the instruction and drilling of the Glee Club, and to his untiring efforts a large share of the success of this club is due.

The social events during a college year are many and of various kinds. There is hardly a week passes without something of importance taking place. The Freshman Banquet is one of the many events. It occurs early in the Spring, and is generally the cause of considerable trouble between the Sophomore and Freshman classes. For many years it has been the custom for the Sophomores to kidnap the Toastmaster, and for this reason there is always a very bitter feeling between the two classes until after the banquet. The great social event is the Junior Promenade on the third Friday in February. Ladies, young and old, attend this important event, from all over the States. The large Gymnasium puts on its holiday attire, and with its walls decked with bunting and roof with many lights, it presents a picture never to be forgotten. Lessons are suspended, and for two days the little town is given over to entertainment of the fair ladies. Class and various church socials occur at different times, so it may seem that life there is not all work.

One of the questions asked by many of the visitors to this University is, "How do the students spend their Sundays?" The students, as a general rule, attend church very regularly, the seating capacity of the important churches being tested at

almost every service. The pastor and churches do all in their power to have the students attend, and are assisted by the Students' Christian Association.

In this short article I have attempted to give the student life just as I found it. If at some future date any one should think of taking a course in an American University, please remember the U. of M.

KENNETH MCLEOD.

"ZEROLA OF NAZARETH."

The substance of this story appeared in THE MONTHLY long before it was published in book form, and though the writer modestly conceals his identity under the nom de plume of Louie Barron, any one curious enough to take from his book-shelf the first volume of this magazine will find that his real name is William J. Thorold, a well-known graduate of McMaster University. While still an undergraduate Mr. Thorold expanded the brief sketch into practically its present form, and published it as a serial in Dr. Talmage's paper, The Christian Herald. Last summer a friend lent me the modest little volume to read, though he left me in blissful ignorance as to who its author really was. I read it and enjoyed it greatly, and therefore, seeing that I did not dream for an instant that it was by one of McMaster's clever graduates, I cannot be accused of enjoying it on other grounds than its real merits. I happened to say to the editor of THE MONTHLY that I had found the tale pleasant reading, whereupon he asked me to write down my ideas concerning it. I am glad to do this because I can recommend Zerola of Nazareth to the students of our University, not only because of the fact that it was written by a comrade but also because of its intrinsic interest. We have reason to be proud of the ability of McMaster's graduates and we ought to show an interest in their work. To awaken that interest I shall give the following short sketch of the story, and then point out what I consider to be its merits and shortcomings.

As the title indicates the heroine of the story is Zerola, the daughter of Mary, the mother of Jesus. It opens with her betrothal to Thaeon, the son of Stephen the martyr. A cloud over-

shadows their happiness in the person of Karmes, an Egyptian, whose jealousy of Thaeon and desire to possess the beautiful girl lead him to pronounce a curse upon their joy and to resort to the deepest cruelty to accomplish his purpose. Through him and the blind zeal of Saul of Tarsus, Thaeon is stoned and Zerola sold as a slave, but not to Karmes, as was planned.

Corbulo, a Roman general, purchased her through Pilate, as a gift for his wife Niane in Rome. She is sent to the Imperial City, but Karmes corrupts the master of the ship and the maiden is placed in an underground dungeon in Rome. Here she languishes for over two years, her persecutor by some strange chance, being for some offence, also imprisoned. Finally, Corbulo returns victorious from his campaign and searches for the lovely slave. His pains are at last rewarded; he finds Zerola and takes her home. When he and Niane, his wife, learn her story they gladly set her free and send her on her way to Nazareth.

On the same vessel is Paul, who has become a follower of the Christ, full of sorrow over his share in Zerola's unhappiness. Neither one knows of the other's presence. She reaches her home, her heart filled with loving expectation, only to find it deserted. Wearied, she falls asleep on a garden seat, and here she is found by her mother who has just returned from Egypt where she has been searching for her child.

At this happy moment Paul enters the gardens, meets Zerola and is forgiven. Mary tells Zerola of the stoning of Thaeon whom she thinks dead, but who miraculously escaped and is now in Rome hoping to find his loved one. Corbulo there tells him she is home, and the story closes in the light of the joyful reunion of Thaeon and Zerola.

These are the main facts out of which the writer has made his entertaining romance. His treatment of them indicates purity of thought and tenderness of nature. The unselfish affection of the lovers, the tender faithful love of the mother-heart, and the charity peculiar to the true Christian are well portrayed. Their presence in the story give a fine, wholesome tone to the book. The character of Zerola is particularly well drawn. There is a strength and beauty in it that wins the sympathy of the readers. These qualities appear in various

incidents of the story, but especially where she strives to give a cup of cold water to the poor sufferer at the Damascus Gate. When it is rudely dashed from her hand she fearlessly denounces the mob for their heartlessness and cruelty. She does not know that it is her lover she is befriending, but her heart goes out in sympathy because he suffers. Zerola is indeed a lovable girl and well worthy to be a heroine.

With regard to the style, I think the author has used his materials in such a way as to sustain the interest of the reader to the end. In places, however, the style is somewhat abrupt and the conversations fragmentary. The effect of such a style is often far from pleasing. Some expressions seem rather modern for Roman thought. For example, Niane speaks of Paul's conversion as "a very sudden affair." In another place the author speaks of the "upper tens," which hardly sounds like an Eastern expression.

The author has naturally followed the tendency of the age in making use of sacred characters and relationships as a basis in a work of fiction. The wisdom of this is questioned by many who believe that much handling of such a subject for mere entertainment tends to lessen for it our feeling of reverence. In our time we are only too much inclined to touch anything and everything with rude and irreverent hands, forgetting the poet's longing that, "more of reverence in us dwell."

I have endeavored to point out the good qualities and weakness of the book as they appear to me. I am quite sure that the excellences outweigh the shortcomings, and that the book will give its readers a good measure of wholesome pleasure.

I think the author can do better and wish him the success in his next effort that crowns only earnest desire to do more than entertain for a passing moment.

E. D. M.

RESURRECTION.

Forth from the dark, damp earth with pure white lips
  The slender snowdrop bursting through the sod,
Bends o'er to shield its petals' naked tips
  From the white radiant searching light of God.

Yon airy, aimless wanderer fluttering by,
  Has burst her sombre prison, lives anew ;
Wove her rich saffron mantle secretly,
  And soars exultant in th' ethereal blue.

So shall I burst my prison, cleave the sod—
  Strange the transforming process of the dark !—
    Quit the cramped cells of sense and space and time
    To live anew in that celestial clime,
  Where every fluttering spirit like the lark
Pours out its full glad life in praise to God.

O. G. Langford.

Editorial Notes.

The Educational meeting of the Convention of Ontario and Quebec will be addressed this year by the Rev. R. R. McKay, B.A., and the Rev. Thomas J. Villers, M.A. Mr. McKay is closely identified with our educational enterprises, and is well-known in Ontario. He is a brother of one of our professors, a member of the Senate, an examiner for Woodstock and Moulton Colleges, and the pastor of the church with which the greater number of the Woodstock College masters and students worship. Mr. Villers will be heard in Canada for the first time, and, therefore, a fuller statement may be made concerning him. He was born in Virginia 36 years ago, and was graduated from the University of Rochester in 1885, with a class standing of 99, and from Rochester Theological Seminary in 1888, in which year he was ordained in Gloucester, Massachusetts. In 1893 he became the pastor of the First Baptist Church in Syracuse, New York. During the nine years of his service in the pastorate he has been distinguished for his evangelical spirit and his intense devotion to the highest ends of the Christian ministry. The studiousness of his undergraduate days has been maintained, and he has grown steadily in power until now he stands in the front rank among the younger Baptist preachers in the United States. The church of which he is the pastor has a membership of 1000 and a Bible School membership of 1200. The Sunday evening congregations crowd the house of worship, and it is a common thing for hundreds to be turned away because of lack of room. Although Mr. Villers is busy with his great congregation, he is actively interested in educational matters, being a trustee of the New York Baptist Union for Ministerial Education and a member of the Board of Examiners for the Rochester Theological Seminary. He is to make one of the addresses at the next Commencement of this Seminary. Mr. Villers will find himself at home with Canadian Baptists, and our Convention will hear him with delight.

Our frontispiece this month is the work of one of our own students, Mr. Glen H. Campbell, '00, son of Professor Campbell. Glen is an artist of taste and originality, and has done considerable work of a similar description to the pen and ink sketch we print in this number. We congratulate him upon his artistic ability, and wish him every success both as artist and student. The poem to which he has given such an appropriate setting is from the pen of Dr. Rand, and is to be found in his lately published volume of poems

Chancellor Wallace has received a letter from three graduates of our University that ought to be put on record, as well for the fine spirit that prompted it as for the expressions of loyalty to their Alma Mater it contains. The writers are Messrs. G. Herbert Clarke, M.A., Wilson R. Smith, B.A., and Frederick Eby, B.A., all graduates of the year 1895. Messrs. Eby and Smith are now pursuing graduate studies in the University of Chicago, where Mr. Smith has lately received a Fellowship in Botany, and Mr. Clarke, as we have already said in another place, is engaged in journalism in Chicago. They write as follows:

Greeting:

We, the undersigned members of the Class of 1895, being absent from our Alma Mater, and at present sojourning together in the City of Chicago, Ill., desire, at the close of this, another university year, to assure you of our continued loyalty to the motives and ideals of McMaster University, and of our deep pride in her welfare. We wish, also, to emphasize our satisfaction with and confidence in the Chancellor and Faculty of the University, whom we regard with feelings of gratitude and esteem, and whose responsible administration of the great trust committed to them, ought, we believe, to receive such personal recognition and encouragement as we desire thus informally to present.

We both hear and publish the merits of McMaster. There can be nothing more quickening and gratifying to us, as her sons, than to observe, as we do and must, the signs of our Alma Mater's successful progress. If she has inspired the scholastic world with regard and trust, she has made a noble and significant beginning. This we *know* she has done.

Wishing you, sir, and your associates on the Faculty, continued and abundant prosperity in your work on behalf of Christian education, and looking forward to the time when conditions shall permit an expansion of the service so effective, we beg to subscribe ourselves,

G. Herbert Clarke,
Frederick Eby,
Wilson R Smith.

These generous words mean much to Chancellor and Faculty, and we prize them more highly than we can say. It is a matter of deep gratification and encouragement to us all to know that these young men, who have entered the larger sphere of the great University of Chicago, can speak with such unstinted confidence concerning the work and ideals of McMaster. But quite apart from the natural feelings of satisfaction such words arouse, we treasure them because of the spirit of loyalty that breathes through them. The influence of a

university depends on the men and women she sends out into the world, but this influence grows in proportion as her graduates render her their loyal devotion. McMaster has already sent men and women out whose lives will tell for good on the world, and this letter proves that she can inspire faith in her ideals and loyalty to her aims, and thereby bind her graduates to her with "hoops of steel." We trust that this expression of affectionate loyalty on the part of these three young gentlemen is but the utterance of what all our undergraduates and graduates feel. We thank Messrs. Clarke, Eby and Smith for their kind words and for the splendid example of loyalty and confidence they have set. We shall follow the career of all our graduates with an interest that only a faculty can feel, and shall rejoice with them in every honorable success they may obtain.

Dr. Rand's volume of poetry has appeared and has been accorded a generous welcome by both critics and public. We have in hand an excellent review from the pen of one of our graduates, Mr. G. Herbert Clarke, M.A., now assistant-editor of *The Baptist Union* of Chicago, but are obliged to hold it over until our next number. In the meantime we can commend "At Minas Basin" to all lovers of poetry, and can assure them of a rich treat in the perusal of it. We should like to quote a few of the many kind things that have been said about the poems in the volume, but have space for only one. Edmund Clarence Stedman, the author of "Victorian Poets," "The Nature and Elements of Poetry," and other volumes of prose and poetry, is the dean of American critics. Since the death of Lowell and Arnold he is perhaps equalled by only two or three in the English-speaking world. When writing of a volume of poetry such a man speaks whereof he knows, and his words carry with them the weight that only recognized ability and position give. Concerning Dr. Rand's poems he writes as follows:—

"Like Opie, the author mixes his colors 'with brains,' and is a man of thought as well as feeling and of both imagination and the lyric ear. I fancy him a congener of Emerson and of Arnold, too. If he can retain his peculiar insight and keep fine his art, their shades need not be ashamed of the relationship. . . I am sorry his collection did not come out in time to enrich the Canadian section of my Victorian Anthology."

Such a generous tribute from one so well able to utter a just and impartial opinion must be very grateful to the heart of our beloved colleague, and both faculty and students rejoice with him in the satisfaction he has so much reason to feel. We understand that the

financial success of the book is now assured, but we fancy that the appreciative words of Mr. Stedman mean far more to Dr. Rand's inmost soul than any financial success could possibly mean. To some of us who have always held a high opinion of Dr. Rand it is gratifying to know that our opinion is shared by the greatest critic in America.

The following lines are popular in Germany. With their fanciful use of musical terms they give quaint expression to no unworthy philosophy of life :—

"Sei *allegro* in Entschliessen
Und *adagio* in Geniessen ;
Wer *piano* das Vergnügen liebt
Und *forte* seine Pflichten übt,
Der spielt in reinster Harmonie
Des Lebens schönste Symphonie."

Book Reviews.

ANTI-PEDOBAPTISM.

Some portions of ecclesiastical history are bewildering to the ordinary reader, and even the careful student is at times put to the worse before a confusion which only an expert could rule. As soon as mischievous errors became numerous or masterful in the Christian Church there arose men who protested against the evil and bore themselves heroically in a hot battle for purity and right. The classification of these is not easy, because of the errors which frequently they held with some truths. Between the second century and the period of the Reformation there were many sects which lifted up the voice in testimony against evil teachings and practices within the dominant church. Numerous as these were, however, and important as was the work done by many of them, the protesting sects which in the sixteenth century filled Europe with their teachings equalled the best of the ancients in heroism and in the significance of their achievements. It is a popular error that the Protestanism represented by Luther and Calvin, and their followers, included all the protesting of the Reformation period which was worth anything. As a matter of fact, some of the godliest men and most influential teachers of the sixteenth century protested as vigorously against some phases of Protestanism as represented by the great reform leaders as against the Roman Catholics and their errors. Indeed their protest was against errors which Luther and Calvin held in common

with the Roman Catholic Church. To say nothing of other differentiations of doctrine, there were in the sixteenth century four classes among Christian believers: First there were the Roman Catholics, strong in the antiquity, masterly organization and the material and governmental entrenchments of their church, but doctrinally and morally corrupt. After them came the Protestants, represented by Lutherans and Calvinists, in many respects good, but spotted and marred in doctrine and practices by the presence of errors which had not yet been cast aside. Then there were the anti-pedobaptists, who in their zeal for truth set themselves to the advocacy of believers' baptism, and protested with their voice and their martyr blood against a baptism of infants that had corrupted the church and tended to the propagation of mischievous errors, a people who appeared in many communities, sometimes under one name and sometimes under another, and with a zeal which has never been exceeded in the Christian ages sowed seed for a gracious reaping in the nineteenth century. Last of all there were the immersionists, who in that age were neither numerous nor influential, many of whom, indeed, though satisfied that immersion only was taught in the New Testament, felt under no obligation to stir the world by protesting against error in the manner of administering the ordinance. The anti-pedobaptists and immersionists of the sixteenth century and of the ancient and medieval periods, held opinions which were essentially the same as those held by the Baptist Churches of the present time, but many of them held and propagated other opinions which Baptists have constantly condemned. How error was mixed with truth in the creeds of the forerunners of nineteenth century Baptists, and how the light of truth gained increasing sway over those who deserve to be called the choicest spirits of their age, is shown by Professor Newman in his book on the History of Anti-pedobaptism*, lately published by the American Baptist Publication Society. A few of the earlier chapters deal with the first fifteen centuries, but the greater part of the book is occupied with the wonderful evangelical movement which prevailed in Europe in the sixteenth century. The book has a copious index and a bibliography, the mastery of which would alone be a liberal education. Dr. Newman has written with a clearness of style which leaves the reader in no doubt regarding his meaning, and with that amplitude of learning for which he is distinguished, and which has given him a place among the foremost authorities in ecclesiastical history on this continent. Although the

*A History of Anti-Pedobaptism from the Rise of Pedobaptism to A.D. 1609, by Albert Henry Newman, D.D. LL.D., Professor of History in McMaster University, Toronto, Canada. Philadephia, American Baptist Publication Society, 1897.

author is tenacious of opinions which he considers well supported by evidence, he refuses to go beyond his light, and shows a tolerance in his attitude towards errorists which true historians will applaud and partizans anathematize. Perhaps in his attempt to be strictly impartial he has sometimes conceded more than probability demanded, but on the other hand he has avoided weakening his position by claiming too much. Referring to this point Dr. Lemuel Moss, writing concerning the book, says: "The frankness and candor and judicial tone are very manifest. He understates rather than overstates the Baptist case, and always has a word for the antagonists, which they perhaps do not always deserve;" and President Augustus H. Strong, referring to the book in this and other respects, says: "I am impressed with the learning, the clearness and the moderation of the work. I know of nothing to approach it in the wealth of material and in its marshalling of the facts. I think it will remain the standard history of the subject for a long time to come." Those Baptists who insist upon finding a regularly constituted Baptist church at every milestone of history from the time of the apostles until now will be disappointed as they read Dr. Newman's luminous pages, but those who wish to know exactly what opinions were held by the men who contended for believers' baptism will appreciate his work gratefully. The author makes his story tell in a most interesting manner, of the relation of the guilds to the propagation of the anti-pedobaptist teachings. Many of the propagandists were members of the guilds. Protected more effectively by their fellow craftsmen than they could have been by their fellow believers, they went upon their holy errand from city to city and from valley to valley making known the doctrines which were dear to them and which they regarded as of vital importance to the world. If Christian teachers in the nineteenth century could lay hold of the labor organizations of this day as the apostles of the anti-pedobaptist movement three centuries ago laid hold of the guilds of that day, the effects would be far reaching beyond measure. If Dr. Newman, who is at home with social and economic questions as well as in the domain of church history, will some day write a chapter showing why the labor organizations of to-day are so generally beyond effective Christian influence, it will be well worth the reading, especially in the light which he will be able to throw upon it by contrasting the present condition with that which prevailed three centuries ago. It may be hoped, too, that in the preparation of his History of Anti-pedobaptism the author has gathered sufficient material on the subject of immersion to suggest to him the writing of a history of that phase of the great baptismal controversy.

O. C. S. W.

THE FORGE IN THE FOREST.*

This book purports to be the narrative of the Acadian Ranger, Jean de Mer, Seigneur de Briart, and how he crossed the Black Abbé, and of his adventures in a strange fellowship. The scene of the story is laid in the region about Grand Pré and Blomidon. The time is 1746-47, about eight years before the expulsion of the Acadians, and a foreshadowing of that great tragedy falls at times across the page. The story is one of love and romance, of stirring adventure and heroic action. It deals with the fiery fringe of conflict that waved along the border between Old Acadia and New England. The hero, de Briart, is a Seigneur of Acadia, who has refused to accept the English rule, and devotes his sword to the service of the Fleur de Lis. His young son, just from college at Quebec, the two New England girls Mizpah and Prudence, under the English guns at Annapolis, the intrigues of the Black Abbé, Father Faford the curé of Pré, the fantastic madman Grul (whose madness, like Hamlet's, is somewhat in question), the humersome Tamin the Fisher, the French officers, Indian warriors, Acadians, and last, but not least, the child with yellow curls—these constitute a stirring dramatis personæ. The background of the movement is the idyllic land which Longfellow's genius has glorified in "Evangeline." The historical basis of the story is sound, and certain of the characters are summoned from the pages of history to enact here their swift and moving parts. The style has a graphic charm in every way worthy of the finished and poetic pen of Mr. Roberts. The book is of excellent print and paper and workmanship, creditable to the house of William Briggs. R.

A TREASURY OF SACRED SONG.†

A valuable book, like a beautiful picture, should be well framed: a valuable book ill bound is like a great painting framed in unhewn boards. In recent years the craze for cheap books has debased our libraries, and it is therefore refreshing to meet with a volume which in print and binding is worthy of its message. Such a book is "The Treasury of American Sacred Song," compiled by W. Garrett Horder, the author of "The Hymn Lover." The book is a mosaic in which

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*THE FORGE IN THE FOREST: AN ACADIAN ROMANCE. By Charles G. D. Roberts Toronto: William Briggs Canadian Copyright Edition. In cloth, with illustrations and map, $1.25; in paper, without illustrations, 60c.

†The Treasury of American Sacred Song, with notes explanatory and biographical. Selected and Edited by W. Garrett Horder, Editor of "The Poets' Bible," etc. London: Henry Frowde, Oxford University Press Warehouse, Amen Corner, E.C. New York: 91 & 93 Fifth Avenue, 1896.

there are about 500 pieces formed by nearly 170 American men and women. Evangelicals and freethinkers, mystics and doubters, are here permitted to sing their song and go their way; and in view of this fact it is surprising that there is so little in the collection which deserves to be called unhealthy and mischievous. Here is a new illustration of the fact with which the lovers of hymns are familiar, that in those deeper experiences of life in which hymns are born, the heterodox becomes orthodox and the skeptic begin to believe. This is not a book of hymns, though it contains the best American hymns; nor is it a book of sacred song in any narrow sense. Some of the poems are not intentionally religious; but in the feelings they produce, or in the thought which rules in them, the compiler sees reason to class them with sacred poetry. The variety is great. Some of the selections were written by men of the rarest culture, while others are the product of minds trained chiefly by the fatigue and pain of life. In many cases there is a lack of form, but in such cases there is no lack of force. The explanatory and biographical notes at the end of the volume give some information concerning every writer and many of the poems quoted. An index of the authors and another of first lines make a reference to any author or poem easy. Mr. Horder has done his work well, probably better than any man on this side of the Atlantic could have done it: distance was needed to give a right perspective.

O. C. S. W.

Here and There.

A. M. Overholt, Editor.

The *Aylesford Union*, edited by Rev. J. B. Morgan, B.A., well known to many Ontario Baptists, has been added to our list of exchanges.

The Easter number of the *Notre Dame Scholastic* is especially worthy of notice. In many respects it is the ideal college paper, no doubt largely due to the fact that the editors believe in making a college paper appeal to those outside the college circle. Their college verse is rarely if ever surpassed by the productions of any of our exchanges. The title page of the Easter number contains an excellent photo-engraving of their editorial board for '96–'97.

In a recent number of the *Athenæum*, of the University of West Virginia, the exchange editor proceeds to score our paper on an article which he designates "The *influence* of McMaster University *on* the Theological Trend of the Age." We quote the following from his paragraph :—"The influence the Saviour extended is small enough even at this late day, but to say that one University has had an influence on religion so great as to have an influence on the age, it certainly takes nerve." If the exchange editor will take the trouble to look up the article again he will see that the title is "The *relation* of McMaster University *to* the Theological Trend of the Age." Moreover, a careful reading of the article may change the idea he has expressed.

The April number of the *Cosmopolitan* should be of special interest to all college men. An account of the several Greek Letter Societies of the American colleges forms an interesting article. Another article bearing on modern college education is worthy of much thought on the part of those whose college days are not over.

THE RESURRECTION.

The rising sun was throwing streaks of gray,
  That robed the reddening sky in purple-white,
  While leaden clouds that hovered low all night,
Had somewhat loosed, and fast were drifting 'way.
The Roman soldiers gladly greet the day,
  And hail with joy the cheerful morning light,
  That slowly creeps o'er Calvary's rocky height,
And falls upon the tomb where Jesus lay.

Then suddenly the lingering morning gloom
  Is shaken by a mystic light, and all
    The perfumed air with music seems to ring.
The mighty stone uprises from the tomb,
  And terrified the soldiers prostrate fall,
    Before the Life-crowned risen Saviour-King.

Paul Jerome Ragan, in *Notre Dame Scholastic*.

THE *Yale Record* contains the following humorous bit of sarcasm at the expense of the honor system in that University :—

Scene : Osborne hall. Time, 11.34 a. m.

Professor :—"Gentlemen, instead of our ordinary recitation this morning I will substitute a written examination. (Great excitement ; two men near the door cut during the disturbance.) I am a great believer in the honor system, so I will not exercise any supervision over you. However, for convenience I will have you sit two seats apart. Although I have implicit confidence in your honor, I will divide the class into two divisions and give each alternate row a different question. You will please bring your note books to my desk and leave them there, lest they get in your way and interfere with your writing. While the examination goes on I will stroll around the room, not for the purpose of supervision, but simply to benefit my liver. The examination will now begin."

THE death of James J. Sylvester removes one of the greatest mathematicians that ever lived. He was professor of mathematics in the University of Virginia, Johns Hopkins, and later at Oxford.

THE OPEN DOOR.

The fever-fret of day was o'er,
  And golden fell the evening's smile.
We entered through the open door
  Of the great city's minster pile ;
  There side by side we paused awhile,
There, for a little sober space,
While, pensive, with uplifted face,
  We sought the ending of the aisle,
Where saintly faces seemed to dream
Amid the casement's splendid stream.

Oh, pale persuasive twilight-hour,
  That dulls the great world's noisy drum !
The impatient urge of worldly power,
  Voiced on the lips of care, grew dumb,
  And left us but the purer sum
Of worship. Wings unseen did beat
The air and wave a holy heat
  Against our brows ; a splendour come
From shores eternal seemed to burn ;
  And Heaven was not so hard to learn !

We turned to where the city laved
  The threshold stones. The crimson dyes
Of casement niche and arch engraved,
  The wistful gaze of saintly eyes,
  Still held our hearts and hushed the sighs
Of doubt's despair. So, came the thought
That life might, too, be Gothic-wrought ;
  And windowed 'round with sanctities
Of faith's uplifting prayerful palms ;
And filled with great cathedral calms !

EDWARD A. U. VALENTINE, in *The Independent.*

THE ICE-KING.

(N. Y. Independent, Feb. 25, 1897.)

Where the hills are gray and lone
Sits the Ice-king on his throne,

In his secret place afar,
Underneath the Polar Star.

Over all his splendid plains
An eternal stillness reigns.

Silent creatures of the North,
Dim, and strange, and white, steal forth;

Souls of seamen dead, who lie
Stark beneath the clear north sky,

Soft-foot beasts from frozen lair,
Noiseless birds that cleave the air.

Shapes of dread and things unknown,
Wild and shy, come round the throne

Where the Ice-king sits in view
To receive their homage due.

But the Ice-king's quiet eyes,
Calm, implacable, and wise,

Gaze beyond the silent throng
With a stedfast look and long

Down to where the summer streams
Murmur in their golden dreams,

Where the sky is rich and deep,
Where warm stars bring down warm sleep.

Where the days are, every one,
Clad in light and crowned with sun.

And the longing gods may feel
Stirs within his heart of steel,

And he yearns far forth to go
From his land of ice and snow.

But forever, gray and lone,
Sits the Ice-king on his throne;

Passionless, austere, afar,
Underneath the Polar Star.

A. B. DE MILLE.

A HUMOROUS Oxford graduate in classical honors recently stated that the bicycle must be an extremely ancient invention, since Juvenal speaks of ladies "tenui quae cyclade sudant," which means, he said, "who perspire along on the slender cycle." It was fittingly reserved for a solemn writer in the last *Scottish Review* to correct the blunder, and to inform the Oxford honor man that "tenui cyclade" refers to the thin garments of the women. The above gives point to a new explanation, advanced by a Scotchman, of the old saying that the Scotch "joke with difficulty." "Precisely," says the ingenious Caledonian; "an Englishman or a Frenchman does not know what to do with a difficulty, but a Scotchman walks up to it and jokes with it—slaps it on the back, as it were."—*New York Evening Post.*

A WINTER SUNSET.

The angry sun with flushed and crimson face,
  Upon a bleak and barren waste of cold,
Reflects his last low rays of cheerless light,
  Then sinks beneath a sea of boiling gold
The molten glory dies away at last;
  One rosy, pale flush only lingers yet;
The mountains dark against a frozen sky
  Stand out in cold, impassive silhouette.

The stars from out the boundless depths of space
  Emerge, as slow the tints of twilight die;
Far in the north dim, ghostly streamers rise,
  And waver, flit, and flare across the sky.
Forsaken, drear, forlornly desolate,
  Upon the shrouded, cold, dead waste of white
There falls in an unbroken solitude,
  The perfect silence of a winter's night.

—*Charles P. Graham, in the Dartmouth Lit.*

IN a volume of poetry entitled "An Opal: Verses," by Ednah Proctor Clarke, the following gem appears:

AN OPAL.

A rose of fire shut in a veil of snow
  An April gleam athwart a misted sky:
A jewel—a soul! gaze deep if thou wouldst know
  The flame-wrought spell of its pale witchery.
    And now each tremulous beauty lies revealed,
    And now the drifted snow doth beauty shield.

So my shy love, aneath her kerchief white,
  Holdeth the glamour of the East in fee;
Warm Puritan—who fears her own delight,
  Who trembleth over that she yieldeth me.
    And now her lips her heart's rich flame have told;
    And now they pale that they have been so bold.

College News.

L. Brown, B.A. Miss E. Whiteside, '98.
W. B. Tighe, '99.
Editors.

We regret to report the temporary illness of J. A Grant, '99, which has forced him to leave us for the present. We hope that he will soon be around again.

The groups of the Orchestra and Glee Club recently taken are excellent, and a large number have been sold among the students.

A grave, unsuspicious senior was sent to the telephone on the first day of this month, and much to his astonishment he found himself inquiring if he was the man the police were in search of. When he returned to the dining-room he received a salute from his fellows that he and they will not soon forget.

Rev. O. C. S. Carey, pastor of Renfrew Baptist Church and one of the first graduates of McMaster Hall, while passing through the city, took tea with us on the evening of Monday the 19th inst.

Mr. J. F. Shaw of Elmdale, a former student of Woodstock, while spending a few days in the city, took the opportunity of visiting many of his old College acquaintances now in course in the University.

Exams. are upon us once again. Most of the students are in excellent physical condition for the work before them ; with faithful work done during the year and earnest application now in the work of review, we are looking forward to success.

The report that Rev. George Cross, M.A., B. Th., and Mr. W. R. Smith, B. A., who recently went to Chicago to enter upon post graduate work in that institution, had received fellowships in Systematic Theology and Botany, was received with enthusiasm by all the students. We are confident that the reputation of McMaster will be well sustained by these two gentlemen upon whom she was proud to set her seal.

Mr. E. Armstrong, '00, has received many congratulations upon the gaining of his hard-earned championship in the chess tournament. Mr. T. N. Ritchie, '97, who vied with him gave an excellent exhibition of his ability in this ancient game. The first game played for the championship between Messrs. Ritchie and Armstrong, after several hours' effort resulted in a tie. The final game, which lasted for more than six hours, finally gave the benefit of the doubt as to which was the better in favor of Mr. Armstrong. The chess lovers have had a good year, and chess is growing more and more popular in the University.

On Friday, March 26th, the Theological Society was favored with a paper on "Old Age in the Ministry," by the Rev. Mr. Dyke, of Parkdale. We all expected a treat and were by no means disappointed. Mr. Dyke handled the subject in a masterly fashion. He showed that age did not so much depend upon length of days as upon the lessened activity of the mind. The youth of twenty may be old indeed because of the slowness of the processes of mental life, while the veteran of eighty may still be young if he has remained in sympathetic touch with his surroundings and has a mind developed and active by constant service. The paper was much appreciated by the audience, and as it is to be published in the *Homiletic Review* it will well repay perusal.

We may say with Horace that "severe winter has melted beneath the agreeable change of spring." These beautiful days have given opportunity to all lovers of baseball, that royal game, to enjoy hours of pleasure and recreation on the campus. Baseball in McMaster is yet in its youth, but is making excellent progress this spring. Up till now we have had no organized team, but this year has given conclusive evidence that we have material in our College of which we might well be proud. Those interested in the game are very enthusiastic, and no difficulty is experienced in finding men to make up the two sides. Baseball as a game affords excellent opportunities for the exhibition of team work, and perhaps in no game can one poor man so easily lead the other eight to defeat. Our men are faithful in practice and show combination of good quality. There are some excellent batters among our number, a most important factor in all good baseball. On the evening of Monday, the 12th inst., McMaster's team played a friendly game with Pedagogy, and succeeded in defeating them by a score of 24 to 5.

Rev. T. Bone, or, as he is more familiarly known, Father Bone, of the Welland Canal Mission, made his annual visit to us recently. There is no visitor more welcome than he. His experience is so varied, his counsels so timely and helpful, his kindly humor so spontaneous and sparkling, that we are all happy to listen to him and give him a collection for his work.

A very enthusiastic meeting of class '97 was held in class-room 6, on the 5th inst. Owing to the regretted illness of the President, J. A. Tiller, the Vice-President, Miss E. McDermid, occupied the chair. Several matters of business regarding the closing exercises were disposed of. The most important feature of the meeting, however, grew out of a recommendation brought in by the Executive Committee, which was, "That although graduating, the class still remain organized with four officers, President, Vice-President, Secretary and Orator, these offices to be held until the next class meeting." This recommendation was heartily adopted and the following officers chosen :—President, A. G. Campbell ; Vice-President, Miss M. Woolverton ; Secretary, A. M. Overholt ; Orator, J. F. Vichert.

We regret that M. R. Throop, '00, has been forced to leave us because of sickness. The doctor reports a narrow escape from congestion of the brain. Although yet very miserable, he is improving slowly and sends best wishes to all.

Very favorable reports come as to the entire satisfaction Mr. G. H. Clarke, M.A., is giving in his editorial work on the *The Baptist Union*. His numerous friends in McMaster will learn of Herb's. success with pleasure.

These beautiful days are affording excellent opportunities for the bicycle riders to find pleasure and healthful exercise at the same time.

Spring with all her charms is upon us once again. We turn with delight from the sway of the King of the North with his piercing blasts, icy snow, and howling storms, to the gentle reign of the Queen of the South with her soft southern zephyrs, her flowers of fragrance and her days of golden sunshine.

Prof. and Mrs. Farmer gave a very pleasant "At Home" at their residence, Howland Ave., on the evening of Friday, the 9th inst. The gentlemen invited from the University on this occasion were the members of the Volunteer Mission Band. Rev. A. P. McDermid, Secretary-Treasurer of Foreign Missions, and Rev. J. and Mrs. Craig, returned missionaries from Akidu, India, were present and lent much to the interest and enjoyment of the evening. At the conclusion of the social part of the evening's programme short addresses of an informal character were given by Messrs. McDermid and Craig, which were much enjoyed.

The Chancellor reports an unusually large number of applications for rooms next year. This is a symptom of vigorous life, and we are pleased to make this announcement through our columns.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Holman gave an "At Home" to the Graduates in Arts and Theology at their residence, Lowther Ave., on the evening of Thursday, the 8th inst. A very pleasant time is reported.

Mr. McLay, took tea with us recently and led us in our evening worship. The students are pleased, from time to time, to welcome to our dining-room the members of our staff.

The Bicycle Club held a meeting on the 2nd inst., and decided not to reorganize this spring, but to retain the same staff of officers now in office.

Fyfe Missionary Sermon.—It was with pleasure the students heard that Rev. W. W. Weeks would preach the Fyfe Missionary Sermon. It was an occasion to which we looked forward to for some

time. On Sunday evening, April 11th, as many students as could possibly attend, together with many strangers, assembled in College St. Baptist church. Mr. Weeks did not take a subject in direct bearing on missionary work; but as the indirect is sometimes more direct than the direct itself, so it proved in this case. The subject was "The Transformation of Character." From the concrete example of Moses the conditions of spirituality were laid bare and pressed upon the heart. The absolutely necessary pre-condition of this soul change was set before us as communion with Christ, and the shining face would be realized in our faith, long service, close walk, joyous sacrifice and intense zeal. The second part of the discourse was suggestive, rather than exhaustive. In effective words the preacher showed us the man of communion in his conspicuousness, unconsciousness and effectiveness. The sermon was what it was announced, an impulse to help us in the needs of the hour. All other ends were forgotten and unfelt in the intensity of this aim. No earnest soul in seeking the life of God could fail to listen and be helped by the truth delivered. We feel sure that to many it came as a message from God and drew them nearer to that love whose purity is the source of light. The Society feel very thankful for the kindness of the preacher and his message and the impulse to renew our consecration to Christ. We say now, as we said then, "Let our lives be led along the way of this sermon."

Literary Society.—Although late in the term and close to examinations, more than usual interest was taken in the last regular meeting of the Literary Society held on April 2nd. The programme presented attracted a large audience, eager to hear the *Student*, which was to be read by the Editors, Messrs. Pady and Telford.

But additional interest was given the meeting by the presentation of the trophy, kindly donated by Prof. Willmott, to the winner in the chess tournament. The final game made Mr. E. N. Armstrong the winner by a victory over Mr. T. N. Ritchie. The trophy consisted of a beautiful board and set of travelling chess-men. In making the presentation, Prof. Willmott spoke a few words on the game and the mental training to be derived from it, pronouncing it the most royal of all games. The Club feel especially thankful to him for expressing his interest in so happy a manner and in giving such an incitement, as he has done, to chess in the College.

The *Student* was as amusing and instructive as usual and reflected much credit on the Editors. Its verse was better than much that frequently passes as poetry, and in its satire, the quill of Juvenal seemed at work again.

A couple of selections by the Orchestra and a well-rendered song by Mr. A. C. Newcombe, '00, completed the programme.

Mr. T. Marshall, '99, has returned to write off his exams. We are pleased to welcome him back again.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

ELIZA P. WELLS, B.A., MARION CALVIN, EDITORS.

THE last lecture of our course, subject, "X Rays," was delivered at McMaster Hall, on the evening of April 9th, by Mr. J. W. Russell, B.A. The lecturer presented his subject in a very clear and interesting manner, and illustrated it at various points by a number of experiments. We feel that our lectures this year have been extremely good and interesting, without exception, and hope that a similar course may be arranged for next year.

WE were much pleased to have Dr. Thomas with us recently, at our weekly prayer-meeting. He gave us a suggestive and helpful talk in his usual warm-hearted and genial manner.

WE have been unusually favored at our chapel exercises this month, by the presence and helpful words of a number of friends from outside. First, we had a visit and a very earnest address from Miss Corson, missionary under the auspices of the Y. W. C. A. to ladies' colleges in the States. On another occasion, Mr. Bone, so well-known to many of us, dropped in, and gave us a brief address, with some account of his work among the sailors on the canal. At later dates, we have been pleased to have our morning services conducted by Dr. Welton, Prof. Farmer, and Dr. TenBroeke. We enjoy these variations from our daily routine, and hope for many more of the same sort.

THE following is the programme of the last Heliconian :

Paper	James Russell Lowell	Miss C. Schultz.
Reading . . .	Introduction to "Vision of Sir Launfal."	Miss G. Boggs.
Piano Solo . .	Selections from Greig	Miss Eckhardt.
Recitation . .	"The Courtier"	Miss M. Nicholas.
Recitation . .	"Ember Pictures"	Miss Forman.
Piano Solo . .	Selections from Schumann . .	Miss Nicholas.
Recitation . .	"She Came and Went,"	Miss Hume.
Recitation . .	"The Rose,"	Miss Clemens.

Debate—Resolved : that Latin and Greek are more useful than French and German.

Affirmative	Misses Edwards and Moule.
Negative	Misses Brophey and Kerr.

Miss Eby kindly acted as judge on this occasion, and after summing up the arguments briefly and clearly, gave her decision in favor of the negative.

AT our last missionary meeting we had the pleasure of hearing Miss McDonald, daughter of the late Senator McDonald. She gave us a very earnest and practical talk based on the seventh chapter of II Kings, and particularly on the words, "We do not well; this day is a day of good things, and we hold our peace." At the close of the meeting the usual collection for missions was taken.

WE wonder if any other school in the city or the Province could report a fuller attendance, or better recitations than we had the day of re-opening after our brief Easter holiday. We do not wish to boast

unduly, but we think it was a matter for self-congratulation to see almost every girl in her place, on the morning of the 21st, and to have recitations (and good ones too) conducted precisely as if we had not just returned from a six days' frolic. Can such a record be beaten?

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

S. R. Tarr, B.A., F. H. Phipps, Editors.

Two of our students, Messrs. McDiarmid and Zavitz, have been seriously ill with congestion of the lungs. Both however are now on the way to recovery, and we hope to see them ere long in their accustomed places in the college and on the campus.

Our Principal received a rather serious injury while practising football. He somehow twisted his knee, putting it out of joint. It has recovered, but still gives him considerable annoyance in running bases, in playing baseball.

Matriculation examinations begin on May 18th, and closing day comes on June 2nd. But a short time remains to prepare for the exams., and the students are making good use of it. The graduating class is 16 in number. A large number of these intend going to McMaster next year, so that Woodstock College will still be well represented there. We anticipate a pleasant time at the closing exercises, and those who have been striving for prizes during the year will soon reap their reward.

Baseball is the game of the season, and football has been forced to take a back seat until September. Nearly all day the incessant crack of the bat, and the shouts of the players can be heard on the campus. Great interest is taken in the inter-year matches. A schedule has been drawn up, according to which each of the four years has to play three games, the team making the highest per cent. winning the championship. Before the inter-year series began a very exciting game was played. The Faculty, assisted by Rev. R. R. McKay and Rev. Joshua Roberts of the town, played against the second year. The game was a close one. Many brilliant plays were made on both sides, Mr. Roberts' heavy batting being particularly noticed. Mr. McKay held 1st base down well, while Prof. Clarke broke the record in batting and running bases. The game ended with a score of 16 to 14 in favor of the second year. The first match of the inter-year was between the 1st and 3rd years. The 1st year won by one run. The next match was between the 2nd and 4th years. In this match the hitherto invincible 4th year was defeated by two runs.

The rest of the series has yet to be played. Some very good matches are expected, and various conjectures are made as to the winners of the championship.

In Virgil Class.—Mr. C., translating: "Palinurus auribus aëra captat."—"Palinurus flaps his ears in the breeze."

336

yours very affectionately J. Jefferson

THE

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

MAY, 1897.

SPRING.

Now snow and ice no more enthral
The earth rejoicing to be free;
God pours on them the rays of Sol,
And sends them laughing to the sea.

Earth's bosom now, mightily stirred,
Begins to feel life's throb and bound;
God speaks the resurrecting word,
And bloom and beauty deck the ground.

And now the ploughman breaks the soil,
And fertilizing showers descend;
God speaks a promise for his toil—
"Seed time and harvest to the end."

And lo! the birds with plumage fair,
And songs as sweet as e're were sung:
God moves them by an instinct rare,
To woo and wed, and rear their young.

D. M. Welton.

SAMUEL TAPSCOTT.

The indebtedness of the present to the past will probably never be sufficiently recognised. We who enjoy the privileges of present-day civilization, are apt to render insufficient homage to the men and women who struggled with the difficulties of pioneer work, and laid those foundations of our commercial, educational, and religious life, without which the more imposing developments of the present would have been impossible. In Canada we are still so little removed from the pioneer period of our history, and Canadian Baptists especially, are still doing so much work of a pioneer character, that there is the less excuse for forgetfulness on our part, of those who bore the burden and heat of the earlier stages of our progress. And in the very front rank of those whom we may well cherish long in grateful remembrance, stands the heroic figure who is the subject of this memoir.

Samuel Tapscott was born in the parish of Culmstock, in the English County of Devonshire, on the 27th of December, 1804: and died at Brampton, Ontario, on the 4th of October, 1888. Of these 84 years, more than sixty were devoted, with unwavering fidelity, to the one great work, of making known the name of Christ to perishing men. Of the difficulties which he encountered and overcame, and of the work which he accomplished, we shall endeavor, in this article, to give some little account.

In childhood and youth Mr. Tapscott enjoyed none of those advantages of elementary education which are the common heritage of the children of rich and poor alike in our more favored day. He never went to Primary School even for a single day: and the proficiency which he subsequently attained was due, partly to the instruction received from his parents, but chiefly to his own intense thirst for learning, which led him in after years to apply himself to study with a diligence that would put many a student of our day to shame, and in spite of obstacles that would have discouraged any man of less determined character. Day after day he followed the plough, with an English or Greek Grammar in his pocket, utilizing every spare moment, to add to his store of knowledge.

His parents belonged to the laboring class: but though poor in this world's goods, they were rich in Christian faith. Of his mother especially, he speaks in glowing terms, as one of the excellent of the earth. Herself descended from pious ancestry, she took her boy to God's house in his early infancy, and there, like Hannah of the beautiful Old Testament story, dedicated her Samuel wholly to the service of Christ. It is not difficult to see, in *her* godly life and influence, one of the secrets of *his* power in after years.

When about nine years of age he was bound apprentice to a farmer, and continued to labor in this calling until his college course began. Of the early part of this period of his life, little need here be said. Apparently he was forced to labor very hard, was treated frequently with harshness and sometimes with great cruelty, and was exposed to many temptations from wicked companions with whom he worked. A severe accident which befell him when about seventeen years of age, aroused him to serious reflection: and when, soon after, he listened to a sermon from the words of Solomon's Song (1: 7) "Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest, where thou makest thy flock to rest at noon," he was filled with a deep desire to be counted as one of that flock which was so tenderly cared for by the Good Shepherd. He examined himself, and his convictions of sin became "deep and awful." He hated himself as the vilest being on earth, and he believed that God hated him no less. Another sermon from Heb. 5: 2, in which the compassion of Christ was emphasised, filled him with a great hope. That night, in his own room, he implored mercy at the Divine footstool, and obtained it. Here his diary abounds in rapturous expressions of joy and exultation. He says his feet were lifted from the miry clay and set upon a rock; that God was pleased to scatter his darkness, and turn the shadow of death into the morning. He says: "I had such a clear perception of Christ as crucified, bearing my sins in his own body on the tree; that God was well-pleased for his righteousness' sake; and that thus I was accepted in the Beloved, that whatever doubts, whatever darkness or depression I have felt since, I have never for one moment doubted the reality of my conversion."

His own personal salvation had no sooner been thus assured, than he became filled with a great longing for the salvation of

others. He accordingly began at once to admonish those to whom he had access, of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment to come, visiting from house to house, reading the Scriptures and talking with the people. His first sermon was delivered in the church to which he belonged, from the words: "Other foundation can no man lay, than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ." On hearing this sermon, the church unanimously recommended him to the Christian ministry, and he was sent to Dr. Stedman's College at Bradford in Yorkshire. Here he remained some three years, studying diligently during the college sessions, and doing evangelistic work during his vacations, in the northern counties of England, travelling over large districts, and preaching at numerous stations, sometimes in the open air. In 1832 he received a call to the church at South Shields, near the mouth of the Tyne, where he remained four years. His pastorate here was a very happy and successful one: the membership of the church was more than doubled, and several other churches were organized in the surrounding country.

In 1836 Mr. Tapscott's attention was turned to Canada through the reading of a letter, written by the late John Edwards, of Clarence on the Ottawa, describing the spiritual destitution of that part of the world. He at once determined to give his life to the evangelization of the Canadian Provinces; and, putting this determination into immediate practice, embarked in the month of May, and reached Quebec on the 17th of June, 1836. Here he met Rev. John Gilmour, who was on his way to England as a representative of the Eastern Association, to solicit financial aid towards the founding of what was afterwards the Canada Baptist College. After a short preaching tour in the vicinity of Quebec, Mr. Tapscott proceeded to Montreal, where he made the acquaintance of the church worshipping on St. Helen's St. This church had been founded a few years previously by Mr. Gilmour, and was now under the pastoral care of Rev. Newton Bosworth, between whom and Mr. Tapscott a strong and permanent friendship sprang up.*

*In the following year the first Baptist Periodical published in Canada was founded by Mr. Bosworth and Mr. Tapscott, the former acting as editor, and the latter as business manager and occasional contributor. It was at first a monthly, and was known as the Canada Baptist Magazine; but afterwards, under the editorship of Dr. Davies, it was changed to a weekly, and named the Montreal Register. Still later, it was edited by Dr. Cramp.

On the advice of this church, Mr. Tapscott began his labors at St. Andrews, forty miles up the Ottawa. Here he remained for some nine months, preaching at St. Andrews, and many other points on both sides of the Ottawa, including La Chute, Clarence, Buckingham and Petit Nation. In company with Mr. John Edwards, he made a number of extensive tours, preaching wherever opportunity offered, sometimes in the harvest fields, in saw mills, or in the log houses of the settlers. A large number of persons were converted and baptized, and a church organized at St. Andrews.

During the winter of 1837, Mr. Tapscott visited Toronto, driving from Montreal in a cutter, and preaching all along the way, particularly at Cobourg, where he remained for some weeks. At Toronto he found a little company of Baptists worshipping on March St. (the nucleus of the Jarvis St. Church), and the colored church, whose pastor was the dearly-beloved Elder Christian. There was also a cause at York Mills, where Rev. James Mitchell had, in 1833, organized a church and erected a building. The summer and autumn of 1837 were spent in ministering to the congregation on March St., and in joint labors with Mr. Christian and Mr. Mitchell. Near the close of that year, when the McKenzie Rebellion had thrown everything into confusion in Toronto, Mr. Tapscott went east again, settling at Colborne, and preaching at the churches of Haldimand and Cramahe. For the next twenty-two years he was very closely connected with the Baptist cause in the counties of Durham, Northumberland, and Peterboro'. He was used of God in the conversion of many souls, as well as in founding several churches, including Bloomfield (now Bailieboro'), Bletcher's Corners (since merged in the Port Hope Church), and a church in Clarke Township. He preached at Haldimand, Bloomfield, Millbrook, Newtonville, Port Hope and Cobourg. He went as far east as Brighton and Belleville. He rendered assistance to Mr. Gilmour (who was at this time the agent of the New England Company to the Indians of Mud Lake), in organizing the churches at Peterboro', Lakefield, and several other points.

Early in this period of his ministry, Mr. Tapscott found himself compelled, on account of the meagre offerings of the people, to support his family by some secular calling. He there-

fore purchased a few acres of land, and engaged in the dairy business. This he continued until 1860, gradually increasing his farm to 300 acres, turning out immense quantities of cheese annually, and making a considerable amount of money. During all this time, however, he preached constantly and attended faithfully to his pastoral work, never for a moment subordinating it to any earthly calling, as the fruitfulness of his labors indicates. In 1860 he gave up farming, and removed his family to Port Hope, in order that his children might have the advantages of the Grammar School at that place. Being now relieved of the cares of the farm, he extended his ministerial labors westward, through the townships of Whitby, Pickering and Markham. In Whitby Rev. Israel Marsh had labored with holy zeal; and in Pickering Rev. Thomas Gostick had planted a little church on the 8th concession (Gostick's church, now merged in the Claremont church), and had freely given to this and the first Markham church, all the powers of an unusually clear intellect and a tenderly sympathetic heart. These churches being left pastorless by Mr. Gostick's death, Mr. Tapscott took them under his care, and for the next ten years ministered to a parish nearly ninety miles in length, with six preaching stations, extending from Bloomfield on the east to Markham on the west. It was during the latter part of this period that the writer, in whose home he was a frequent visitor, first formed his acquaintance, and, though but a very little child, received from him impressions for good that will never be effaced.

In 1870, Mr. Tapscott accepted a call to the church at Fenelon Falls, where he remained nearly seven years, preaching also at Summerville, Bobcaygeon, Scotch Line and several other points. His ministry here was very fruitful in conversions, his people united and affectionate, and his pastorate the happiest in all his ministerial experience. Then followed a three years' pastorate at Teeswater, where again his labors were fruitful in the conversion of souls and in the edification of the Lord's people. After this he accepted, in conjunction with his third son, the pastoral care of the churches at Stouffville, First and Second Markham, Whitevale and Pickering (6th concession). This arrangement continued until July, 1881, when the son resigned in order to complete his theological studies at McMaster

Hall. Some division of the field being now necessary, the churches at Whitevale, Pickering and Second Markham secured other pastors, while Mr. Tapscott continued until the autumn of 1883 to minister to the churches at Stouffville and First Markham. Being now in the 79th year of his age, the toil and care connected with the pastorate of two churches began to tell upon his strength. He therefore yielded to the urgent request of the son already referred to, who was now pastor of the church at Aylmer, and went to live with him. Here he continued to render occasional service in the pulpit, and greatly endeared himself to the church by his tender interest in her welfare.

His last earthly home was at Brampton, whither the son was called in 1886. As elsewhere, he continued to take his accustomed interest in the work of the church, preaching occasionally almost to the end. His mental powers continued vigorous even after his physical strength had become seriously deteriorated; and his eye retained that eagle-brightness with which all who knew him are familiar. The last words of his diary are as follows: "I have two sources of present blessedness; first, that when my own departure takes place, through the infinite mercy of the Most High, I shall rest from my labors, and bathe my weary soul in seas of Heavenly rest; and secondly, that I shall be able to say, in the day of final reckoning, "Lord, here am I, and the children whom Thou hast given me.'" I shall describe the closing scenes of his life in words written by the lamented Principal McGregor, a few days after Mr. Tapscott's decease:* "Among his last statements were the following. One of his sons, approaching his bedside, asked how he felt. He replied 'I am pretty well in body, my son, and so happy, so happy; first, because I am in Christ myself; second, because all my children are in Christ; and third, because being *in* Christ, we shall shortly be *with* Christ.' 'Is Jesus with you now?' was asked when the struggle was nearly over. He answered, 'Jesus is always with me.' Thus passed from this life an aged and devoted servant of God. To his family and to the church he has left the precious legacy of a holy life, a faithful ministry, and a well-kept faith.

*See Canadian Baptist, October 11th, 1888.

At his own request, Pastor Denovan preached an impressive sermon from the words, 'Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.' Then, as the Saturday evening's sun was sinking calm and glorious, bathing us in its mellow light, we laid to rest, in the sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection, the aged form of him whose well filled week of earthly toil had closed, and who had already entered upon the fair Sabbath of eternity."

Mr. Tapscott was twice married: first, in the spring of 1838, to the eldest daughter of Mr. Jopling, of Cobourg, a man of sterling piety, whose entire family he had the privilege of baptizing. The second wife, who survived him for a short time, was also a daughter of the Jopling household. The children of the first marriage are Mrs. John Stark, of Toronto, Charles Tapscott, of Cobourg, Samuel Tapscott, of Brantford, and Mrs. Henry Arkell, of Teeswater. The children of the second marriage are Rev. Wm. Tapscott, with whom, as said, he spent the closing years of his life, Miss Tillie, and Rev. Fred. T. Tapscott, B.A. The father's influence still lives in the consecrated Christian lives of all these seven children.

Mr. Tapscott's career was essentially a missionary one There is no doubt that he might have settled in England, in a comfortable city pastorate, had he chosen to do so; but the cry of destitute Canada was more than he could resist; and he gave his life to us, always apparently going by preference where the spiritual destitution was greatest, and the difficulties to be overcome most formidable. He was a man of tremendous energy, always ready to undertake any labor, however arduous, without any thought of earthly reward; and we are compelled to add that of pecuniary reward he received very little. He travelled, on an average, during the greater part of his Canadian life, more than a hundred miles a week, often over roads that are indescribable, and sometimes where there were no roads at all; and the amount received as remuneration for a large portion of that time, would not defray travelling expenses. Indeed, he travelled thousands of miles, and preached hundreds of sermons without any remuneration at all. So faithful was he to the work of the ministry, that though his appointments were often sixty or seventy miles distant, he never missed an appointment in his life, unless it were absolutely impossible to reach it.

Personally he was a Christian gentleman in the best sense of those words. His native courtesy and dignity never forsook him, however rough and crude his surroundings might be. Those who knew him best, looked forward to his visits with the keenest delight. An aged member of the Pickering church, who knew him intimately, says, "Of all my earthly friends, I owe more to him in some respects than to any other. His visits were always a benediction. There was about the man something so beautifully simple and sterling, that even those who cared nothing for his religious views, coveted to have his company."

Not the least noteworthy thing about the man, was the high degree of intellectual culture which he attained, and the remarkable pulpit power which he developed, in spite of the educational disadvantages of his early life. To quote again from Mr. McGregor: "Those who have listened to him can bear testimony that few persons ever attain so rich and perfect a command of the English language as was his. The notes in his diary, not infrequently written in Latin and Greek, and showing familiarity with the Hebrew, prove not only the earnestness and success of his college days, but evidence that study was not neglected in after years, even though he had to give himself to much manual toil to procure a living while preaching the Gospel. As a preacher, Mr. Tapscott possessed rare gifts of very remarkable power. He disdained sensation and dealt with vital truth. This he unfolded with clear and energetic thought, couched in matchless diction, and spoken with fervid zeal. His preaching was Christian eloquence in the truest and noblest sense of that term."

It was the writer's intention to quote extended specimens of that eloquence, but, for lack of space, the following sentences from a sermon on the work of the Redeemer for his people, must suffice:*

"They are in darkness, he enlightens them; they are dead, he quickens them; they are imprisoned, he liberates them; they are defiled, he cleanses them; they are naked, he invests them with his own spotless robe; they are diseased, he heals them; they are afar off, he brings them near to God by his own blood:

*See Canadian Baptist, July 21, 1881.

he enables them to say, 'Surely in the Lord have we righteousness and strength.' 'He makes the lame to leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb to sing.' 'He puts his Spirit within them.' 'He causes them to run in the way of his commandments.' In their dangers he shields them; in their perplexities he guides them. 'He is their sun and their shield.' 'He guides them with his counsel, and afterwards receives them to glory.'"

The writer's chief regret in closing this brief record, is that it does not do fuller justice to the memory of this noble servant of Christ. But his works live after him. In the churches that he founded, in the lives to whom he has been a blessing, in the homes where his coming was a benediction, in the multitudes who have been converted through his instrumentality, in the saints who have been strengthened and comforted by his pastoral ministrations, in the little children, since grown to manhood and womanhood, to whom his memory is a perennial inspiration in the direction of all that is true and honorable and just and pure and lovely and of good report; in these he has his noblest and most enduring monument.

FREDERICK TRACY.

THE LITERARY STUDY OF THE BIBLE.

Under this title Richard G. Moulton, Professor of English Literature in the University of Chicago, in an octavo volume of 533 pages, expounds and classifies the leading forms of literature represented in the Bible. The title, it will be seen, is suggestive of other aspects of the subject than those which the author has presented. The more, however, he studied the Bible from a literary standpoint, the more strongly he felt compelled to depart from his original plan, and confine himself to the single endeavor of showing "how to distinguish one literary composition from another, to say exactly where each begins and ends: to recognize Epic, Lyric, and other forms as they appear in their Biblical dress, as well as to distinguish literary forms special to the sacred writers."

For the lovers of literature in general, and of the literature of the Bible in particular, Prof. Moulton has performed an important service, which those who make the acquaintance of his work will not fail to appreciate. He has shown what thousands of persons of reputable literary taste and attainment appear to be ignorant of, namely, that a boundless wealth of literary beauty and attraction is contained in the Bible, that it fills no secondary place among the great literatures of the world, and that the broadest and finest literary culture is consequently possible to those only who take this Biblical material into the account.

The publication of this work will be promotive, doubtless, of Bible study, not only for the sake of the literature of the Bible—the principal thing aimed at by the author; but also for the sake of the instruction in spiritual things which the Bible was specially given to communicate. The first of these will naturally lead to the second, and prove a fitting preparation for it. In proportion as the literature of the Bible is mastered, will it be seen that God has been pleased to put this revelation of himself in a literary form, and that a "clear grasp of the outer literary form is an essential guide to the inner matter and

*The Literary Study of the Bible. By Richard G. Moulton: Boston, D. C. Heath & Co.

spirit." Many a searcher for the literary gems of Scripture has found a treasure infinitely more precious—the Pearl of Great Price, and has discovered that the former catch their wondrous spark from the latter. He has come to see that the literary forms he so much admires are vehicles of spiritual truth: that "the Spirit of the Lord spake by the Hebrew poet, and his word was upon his tongue" (2 Sam. xxiii. 2); and that the Bible, while abounding in material for intellectual improvement and delectation, yet conveys its highest lesson in showing men how to live and how to die.

Saying nothing, however, of the Bible as the guide and nourisher of the believer's spiritual life, but estimating its contents from a purely literary standpoint, it will not suffer from comparison with any other book that was ever written. It contains the sublimest writing in the world. This is especially true of its delineations of the Almighty and His perfections. The mythology of Greece and Rome deified shadows and storms, and breathed, as it were, a supernatural soul into the creation, yet, as an eloquent Scotch writer has said, "it must ever yield to the thought of a great *one* Spirit, feeding, by his perpetual presence, the lamp of the universe, speaking in all its voices listening in all its silence, storming in all its rage, reposing in its calm, its light the shadow of his greatness, its gloom the hiding place of his power, its verdure the trace of his steps, its fire the breath of his nostrils, its motion the circulation of his untiring energies, its warmth the effluence of his love, its mountains the altars of his worship, and its ocean the mirror where he beholds his form glassed in tempests." The whole realm of Greek poetry and Greek philosophy furnishes no conception to match that of the single sentence, "Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord."

Prof. Moulton very properly distinguishes between the Higher Criticism, so called, which concerns itself principally with historical analysis or the question *how* the several books of Scripture have reached their present form, and literary investigation, which deals mainly with the *what* of their contents as they now stand. In this way he hopes to secure the practical benefit of a common ground for the conservative thinker who maintains, for example, "that *Deuteronomy* is the personal

composition of Moses," and the opposite school who regard the book as "a pious fiction of the age of Josiah." Diversity of view as to the origin and make-up of any book of Scripture should not, in his opinion, stand in the way of a common appreciation of its literary qualities.

A very weighty consideration with Prof. Moulton in the production of this book has been the place which the Bible, regarded simply as literature, should fill among the instruments of liberal education. Without abating an iota from the adaptability of the Greek and Roman classics to form the intellect and imagination, it is yet a question whether even this might not be as effectively done by the literature of the Bible; while, for the training of the moral and spiritual nature, we must continue to be chiefly indebted in the future, as we have been in the past, to this literature alone. "It is surely good that our youth, during the formative period, should have displayed to them, in a literary dress as brilliant as that of Greek literature—in lyrics which Pindar cannot surpass, in rhetoric as forcible as that of Demosthenes, or contemplative prose not inferior to Plato's—a people dominated by an utter passion for righteousness, a people whom ideas of purity, of infinite good, of universal order, of faith in the irresistible downfall of all moral evil, moved to a poetic passion as fervid, and speech as musical, as when Sappho sang of love or Æschylus thundered his deep notes of destiny." Regarding the Hebrew Scriptures simply as a means of intellectual discipline and literary culture, we do not overrate their value for this purpose in saying that they deserve to be placed on a par, at least, with the ancient classics, and to be thus adjudged in our college curricula. Many and strong reasons might be adduced for giving Hebrew a place in the Arts curriculum, and making it an option for Greek or Latin at the beginning of the third year.

By way of introduction, Prof. Moulton deals with the *Book of Job*, first presenting it as a piece of literature, and then calling attention to "the various kinds of literary interest illustrated by it." In this book he discovers no fewer than six distinct varieties of literary form, namely, Dramatic, Epic, Lyric, Philosophic, Prophetic, and Rhetoric, to which, as pertaining to each, he adds another, appealing both to eye and ear—versification.

The dominant impression made by *Job* on the author's mind "is that of a magnificent drama. . . The whole world of literature hardly contains a more remarkable piece of dramatic movement than the changes of position taken by Job in the course of his dialogue with the Friends." In this opinion, however, not all the critics concur. Kurtz, for example, tells us that "the Hebrews were entirely unacquainted with Epic and Dramatic poetry: neither of these could come forth or thrive in the theocratical soil." Godet differs from both Moulton and Kurtz. "Some critics," he observes, "have looked at the book of Job as a dramatic composition, a *tragedy*. But the two passages, purely historical, which form the opening and close of the poem, are against this view. The action of the story develops itself much more under the form of an *epic*." "There is," he adds, "one dramatic work in the Bible, but only one—the Song of Songs. There are two epics: that of the human conscience in conflict with the justice of God—the book of Job; and that of the kingdom of Satan in conflict with the kingdom of God—the Apocalypse." Dr. Davidson, however, concurs with Prof. Moulton: "Job is a drama—an action with a beginning, middle, and end. . . It is a drama as sanctification is a drama, as oftentimes conversion is a drama. There is fearful working of passion in it: deeper despair than ever was reached: faith higher than elsewhere ever was risen to: disappointment the most crushing: doubt the most blighting: a combat, the very thought of which paralyzes thought: when a single human spirit descends into the arena to grapple with the Almighty Himself: and we are permitted to see the combatants, and the weapons, and the warfare, and the victory—Jacob wrestling with the unknown God, who finally revealed Himself and blessed him. The secrets of that night revealed and written down compose this book of Job."

As the distinction between verse and prose, which the ordinary method of printing the Bible has done much to confuse, is one which cannot be overlooked in interpreting the Scriptures, hence the importance shown by Prof. Moulton to belong to Biblical versification, or to the parallelism, so called, in which that versification expresses itself. Biblical verse is distinguished by the rhythm, not of feet or rhyme, but of clauses. Josephus

was of the opinion that the Song of Moses was composed in hexameter verse: but this contention may be dismissed as the pious wish of Jews, who would find in their ancient writings an anticipation of Athenian literature and art. Hebrew verse knew nothing of rhyme proper. The Hebrew ear delighted, indeed, in *assonance*, that is, the frequent repetition of identical sounds, secured through the recurrence of the same pronominal suffix, as, for example, in Solomon's Song, v. 1: báthi leganní achothí kalá, aríthi morí im-besamí akátti yarí im-divshí yení im-chalaví.

Prof. Moulton could not have chosen finer specimens of the Biblical literature to the discussion and illustration of which his book is devoted, than the book of Job contains. Outside the circle of the sacred writings, the world has not its equal. Gilfillan spoke the truth when he said: "There is enough of the sublime in Job alone to set up a hundred poets of the modern school." How wonderfully simple but grand are all his thoughts and representations! If he describes the war horse, he makes him "swallow the ground with fierceness and rage," and "the glory of his snorting is terrible." If Behemoth, he makes him "move his tail like a cedar," and he is "chief of the ways of God." If Leviathan, "his eyes are like the eyelids of the morning," and he makes "the deep boil like a pot of ointment." But most sublime of all is the entrance of the Deity into this poem He comes in the car of the whirlwind, and in a series of questions, the most profound perhaps that were ever asked, "turns the scale of the great argument." Let those who think themselves capable of scaling loftier heights, and fathoming profounder depths and wrestling with mightier problems, and appreciating a higher beauty and sublimity than appear in Homer, Virgil, or Dante; in Shakspeare, Tennyson, or Browning, turn to the book of Job, and carefully traverse the five parts of which it is composed; the prologue, the discussion of Job with his friends, the speeches of Elihu, the appearance and the discourses of Jehovah, and the Epilogue: let them note the context of circumstances in which it seems to have been composed; trace the connection between its several parts; extract from the speeches the central idea around which they group themselves; and above all, correctly formulate the problem of

the book and the steps of its solution, and they will probably be willing to confess that for this task, all their powers of head and heart, of intellect, imagination and feeling, are no more than sufficient. And what is true of *Job* is true of all the inspired Scriptures: as literature they are not inferior, as communications of spiritual truth they are immeasurably superior to anything born of genius or learning untouched by the Spirit of God.

We can hardly name the headings, much less particularly indicate the contents of the six books and twenty chapters which mainly compose Prof. Moulton's work. Suffice it to say that in these chapters he does for the Bible as a whole what in the Introduction he does for Job alone. The leading kinds of Biblical literature, with the sub-divisions of each, are taken up, one by one, and each illustrated by notable examples. Worth more than the price of the book are the four tabularly arranged Appendices, which serve as an Index to the whole, and a guide to Bible reading from the literary point of view. The first of these Appendices contains an analysis of every book in the Bible, which may be consulted with advantage by every person who would study the Bible thoroughly and well. Entire accord with all the interpretations and conclusions of Prof. Moulton can hardly be expected from every reader of his book, but the value of the book for the purpose for which it was written is in no sense thereby diminished.

D. M. Welton.

THEODORE HARDING RAND'S POEMS.*

Despite the assertion of the perceptive Zangwill that "in poetry the odds are tremendous against any new book containing one real line of poetry," a volume has recently appeared that not only uses the word "poems" on its title-page but routs the fearful school of would-be mourners for the defunct muses by unaccountable signs of their revivified and grateful presence. In other words, this book must cause a little readjustment in the ranks of the dismal throng—whether pessimists of literary or degenerate philosophy—for it contains poetry.

Books ought not, we hold, to be reviewed so soon. Was the infant Wellesley worthy of the tide of gratulation that bore down upon the hero of Waterloo? Was he unworthy? It is for a book, as for a man, to 'go to work in the world,' careless of prophecy and irrelevant praise. Let the work spell out the word of its power before the reviewer attempts his too elaborate critique and ready explanation. There is more woe for the critic than for the book pounced upon at birth as the righteous sport of every free lance that may be idle and aching. Witness the history of Sartor Resartus, the bathos of the life of Trilby, and those well-known curiosities, the intelligent remarks of the Quarterly and Edinburgh Reviews on certain aspiring contemporaries not now wholly without note. The early review is often a favourite form of advertising or is justified as denial sufficient of the dreadful indictment: "behind the times!"

But "the prophet is not without honor" somewhere, and therefore undertakes a brief discussion, conscious of his own limit and defect, of "At Minas Basin and Other Poems," the more gladly because he cannot well keep silence. Elissa here speaks out.

Poetry the writer deems to have power to strike man's spirit into throbbings of wonder, joy, acquiescence. It is the lever that lifts from the narrow valley of real fact and selfish dread to the breeze-blessed table-land of ideal truth and other-seeking. It is utterance to which hearts leap responsively. It

*At Minas Basin and Other Poems, by Theodore H. Rand, D.C.L. Cloth 12mo., 173 pp. Toronto: William Briggs, Wesley Buildings. Montreal: C. W. Coates. Halifax: S. F. Huestis, 1897.

is interpretation that exposes the lower to the higher nature and reveals the method of victory and conquest.

But it would here be unwise to discuss at length the theories—widely and radically apart—which poets have held concerning their work, its reason of being, its characteristic method and achievement. Sometimes we can group in the rough; but really there have been as many views of poetry as makers and readers thereof. Let the dogmas of Sidney and Wordsworth, Shelley and Poe, attest.

Blessed be differing schools! Man cannot breathe frankly under dicta. He realizes himself in the honest education of his spirit, the wise view of many-sided Truth, and the robust deference of what his soul has gathered from the daily-dropping manna vouchsafed to us all. We demand only that he be honest.

What has "At Minas Basin" gathered? What is its message? Is it honest?

So honest that it declares itself from the start. Resolute Poesy speaks in the prologue, like her old Saxon forbears that halted on the edge of battle and

> 'Waved their slender spears and spoke with words.'

She speaks of herself. She scorns the mere living. She seeks the divine. There must be soul, which is truth and purity, in her, else no life. Dr. Rand goes farther that even the indignant Fra Lippo Lippi, who cannot see a worse way of showing soul than to paint the body ill. Our poet cannot see a worse way of revealing soul than to dissociate it from the body. Dr. Rand cannot conceive that as poetry that has not to do with "whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely." He sings of these things and the notes of his song swell mightily into harmony with the organ-music that Mrs. Browning's "Vision of Poets" tells us was

> "Of divine stature, strong to pass;
>
> And those who heard it understood
> Something of life in spirit and blood
> Something of Nature's fair and good."

For the author of 'At Minas Basin" has not fallen short of regard for his ideal. Judged by his own standard, the product of his muse passes purely and bravely uncondemned. He has succeeded.

To the question: Shall art rule the ethical? he returns denial. Nay! he disclaims the right of the non-spiritual to consider itself a factor in the development of art. It is grasped and interpreted. It cannot dominate.

If there be any domination, it is that Poesy's proclamation appears in every line the poet has here written. All the volume is instinct with spiritual enthusiasm, with the open genius of a fearless and stable faith. Yet this is so combined with the "body of beauty," without which Poesy is not, as to satisfy her earnest ideal. The poet's universal aim is not even

> " . . truth for truth's own sake, as tense we cope
> With life, but rather truth for love's own sake."

As inspirations to the achievement possible to all who thus see the being and purpose of God, the sonnet "Victor is He!", and "To W." are serene and strong. Even he to whom they are unwelcome speech finds them unanswerable.

Dr. Rand, perhaps for reasons that may now appear obvious, has been compared, by no fewer than three writers, with Browning. In the beautiful Shakesperean sonnet: Ben Nachmani, the form of the Master's whisper may easily suggest the cry of the outbreaking soul of Karshish, and other traces are rightly incident throughout the poems. But the poet is himself. We confess to a distaste for such large comparisons; or, rather, for the facility with which such a statement is able to overshadow the real criterion of likeness. Dr. Rand is termed "the Browning of Canada." We shall have no adequate criticism at this rate. Dr. Rand *is* like Browning. So are all the philosophic poets. So are all Christian optimists. Dr. Rand is like Tennyson. His arm was pressed by the laureate's mantle and his heart stirred by Tennyson's impulse as he wrote the three concluding stanzas of "At the Look-Off." Like Tennyson, *therefore?* So are all certain artists. One can cull from "At Minas Basin" the dies that apparently warrant the comparisons. But it is time we let every man live his own life. Healthful and virile criticism does not concern itself with mere likeness. Who labels a set of ideas Tennyson, Kant, Spurgeon, and denounces invasion by the chilling use of "like," proclaims source and occasion to be fixed conditions, which they cannot be.

Too much preliminary grumbling on this score, however, will never do. Let us establish our comments on what seem the vital achievements of "At Minas Basin," its aspects and its revelations, and so have done.

We reiterate that the truth of the prologue is established. The theory is applied and it succeeds. It is never for an instant out of sight, yet is neither arbitrary nor autocratic in formulating method. The poet's words are the vesture donned by soul—necessary to its full revelation and therefore vital to the poetry.

It is apparent that the poet has the power of what we may call *accelerating* the sonnet. The sonnet is no exhausted realm, despite small criticism. This function itself is not new, yet we can recall no other instances where it has been brought into play. It is therefore due to Dr. Rand to credit him with its discovery and exposition.

Extended quotation, we conjecture, would be unwarranted, but examination will show the celerity of translation from octave to sestette; the easy rapidity of the whole movement; the strong artistic unity and regard for law; the interwoven rest and restlessness. The sonnet "At Minas Basin" itself is an exemplar of the style. Shelley's verse,

> "Over earth and ocean with gentle motion"

will characterize it to a nicety. Other especial evidences are "The Bowing Dyke," "Love's Immanence," "A Red Sunrise," "Annapolis Basin," "The Ghost Flower," "The Nightingale," "Day and Night," "The Tireless Sea" and "The Opal Fires are Gone."

There is poetry in these sonnets. Their diction is brave and large. Ringing epithets strike one after another. The figures are always adequate, often the occasion of a glad and unforgetful awe. "A Red Sunrise" is perfect in tone and setting. Dr. Rand is a master of the sonnet and is worthy of the recognition he must ultimately receive from best judges. "The Cumulus Cloud" and "The Cirrus Cloud" are photographed by the sun of the soul. "International Arbitration" depicts war and heralds peace with a vivid touch. "Victor is He!" is the cheerful cry heard by a glad-hearted world—the assurance of all men of God, in whom life begins and ends. Calliope's boast:

"'I taught my Thracian boy a heavenlier strain!'"

and the concluding stanza of "The Glad Golden Year"—these show us the poet's thought of the personal poet, which is, that inspiration is of God and aspiration toward Him. Though man and the race must pass through sore tribulation and devious ways, there remaineth a rest to the people of God. The poet, His poet, prophet and preacher as he is, knows well his home and glories in his Father's way with men.

We must pass from the sonnets, for though the rights of the poet demand more specific annotations, the critic has leave to be an arbitrary animal, declaring all beyond a whetting of the appetite to be rumination. We must, however, linger a moment. We count ourselves fortunate to possess manuscript copies of several of these poems and have been greatly interested in observing the *limæ labor* of Dr. Rand. We found such changes as were encountered invariably to be occasioned by a sensitiveness of artistic taste that might almost be termed fastidious. Far from seeking roughness and obscurity of diction, the conscience of his art has failed to commend progress until *satisfied*. "At Minas Basin," therefore, is modestly but confidently held by its maker to comprise poems that please him. Truth of method, as of view, lies in synthesis; and spontaneity, encouraged by conscientiousness, is better than the product of a lazy, diffident or even dashing muse.

In approaching the poems of various form which follow the sonnets, we are at once struck with the variety of range and treatment. There is a unity, even a uniformity, about the sonnets that cannot fail to reveal their origin. It seems not so with the remaining poems. Yet a careful review soon establishes a vital unity, a unity of aim, a confident Christian optimism, a philosophic achievement, no less than a unity of scene and setting.

"The noonday Truth
In its sevenfold beam,
Is the Christ, sandal-shod."

"May's Fairy Tale" for children is a beautiful little gem, sympathetically and graciously related. It is a token—a phase—of the priceless love of God, and reveals in simple guise the manly heart of the understanding poet. So, also, with "Marie

Depuræ," a story conceived in experience and read with tears. And so with "Nora Lee," a tale that tells the secret place of human hearts and the immortality of the great human and divine idea. Love exists, overcomes, rejoices. Matter must not disturb mind. God is. Love is. Communion must be

"My Robin," in common with many other lyrics, such as "Hepaticas," "The White Rose," "In the Cool of the Day," and "Fairy Glen," reveals the poet of nature: not the Wordsworth only, whose work is tinged with philosophy of river and meadow: nor the Shelley only, whose whole regard for nature was conceived in the spirit of ecstatic love: but the man who loves the world that God has made, not more or less for what it is than for what it tells. The Robin stablishes sympathy with a listener who knows:

"Ah, robin, so debonair,
So glad of the darkness gone away,
So heedful of this heart of care,
Sweet to me is your roundelay,
Born of a spirit so tender, so gay,—
Let me join you in duet for aye!
Dear up, dear up, dear!
Cheer up, cheer up, cheer!"

"Nature" shews well the aspect and intent of all these poems. "At the Look-off" and "The Bay of Fundy," perfect in picturing, and bursting with soul-accord, a sympathy that has passed beyond the tremulousness of mere yearning into the understanding of kinship, are typical. And so "The Stormy Petrel."

"To nurture a soul
Is the shining goal."

"The Humming-Bird" (of which the first stanza is wonderful in power of expression) and "The Dragonfly" are of this group also:

"Thy ruby throat burns
As from the hot kiss
Of a heaven-smit soul
As it panteth and yearns,
In its rapture of 'bliss!"

Compare the satisfaction of the guest in "The Dragonfly":

"But O, in a trance of bliss,
With gauzy wings I awoke!
An ecstasy bore me away
O'er field and meadow and plain.
I thought not of recent pain,
But revelled, as splendors broke
From sun and cloud and air,
In the eye of golden Day."

'Cf. in "The Hepatica": "Angel bliss in thy face!"

His "recent pain" yields to a new and divine yearning for the welfare of his fellows, for universal and immortal love, a "sweet pity beating her wings all bare," as the man for the children "In City Streets." Such unity as here persists is because of the spontaneous seeking of soul to realize itself in honest speech.

During the recent quarter term at the University of Chicago, we have been listening to an elaborately-planned series of lectures on life after death, from many varying points of view. The pessimist wept; the scientist refused to know; the philosopher hoped; the Christian alone knew. Take the sixth and seventh stanzas of "The Dragonfly"; take therewith "Deathless"; is not the argument complete and divine? We know the resurrection is, because God has raised us.

"Elissa" is in a class of its own, yet not severed from the fellowship. To our mind, it is among the finest poems in the collection; we hesitate to say the best—for there are deep glories in many; but its truth and mastery are superbly apparent. With her—seized with insatiate longing and quelled with hidden necessity—the world wrestles for the jealous secret, cherished but smothered,

> "Lest blade, or leaf, or elf,
> Should catch the trembling word,
> And all the listening air
> Be to its utmost stirred,
> The giddy world aware!"

Yes! truth for love's own sake has guided the poet. "The Easter Idyll" and "The Old Fisher's Song" are phases of its fullness, like all the others. "I am," a tabernacle poem which should be in every canon of devotion and regard for the divine, tells us that He is

> "The Love in love."

Poesy! all power is thine if thou art faithful. Return again and again triumphant from thy victories, press onward serenely to the hearts of men, detest ostentation, be true in every fibre, love is thy law and thy ideal.

Her true disciple knows all about his Muse, so far as clogs and fardels will permit. However much or little he may seek to utter, he will not fall short of his present-day ideal, who treads the highway to ultimate truth. Dr. Rand, again we are glad to aver, has not fallen short.

G. Herbert Clarke.

Students' Quarter.

(Graduates and Undergraduates.)

M. C. McLean, '98, W. B. H. Teakles, '98.
Editors.

THE LONGEST REIGN IN BRITISH HISTORY.

The mere fact that Victoria's reign is the longest reign in British History would entitle it to some consideration. I have, however, further encouragement to ask attention to it in this essay in my belief that it is not only the longest reign in British History but also the best.

In this reign the national life which has been growing steadily and sturdily for centuries comes to its greatest development and its fullest fruition. Science groping blindly in the dark for ages steps forth now to achieve grand and undreamed of results. Struggles of the oppressed and burdened for liberty and justice which had gained strength with the years now are crowned with glorious success. Literature and art to the rich accumulations of the centuries add many splendid and immortal works. Social conditions that had been slowly and painfully evolving through the long list of previous reigns in this have undergone great, rapid and most beneficial changes. Standing to-day amid the closing years of this reign and looking back along all the years of British History, one is led to the conviction that there never was a time when it was so true as it is to-day that

> "There is no land like England
> Where'er the light of day be."

My purpose in this essay is to treat of those distinguishing characteristics of the reign which give it pre-eminence.

Our attention is claimed first by its wealth of scientific discovery and mechanical achievement. Almost immmerable are its inventions and applications for making life less laborious and for facilitating all the processes of industry and commerce. It is true that something had been accomplished before, and some advance made, but it remained for this reign to witness the highest and most useful results of careful scientific study and investigation, and the most splendid achievements of mechanical ingenuity.

It would almost seem as if inventive genius had been slumbering and now arose to execute with unerring skill and tireless energy that of which it had been dreaming through the centuries. Sixty years do not seem a long period in history, yet within the last sixty years have been made the many and marvellous applications of electricity with which we are familiar; swift and safe methods of travel by both sea and land have been developed; processes of manufacture have been revolutionized and production immeasurably increased; and we have been furnished with innumerable comforts and conveniences which to-day seem indispensable, all within the last sixty years. Indeed so many and so great have been the changes that our older men, at least, behold accomplished that which in their youthful days would have seemed as incredible as fairy tales.

Along with these changes have come changes in the condition of the labouring classes; and we have great reason for congratulation in the improvement which has taken place in the conditions amid which they live. The first result of the numerous time-saving and labour-saving inventions was distress among the working people: such distress and increasing so rapidly that the government was compelled to interfere. At first however it was hostile to the interests of labour and disinclined to enact legislation for their protection. It was ready to legislate in behalf of capital but not ready to legislate in behalf of labour The change in the governments' attitude and in the spirit of its legislation has been a noteworthy feature of the reign. Gradually the government has changed from an attitude of hostility to one of friendliness towards the working man; and by degrees was enacted legislation favoring him, culminating in the Consolidation Act of 1878, which a distinguished English economist characterizes as "one of the brightest achievements of legislation in this or any other country." The government now is the friend and not the foe of the working man. It champions his cause and defends his rights. Its protecting and helping hand is almost everywhere. It gives to him every opportunity to help himself, and at the same time does all in its power to improve his condition.

Along with this beneficent legislation, large liberties and privileges have been given to the masses; and the danger in

this has been removed by the establishment of popular education. It is no small matter that the labouring classes of Great Britain have become qualified to use intelligently their privileges. Ignorance on the part of the common people must ever be the source of gravest danger and of greatest weakness to the State. At the beginning of this reign the common people of Great Britain were an uneducated people. Popular education was practically unknown. To-day every child in the United Kingdom may have an education. The education of the masses is now an assured fact, and this provision for their education is the best contribution which this or any other reign has made to the nation's happiness and well being.

In an age of such advance and activity there ought to be many great men. One is justified in making the assertion that no other period has had such a wealth of gifted and eminent men in every department of thought and activity. There may have been in other skies "bright particular stars," that shone perhaps with greater lustre, but in this there are whole galaxies. Time fails me in speaking of all the scientists, poets, essayists, novelists and statesmen who have lived and worked during the years of the reign. Mention of a few outstanding ones must suffice. Among scientists are Darwin, Tyndall, Huxley. Among novelists Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot. Among essayists Carlyle and Macaulay. In the realm of politics, towering grand and majestic—a statesman for all time and for all peoples—Gladstone. Among poets Browning and Tennyson. If the reign held nothing else in store for the future than Browning's vigorous and glowing verse, and Tennyson's pure sweet music, it would make no unworthy contribution And there are many others in every department of thought of whom I may not speak whose lives and work will ever be to England's glory.

The reign has witnessed also a great growth in Britain's power and wide extension of her dominions. Vast as the Empire was when Victoria came to the throne it is immeasurably larger now. It has an area equal to that of nearly three Europes, lying in every latitude and producing every requirement of life and trade. Distributed through these territories are 400,000,000 subjects dwelling under Britain's flag and owning allegiance to it. Through all these dominions and among all these peoples

the little island kingdom sends her life and influence. She is the unifying centre; and the years of this reign have been fruitful in beneficent results flowing from her wise policy towards her numerous colonies. They have been secure in her power and protection; they have reaped the benefits of her superior civilization; they have come into closer and closer union with her, until to-day this great Empire is more thoroughly united than it ever was before. It will be a very fitting expression of this universal loyalty and harmony when in a few weeks there shall be gathered in England representatives from all these different states, bringing to our noble Queen the love and gratitude of those whom her gracious rule has blessed. It is a matter of pride to us as Canadians that Canada—the gem in the Empire's crown—will be accorded such a prominent and honourable part in the celebration on that occasion: and will be represented by such gifted sons as her distinguished Prime Minister, and the Premiers of her several provinces.

I come now to what is perhaps the most distinctive feature of the reign, and certainly the one most far-reaching in its influences—its missionary activity. We are all familiar with the incident of the Queen's presenting to an African chief a Bible as the secret of England's greatness. Peculiarly fitting is it that this great nation should be foremost in spreading through the earth the glorious gospel to which she owes her exaltation. We are proud to-day that the first and greatest pioneer of modern missionaries was an Englishman, and that Englishman a Baptist. In 1793 William Carey began his immortal work and inaugurated the modern missionary movement. That movement has grown to marvellous proportions during this century, and chiefly within the last fifty years. England's share in that work has been large and glorious. When Victoria came to the throne there were three or four missionary societies in England and a few missionaries at work under their direction. To-day there are numerous organizations for missionary effort; there are missionaries in nearly every land, and crowning all there are thousands upon thousands who have turned from their heathen deities and are rejoicing in the Christian's hope and in the Christian's faith. As I think of what that means; of the moral and social uplifting, of the mental and spiritual illumination, of the

joy and peace and hope brought into darkened lives, I am led to say that the Christian people of England in sending abroad the gospel have done the best thing in the best reign in British History.

But the crowning glory of the reign is given to it by her whom Britain's everywhere love and honour as their Queen. She came to the throne a maiden in her teens. She had lived in such retirement that but little was known concerning her. On her first public appearance she was closely and curiously watched. But through all the ceremonies attendant upon her accession and in the performance of her first duties as sovereign, perplexing and embarassing as they must sometimes have been, she conducted herself with such simple, unaffected and withal queenly dignity as to win the highest approval and the warmest affection of all. At the very outset she gained the love and confidence of her subjects, and the passing years have but strengthened her position in their affections. A distinguished English essayist has well said: "No other ruler in any land since the dawn of history, has ruled as long, has ruled so well, and has continued to grow so steadily in the love and affections of the lieges to the very end."

Her wearing of England's crown has added lustre to it. Her subjects have ever reverenced her for her position, admired her for her wisdom, and loved her for her sweet womanly Christian character. To-day through all those vast dominions, upon which the sun never sets, millions of devoted subjects sing with one voice and with one accord "God save the Queen!"

Aged and infirm she cannot reign much longer now, but even yet every loyal subject dares to hope that the day is distant when she who has worn the crown so royally will have to lay it down. To-day all join with Tennyson in saying

> "May all love,
> His love, unseen but felt, o'er shadow thee;
> The love of all thy sons encompass thee;
> The love of all thy daughters cherish thee;
> The love of all thy people comfort thee,
> Till God's love set thee at his side again."

J. F. Vichert, '97.

WILLIAM PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM.

It has often been observed that in the political progress of kingdom and states there is a certain point of elevation beyond which they cannot advance; but from which, as if impelled by the controlling hand of providence, upraised to defeat the ambition and chastise the presumption of man, they must descend step by step toward their decline, until they reach the lowest point of depression, until every vestige of their former greatness is defaced, and until character, rank and independence are gone. At the middle of the 18th century it seemed as if that point for England had come, and that her name was speedily to be added to Greece and Carthage and Rome as states whose history had so tragically illustrated that principle. In India, France, her inveterate enemy, was building up a power hostile to England's interest, and crushing out English hopes and distancing all English competition with discouraging alacrity. In America the same hated foe was gradually closing in the line of forts which shut in the English between the Alleghanies and the sea, preparatory, as it seemed, to their ultimate exclusion from the dominion of the new world. In Europe, England's sole ally was Frederick of Prussia, and against them was arrayed the whole continent from Paris to St. Petersburg. In this, the very acme of her danger, there was at the head of England's government, the Duke of Newcastle, a man whose desire for the monopoly of rule was surpassed only by his incapacity to rule. His ignorance was too great for him to step aside and make way for better men; his political vision was too feeble to discern the veritable avalanche of foes massed on the European heights, ready to sweep down with overwhelming destruction upon the country whose interests he pretended to defend. In the face of a gigantic crisis, in a moment of awful uncertainty, in the very flood tide of peril, Newcastle's preparations made the defence of the empire depend on three regiments of soldiery.

Is it any wonder that despair chilled the very hearts of English statesmen? Is it any wonder that even the impassive Chesterfield cried out, "We are no longer a nation." But let it be considered an indication that the great King of kings has

wrapped up the destiny of the world in the destiny of the English-speaking race, in that He removed from Britain the chill and ominous pall, beneath whose gloom huddled a people in the very throes of despair. It was England's darkest hour, but just as truly was it the harbinger of dawn. Out of the far east rose swiftly and serenely that clear shining luminary, beneath whose rays England's decrepitude fell from her as a garment, and her old skulking fear slunk away under cover of her departing night. England hailed with one burst of acclamation the undaunted leader, who asked for no other reward than the honor of serving her. The hour had found the man. With William Pitt there came into England's council chamber an inspiration which lifted Englishmen from their sack-cloth and ashes to gird on the mortal sword with a determination that never slackened till it wrung submission from the proud Indian Empire, annihilated the power of France in America, and made the broad Atlantic a mere channel in the British dominions.

And now after a lapse of 150 years, as we stand the free citizens of a country liberated from the blight of a French colonization and the mockery of a Catholic freedom, it becomes us to look back with some feeling of gratitude toward the man who gave his life for our country in no less a degree than did the gallant men who climbed the steeps of Quebec and planted the British flag on the blood-stained plains of Abraham. If we look the world over for an example of sincere patriotism, we shall find no truer type than the Earl of Chatham. England's honour it was that stamped his every action with the mark of an unconquerable pride. Not indeed that narrow vanity which exalts self upon a pedestal of nothingness, but a pride wide as the nation itself, which subdued in him all the sordid parts of humanity, and made the power and glory of England one with his own. He loved his country with a deep and personal love. He believed in her power, her glory, her public virtue, till England learned to believe in her self. In his career we find that true British patriotism which never has and, please God, never shall degenerate to bow the knee to that Baal of jingoism which evinces no other loyalty than a petty envious spite of other nations.

The patriotism of William Pitt laid at the feet of England

a dowry which it is in the power of few men to give, and which it is the fortune of few nations to receive. In the place of a demoralized public spirit, he was able to awaken a national enthusiasm that thrilled every heart in the empire; in the place of a politics that laughed at the idea of a public virtue, he left that regard for political integrity which to this day shields British statesmen from the contagion of almost universal political corruption. Even the king felt his character so rebuked in the presence of the great commoner, that he sought to ease the pangs of conscience by his dismissal, but the English people stood firm and warded off from their hero the royal hand upraised to sweep from power the man most worthy to hold it. Such was the approval of the people of the public life of their leader, and the means whereby his influence reached them was his resistless eloquence. It was not that eloquence which seems to seek popularity, but which commands it. Indeed, its power lay, not in its nicety of argument or design, but in the profound conviction and earnestness of the man who wielded it. It was maddening to his opponents to see the irreparable ruin which a look of scorn or a contemptuous wave of his hand could make of their laboured arguments. Hostile logic melted away into absurd helplessness before one vigorous onslaught of this master mind, leaving him victor in every contest in which he chose to be a combatant. England had seen such power concentrated in the hands of a single man before, but she had also witnessed the betrayal of that confidence which is the inalienable associate of power. Did William Pitt betray that confidence? We have seen that he scorned to touch illegal wealth; we have seen that his integrity laid him open to the displeasure even of the king he served. Thus he proved his ability to withstand the temptations to which great men are exposed, and before which a less honest mind would not stand an hour.

His enemies had charged his plans as projects of the national disaster. Let the voice of history decide between him and his accusers. The victories of Rossbach and Minden testify to the falsehood of the charge. The French navy was ruined at Quiberon. The victory of Plassey brought the vast Indian Empire into the ever widening circle of the British domain. The capture of Quebec and Louisburg brought Canada into that

relationship with the British flag and with liberty, which is a source of gratification to every loyal Canadian heart. True, this period also marks the severance of the American colonies from the motherland, but his very last breath was drawn in a protest against the causes which made that severance unavoidable. And just as time has approved of Pitt's judgment in this case, so has it approved of his attitude toward almost all the greater purposes for which he struggled, and thus even we are indebted to the Earl of Chatham, not only for our country and our home, but also for many of the privileges of citizenship whose realization began with him.

We have seen that William Pitt assumed the leadership of the English people when they were harassed by difficulty, and were on the verge of a veritable sea of peril; we have seen that under his leadership the English people, bearing the ark of England's constitutional liberties, passed dryshod through its waters, and let it be the petition of every heart that is loyal to the cause of humanity that, in a nation of gallant men, in every crisis, there may not be found wanting a worthy successor to the Earl of Chatham.

A. W. Vining, '98.

Editorial Notes.

We are glad to announce that Professor Willmott of our University is about to publish a small volume on "The Mineral Wealth of Canada." Professor Willmott is well qualified to write on such a subject, and we are certain that it will be a worthy contribution to Canadian scientific literature. The work is designed as a guide for those desirous of knowing something of the mineral resources of the Dominion. It is written, as far as possible, in an untechnical way, so that it will be easily understood by the general reader. At the same time numerous references to more detailed works will make it a useful guide to those seeking fuller information. The origin, occurrence and uses of the various minerals are clearly stated. Tables are given showing the mineral production and importations, and comparing Canada with other nations. The work is very opportune and should prove valuable to teachers of chemistry and geography and to all interested in the resources of this country.

Dr. Rand has been requested by the Board of Governors to represent McMaster University at the Royal Society and the Cabot Celebration at Halifax on the 21st, 26th of June. Among the distinguished men gathered together on that occasion McMaster University will be worthily represented in the person of our beloved colleague. On the 18th of June, Dr. Rand will deliver the annual address to the members of the Provincial Normal School at Truro, N.S. The members of the Faculty and students trust that the summer spent at Minas Basin may not only renew his strength and vigour but also bring forth a rich fruitage of song.

The Monthly extends its congratulations to James Edward Wells, editor of the *Canadian Baptist*, on the academic recognition, somewhat tardy though it be, of his cultured abilities and their eminent devotion to the betterment of men and the progress of truth. It was altogether fitting that the honorary degree LL.D, should be conferred on one who for seventeen years was the trusted coadjutor of Dr. Fyfe in our educational work at Woodstock, and whose subsequent labors have been eminent and abundant in all noble service, not the least of which has been his admirable and loving biography of Dr. Fyfe. Dr. Wells' full scholarship, keen analytical power and sanity of thought, wide experience in many departments of public journalism, sympathy with Christian education in its highest forms, liberal spirit, love of truth, and uplifting horizons, have been and are large factors in furthering the dominion of applied truth in all the departments of life. It

was a fitting and pleasing thing that Dr. Rand, his college classmate and life-long friend, and who was the medium of conferring the first degrees of McMaster university, should introduce Mr. Wells for the receipt of the first LL.D., granted by the University. We trust Dr. Wells may long be spared to the high calling to which his laborious life has been so successfully given. We doubt not that the exercise of its function in behalf of this degree is an indication that McMaster will ever "exercise its plenary degree conferring authority, at once with becoming prudence and a courage worthy of its own self-respect."

Our congratulations are not less hearty to Rev. Thomas Trotter, President-elect of Acadia University, on the mark of confidence and esteem conveyed in the academic D.D., so fittingly bestowed. We have already in this department expressed our interest in the work upon which Dr. Trotter is about to enter. His successful pastorate at Wolfville has been a unique introduction to it. In view of its record and obligations Acadia has pre-eminent claims upon the best life she can command, and we can believe that Dr. Trotter has never given himself to a service of greater needs and possibilities. His warm spirit, clear outlook, sound judgment, downright belief in Christian education, and eminent teaching and scholarly qualification, cannot fail to awaken a wide response in Acadia's constituency to his proposals for a forward movement. May he see the richest fruition of his plans for the strengthening, and development of Acadia after the highest ideals:

> "Not truth for truth's own sake, as tense we cope
> With life, but rather truth for love's own sake,
> Calls forth heaven's plaudit round the girdled earth."

We owe an apology to our readers for the tardy appearance of this number. This year we shall publish an October instead of a June number, and we therefore held the May number over to receive reports of Woodstock and Moulton closing exercises.

Here and There.

A. M. Overholt, Editor.

Excited Theolog at the tea table—
"There are heights in that subject that you cannot fathom!"

Fraulein von Possanner, who has the honor of being the first woman to receive a doctor's degree at the University of Vienna, is thirty-seven years old, and had previously taken a degree at Zurich University.—*Ex.*

Denmark has a distinguished Nansen as well as Norway. A banquet was recently given in Berlin to the Danish poet Peter Nansen, whose love poems and stories—especially "Julia's Diary"—have won him many admirers in Germany.—*Ex.*

When the poet Wordsworth died, an old lady at Ambleside lost no time in telling the mournful news to an old and confidential man servant. "Ey! ey!" quoth Thomas "It's a gret loss, nae doot. But efter a' it may not be sic a parlish loss as ye're countin' on. Mrs. Wordsworth, they say, is a gey, clever body, and she'll be carryin' on t' business, we may be sewer."—*Household Words.*

An Interpretation.—"I wonder," said Mrs. Cumrox thoughtfully, "what that nice, old-fashioned lady means by putting 'P. P. C.' on her card." "That means she is going away," replied her daughter. "Oh, I see, and she wants us to know that she is going to travel in a Pullman palace car.—*Washington Star.*

The descent of genius from father to daughter is illustrated in the following item of university news: Since Miss Helen Gladstone retired from the first vice-principalship of Newnham College, in order to be with her parents during their declining years, the post has been filled by the appointment of Miss Katherine Stephen, daughter of the late Sir James Stephen. Miss Stephen's promotion to Sedgwick Hall makes room for Miss B. A. Clough, younger daughter of Arthur Hugh Clough, who succeeds as head of Clough Hall.

In Prof. Skeat's "A Student's Pastime," the origin of a famous phrase is thus given: "Sweetness and light" is a meaningless expression unless we know the context. It may, therefore, be useful to give it. In Swift's "Battle of the Books," there is a dispute between a spider and a bee. Afterwards Æsop takes up the cause of ancient authors, whom he likens to bees, and says that "instead of dirt and poison (such as are collected by modern authors or spiders) we have rather chose to fill our hives with *honey* and *wax*, thus furnishing mankind with two noblest of things, which are *sweetness* and *light*."—*New York Post.*

College News.

L. Brown, B.A. Miss E. Whiteside, '98.

W. B. Tighe, '99.

Editors.

Mr. S. T. Foster, B.A., shares the deep sympathy of all the students of the University, upon the loss by death of his father, who was laid to rest on Friday afternoon, April 30th.

Mr. F. T. Tapscott, B.A., who leaves soon for Rat Portage, Manitoba, there to engage in missionary work, carries with him the best wishes of his classmates and friends. The large success which has attended his work in other mining districts, is a sure augury for his success in this important mining centre.

The students of the University and especially the members of '97 Arts were glad to welcome back J. A. Tiller, B.A., president of '97, who has been laid aside from active work because of severe illness. As he goes to the far West we wish him every blessing, and hope that he may return recuperated in health for the completion of his course in theology.

Mr. McLay delivered a lecture before the Ladies' Reading Club, in Woodstock, on Saturday, April 17th. A large and appreciative audience of the members of the club and their friends was present. The *Sentinel-Review* gave a very interesting report of the lecture, and had much to say of Mr. McLay's ability as an interpreter of Robert Browning.

The fact that G. H. Murdoch, B.A., was unable to be present at the graduation exercises to receive his degree was a matter of deep regret on the part of students and professors alike. We are eager to hear of improvement in his severe illness. George was a great favorite with his class mates, a perfect gentleman, a lover of manly sports, a good student and a true friend.

The proposed departure for Bolivia, South America, of our brother A. B. Reekie, who lately graduated from the four years' theological course, is a matter which excites satisfaction on the part of the student body. Mr. Reekie has endeared himself to all. His kindliness of disposition, his love for truth, and his unselfish consecration to service have ever been an inspiration to his classmates and fellows. We are proud that one of our number should be called to take up such an important work. This distinct, unmistakable call from God is itself the highest testimony to the sterling worth of his character. Many of the students are interested in and supporters of this work, and with him go the best wishes, earnest prayers and deep personal love of his numerous friends in McMaster University.

Rev. Dr. F. H. Ellis, of Brooklyn, who preached for us such an able and practical sermon on Tuesday evening, the 11th inst., gave a few observations at our exercises on the evening of the 12th inst. that delighted and stimulated his hearers. The Dr. seems to have enjoyed his visit and he may rest assured that the students have highly appreciated his addresses.

A council was called in the Bloor St. Baptist Church to examine for ordination Messrs. A. B. Reekie and W. H. Wallace who have just graduated in the English theological course. They were examined for ordination on the afternoon of Thursday, the 13th inst., and formally installed in service in the evening. Rev. A. P. McDiarmid was chosen as moderator while Rev. J. R. Webb of Toronto Junction acted as clerk of the council. At the evening session Rev. Dr. Welton preached the ordination sermon with great acceptance.

The presence of Principal A. L. McCrimmon, B.A., at the Commencement Exercises was a matter of special interest to the Woodstock graduates. His address at the collation charmed the students and guests alike. The students of McMaster University desire to congratulate Mr. McCrimmon on his accession to office and the Senate upon being able to secure his efficient service. We believe he means to maintain her high record, and we feel confident that he will not only grace this high office but add fresh lustre to that honor.

Mr. S. R. Tarr, M.A., is to be congratulated on his late accession to the degree of Master in Arts. When a student here he was one of the brightest of '95. Since his graduation he has established a good reputation as teacher of mathematics in Woodstock College, and has succeeded well in reflecting honor upon his Alma Mater with his pen. His articles which have been appearing in various magazines have always been exceedingly interesting to the students of McMaster, and we rejoice in the success he has achieved in this direction and wish him well in the future.

The graduation of Rev. O. G. Langford, B.A., B.Th., was a matter for congratulation on the part of his numerous friends. Mr. Langford has been in course for a long time, and has done much work outside his studies proper that deserves mention. He is worthy of high commendation for the excellent service so zealously performed on the staff of the McMaster University Monthly. When the editing board were discouraged and ready to give up the work of publishing the magazine, he was hopeful and assumed at this critical juncture the difficult office of business manager. In the arduous task thus assumed he succeeded well, and the present financial success of The Monthly is largely due to the painstaking and self-sacrificing efforts of Messrs. O. G. Langford, C. J. Cameron and J. B. Paterson. Mr. Langford, too, has frequently enriched her pages by contributions of his pen which shows no little amount of true poetic fire. His services as editor of "Here and There" and finally as secretary of the board of editors were also acceptably rendered.

Graduating Dinner.—The annual dinner given to the graduating classes in Arts and Theology by the members of the classes of '98, on the evening of Tuesday, the 11th ult., was in every way a great success. The dinner, as usual, was up to the high standard set by our excellent Steward and Stewardess. The presence of the ladies of the University, together with the Chancellor and several of the professors with their wives, added dignity and pleasure to the occasion. Mr. A. W. Vining, '98, presided, and with his happy wit and grace in public speech, lent much to the enjoyment of the hour. The first toast, "The Faculty," was ably proposed by G. Menge, B.A. During the course of his remarks, he paid many tributes to the professors, of which they are well worthy. In response to this eloquent toast, Chancellor Wallace, in well chosen words, expressed his appreciation of the many kind words spoken by Mr. Menge on behalf of the students.

Mr. W. W. Charters followed with a toast to the graduating class in Arts. He had many words of praise for the members of this class. This toast was fittingly responded to by Mr. H. N. McKechnie, B.A., who spoke of the many benefits the graduates had received from the institution, and expressed their loyalty to their *Alma Mater*, whom they had come to prize more and more as the years had gone by.

Rev. T. F. Webb, on behalf of '98 (Theology), proposed a toast to the graduates in Theology. In a very happy way he referred to the many merits of the class he so heartily toasted, and wished them all success in the life-work to which they were going. Mr. A. B. Reekie gave an able reply, which was much appreciated.

Mr. W. B. H. Teakles, '98, in a very complimentary speech, heartily toasted the Ladies, for whom he said the gentlemen had the highest esteem, though for some of the students he thought a stronger expression might be fitting. Miss M. D. Eby, M.A., in a very interesting manner, returned the compliment and spoke of the kindly way the ladies had been ever treated by the gentlemen members of the University.

During the programme in the afternoon, Mr. W. S. McAlpine, B.A., B.Th., was presented with a beautiful guitar as a token of the deep respect the students have for him, and in recognition of the invaluable musical services he has given the University throughout his course. The address was read by Mr. H. B. Tapscott, B.A., and the presentation was made by Mr. I. G. Matthews, B.A. Mr. McAlpine, in reply, spoke of his joy in thus serving, thanked the students heartily for the gift and reminded them that, as his fingers passed over the strings, producing the rich harmonies of which such an instrument was surely capable, he would ever be reminded of the joy and sweetness of their fellowship together. With the singing of Auld Lang Syne, the meeting adjourned.

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

The annual Commencement Exercises in connection with our University were held on May 10th, 11th and 12th, and were eminently successful. The various meetings were largely attended by members of

the denomination and others, an evidence, if any were needed, of the widespread sympathy that exists for the University and its work. The greatest enthusiasm prevailed throughout the exercises, and they were in every way a fitting *finale* to the year's work. With regard to the latter the year just closing has been a notable one. The health of both professors and students has been uniformly good, certainly a cause for special thankfulness. The number of students has been considerably larger than last year, and the graduating class in Arts of 1897 is the largest class yet graduated from McMaster. It numbered twenty-five—a number unprecedented in Canadian universities at a similar stage of existence. It may be well to observe that the number of candidates for the teaching profession is increasing. Our young people are discovering that the course of training in McMaster is specially adapted to prepare them for the important work of that profession. During the year the spiritual interests of the College have been in no wise forgotten. An earnest, manly Christian spirit has pervaded the school, and has, we are certain, left its influence upon all. This has not been confined to theological students alone, but has been manifested by all classes. It is matter for great thankfulness to God that at least ninety-six per cent. of the students are Christians, a fact that speaks volumes for the influence that McMaster must surely exert in the near future. Speaking generally, it is not too much to say that all interested in the University have every reason to be gratified with the work and spirit of the past year.

THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

The first meeting of the series was the third annual public meeting of the Alumni Association. For the first time in the history of the University this meeting was held in McMaster Hall, and the innovation, besides being in accord with the eternal fitness of things, proved so successful that the experiment will certainly be repeated in future years. In the absence of the President, Rev. W. M. Walker, B.A., of London, the chair was acceptably filled by the 2nd Vice-President, Rev. Dr. Hooper, of the Beverley St. Baptist Church. The programme consisted of an address on "The Search for Truth," by Rev. L. S. Hughson, B. D., of Lindsay; a paper on "What an Alumnus Can Do for the University," by Linus Woolverton, Esq, M A., of Grimsby; a paper on "What an Alumna Can Do for the University," by Miss Eliza P. Wells, B.A.; a recitation, "A Dream of Fair Women," by Miss Gertrude Trotter, who gave a finely sympathetic rendition of Tennyson's beautiful poem, and selections by the University orchestra and University quartette, under the leadership of Mr. McAlpine. Mr. Hughson's address was a masterly treatment of a great subject. He emphasized the imperative necessity of going "back to Christ" in our study of nature, our study of man, and our study of the Bible. All pursuit of truth that takes no account of Christ, or that fails to find Him as the centre of all things, cosmological, sociological, or theological, will lamentably fail of the highest and truest achievement. Mr. Woolverton and Miss Wells urged alumni to be loyal to their Alma Mater, to speak well of her, to recommend her to men not only by word of mouth but more especially by useful Christian service.

At the close of the public service the annual business meeting was held. It was announced that Messrs. Woolverton and Hughson had been elected to represent the graduates in Arts and Theology, respectively, upon the Senate of the University. The election of officers resulted as follows: President, J. H. Farmer, B.A.; 1st Vice-President, Miss E. P. Wells, B.A.; 2nd Vice-President, Rev. S. S. Bates, B.A.; 3rd Vice-President, Frank Sanderson, M.A., Hamilton; 4th Vice-President, Miss M. E. Dryden, B.A, Brooklin; Secretary-Treasurer, W. S. W. McLay, B.A.; Cor.-Sec'y, W. P. Cohoe, B.A.

DELIVERY OF ESSAYS.

The public delivery of essays by members of the graduating classes took place in the school-room of the Walmer Road Church on the afternoon of Tuesday. The University Glee Club sang a couple of splendid selections, and Mr. McAlpine sang "For He shall give His Angels charge over thee" with excellent effect. The following essays were presented: "The Longest Reign in British History," John Frederick Vichert, (Arts); "Socrates and His Mission," Frederick T. Tapscott, (Arts); "Tennyson's Use of Nature," Mary Eliza Burnette, (Arts); "The Predictive Element in Prophecy," David Wilson Terry, B.A., (Theology); "The Social Obligations Involved in Church Fellowship," Onesimus George Langford, B.A., (Theology.") All of these were worthy of the University, and a credit to the writers.

THE BACCALAUREATE SERMON.

The spacious audience-room of the Walmer Road Church was completely filled on Tuesday evening to hear Dr. Frank M. Ellis, of Brooklyn, deliver the Baccalaureate sermon, and we have no hesitation in affirming that every one was edified by the inspiring message he bore. Dr. Ellis impressed all as being in spirit in the fullest sympathy with the ideals of McMaster. He seemed to feel that the occasion demanded a message of truth, and the great earnestness and eloquence and conviction with which he spoke made a profound impression upon all. The exercises of the evening were opened by a splendidly rendered anthem by the choir of Jarvis St. Baptist Church, after which Rev. John Craig, of India, read a portion of Scripture, and Rev. R. R. McKay, of Woodstock, invoked the Divine blessing. Dr. Ellis was then introduced by Chancellor Wallace. He took as his text the words: "Let not your hearts be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me," and for three-quarters of an hour held the unflagging attention of the large audience. At the conclusion of the sermon, Chancellor Wallace announced that Mr. A. L. McCrimmon had been appointed Principal of Woodstock College; that Mr. J. W. Russell, B.A, had been appointed Science Master in the same school, and that Mr. A. S. Vogt had been appointed Musical Director of Moulton College. All of these announcements were received with applause. On behalf of the University, we take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Vogt and his choir from Jarvis St. Baptist Church for the rich musical treat their service of song afforded the audience. Their magnificent rendition of the "Inflammatus" from Ros-

sini's "Stabat Mater," the difficult solo parts of which were taken with thrilling effect by Miss Dora McMurtry, will linger long in the memory of all present.

THE COLLATION.

The annual collation held in the School-room of the Walmer Road Baptist Church, at 4 p.m. the 12th inst., was, as usual, a great success. The number of guests would, doubtless, have been larger than preceding years had the weather been more favorable, but notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather the school hall was well filled with guests from all parts of the Province, together with many of distinguished reputation from afar. Hon. John Dryden, who presided at the dinner, proposed the first toast of the afternoon, "Our Queen." He took the opportunity upon this occasion to refer to the coming Jubilee celebration, and set forth many reasons why the long reign of Her Majesty should be so honored.

J. S. Buchan, Esq., Montreal, in proposing the toast of "Our Guests," spoke of the increased facilities of Higher Education under the reign of our gracious Queen, and pointed out some special dangers that must be guarded against at this present time in educational thought.

Dr. Caven, of Knox College, in reply to the toast, spoke in complimentary terms of McMaster University. He dwelt upon the supreme importance of higher education to the stability of our national life, and considered that Canada might justly be proud of her high standard. The aim of all true educators in Canada, said Dr. Caven, should be to make the educational advantages of our higher schools of learning come within the reach not only of the so-called professional class of our citizens, but also to yield its gracious contribution to the farming class of our young country who are such an important factor in our national life. He rejoiced in the large place the education of women was assuming in our province, and found in this a most significant indication of true progress. The Presbyterian body, which he represented, joined hands with the Baptist brethren in laying emphasis on higher education, and rejoiced in their successful efforts in this great work. He also rejoiced that they were one in loyalty to the Bible as God's revealed word, increasing interest in missionary work, and the necessity of proper Sabbath observance, which he regarded a religious as well as a humanitarian duty.

Dr. Thomas followed by proposing the toast of "Our University." The Doctor, in his usual graceful and eloquent style, did due honor to McMaster University. He dwelt upon certain reasons why he was prepared heartily to propose this toast. His intimate connection with the founder of the institution and the deep interest his church had taken in the work since its inception furnished ample reasons for the deep personal interest he had for the work undertaken and being so well performed by the institution.

Mr. McCrimmon, principal of Woodstock College, responded on behalf of the institution he so ably represents. In an eloquent address he expressed his gratitude for the kind word spoken concerning Woodstock College and set forth the aims and ideals of the College.

D. E. Thompson, Esq., Q.C., on behalf of the Board of Governors paid a warm compliment to Chancellor Wallace for his able management of the work under his charge, and stated the advantages and disadvantages of the system of education undertaken in McMaster. He sought to show how intimately connected with the educational work of the denomination were the graduates of McMaster and what a large place they were destined to fill in its control in the near future.

Rev. S. S. Bates responded in a strong speech on behalf of the alumni.

Miss Dicklow, principal of Moulton Ladies' College, spoke of Moulton's ideals and rejoiced that she could speak of them with confidence. She looked forward to the day, and trusted to have some part in its glad appearing, which would make Moulton College the best on the continent of America.

Mrs. J. T. Marshall on behalf of the ladies spoke forcibly and well. She called attention to what their course here had done for them. It had taught them to live in the true sense, to love in the broad sense, and labor in earnest for the uplifting of humanity.

Prof. Willmott on behalf of the Faculty spoke a few parting words to the graduates. In well chosen language he expressed their appreciation of those who were leaving them. He wished them well and hoped that they would ever reflect honor upon their Alma Mater.

Mr. T. N. Richie on behalf of the graduates in Arts and Mr. W. S. McAlpine on behalf of the graduates in Theology spoke fittingly of the benefits they had received in the institution, the pride they had in her ideals, and their determination to honor her by consecrated service.

CONVOCATION.

This function attracted a larger attendance than any of the others, and was on the whole the most brilliant and interesting of all. Chancellor Wallace presided, and with him on the platform were Hon. A. S. Hardy, Premier of Ontario; Provost Welch, of Trinity University; Dr. Parkin, Principal of Upper Canada College; Dr. Ellis, Hon. John Dryden, J. E. Wells, Dr. Rand, the Faculty of the University, members of the Senate and Board of Governors, and a large number of graduates.

The following degrees were conferred and diplomas presented: Honorary LL.D.—James Edward Wells; D.D.—Thomas Trotter; Ad Eundem. B.A.—James Stuart Copland, John Edwin Davis, David Wilson Terry; In Course, B.A.—Enoch Wellington Brown, Mary Eliza Burnette, John Harvey Cameron, Andrew Graham Campbell, Edwin Porter Churchill, Minnie Dorothy Eby, Russell D. George, Joshua Isaac Manthorne, Julia Holmes Marshall, Isaac George Matthews, Peter George Mode, George Hayward Murdoch, Edith May McDermid, Hugh Neil MacKechnie, Arthur Milton Overholt, Walter James Pady, John James Patterson, Thomas Nairn Ritchie, George Henry Sneyd, Frederick T. Tapscot, Harry Byron Tapscot, William Richard Telford, James Albert Tiller, John Frederick Vichert, Mabel Frances Wolverton; M.A.—Minnie Dorothy Eby, James Bell Kennedy, Stambury

Ryrie Tarr; B.Th.—Onesimus George Langford, Walter Sym Scott McAlpine, Edgar Russell, David Wilson Terry; Diplomas, English Theological Course — Mesrob Baghdasarian, Archibald Brownlee Reekie, William Harris Wallace.

After the degrees had been conferred, Professor Farmer delivered a touching farewell address to the graduating class. He congratulated them upon the fact that God's providence had brought them safely to the goal towards which they had been striving, and expressed sympathy for those upon whom His afflicting hand had been laid. He further congratulated them upon the personal effort and self-denial their years of study had meant; upon the mental strength, the enlarged interest, the broadened outlook, the cultivated taste, and the higher and truer Christian conceptions of men and affairs they had obtained during their course. After reminding them of the opportunity and responsibility they had for proving or disproving McMaster's right to be, he exhorted them to be like Christ in a life of self-denial, and commended unto them the words of the sainted Yule and McGregor: "Live near to God," and "Cherish no motive that will not stand the test of the All-Manifesting Day."

Premier Hardy was introduced to the audience by Chancellor Wallace amid great applause. He spoke of his pleasure at being present, of his surprise at the marked success our University is making and of his pride that her reputation as an institution for high intellectual training and culture was fast spreading throughout this Dominion. His address was eloquent throughout and full of practical suggestion and sound sense.

The address by Principal Parkin, M.A., LL.D., of Upper Canada College, was a rare treat, and was enjoyed by all present. Dr. Parkin's speech was full of helpful suggestion—he spoke as a man of wide experience, high culture and deep conviction.

Dr. Rand in introducing Mr. J. E. Wells for the degree of LL.D. spoke fittingly of their early associations as classmates in Acadia University. He made mention of Mr. Wells' fame as a publicist, of his deep thought and high ideals of Christian education. The students desire to congratulate one so worthy of this high honor as Mr. Wells.

The presence of Provost Welsh of Trinity University at our annual Commencement lent interest to the occasion. The students remember the excellent address delivered by him last year, and shall hope to hear from him again at future Commencement Exercises.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

ELIZA P. WELLS, B.A., MARION CALVIN, EDITORS.

OUR closing prayer-meeting was led by Dr. Welton, whom we always enjoy hearing. The attendance was unusually large, and the meeting was one of unusual power and interest.

EVERY class having chosen its motto, colors and flower, quite a brilliant display may be expected on the evening of the Graduating Exercises, when the school will march into the audience-room, and will be seated by classes.

WE are looking forward to a large alumnæ re-union at closing. The officers of the Association have spared no pains to prepare a fine programme for this occasion, and report a large number of acceptances for the banquet on June 11th.

THE Botany Class has been indebted to Mr. Cohoe this spring for two very pleasant excursions to the woods, the first to Moore Park, and the second to the banks of the Humber. They found on both occasions a variety of flowers which they immediately analyzed, enjoying this summary method of disposing of them much more than they would have enjoyed carrying them home, to pore over in the class-room.

THE past month has been one of hard work in anticipation of examinations and closing exercises. Chorus practices, drills, and recitals of various kinds have occupied all our spare moments, and made the weeks pass so quickly that we can hardly realize that we are so near the close of another school year. Most of us—perhaps all—feel that it has been a very pleasant and profitable year; and many are hoping to return to Moulton in the Fall, in spite of our present weariness of lesson-books and all their associations.

CLOSING EXERCISES OF MOULTON COLLEGE.—The closing exercises of this College began on Sunday, June 6th, with the sermon to the Graduating Class. This was preached by Dr. F. L. Anderson, pastor of the Second Baptist Church, of Rochester, N. Y. The church was well filled, and the sermon was a most appropriate and helpful one from the text, "Take My yoke upon you." He divided his subject into three parts, and considered the yoke of Christ as bringing restraint, in that it kept the Christian in the right path of duty; as giving liberty, namely, the true freedom which comes with faith; and as giving communion with the Holy Spirit.

On Monday evening the usual musical entertainment was given in the school-room of the Bloor Street Church. The following programme was rendered in a manner which reflected the greatest credit upon the Music Faculty of the College, and also upon those who took part. A

pleasing feature of the evening was the presentation of two beautiful bouquets to Miss Smart, who is to be congratulated on the unvarying success with which she has conducted her chorus-class year after year.

Nicolai von Wilm (Duo for two Pianos) .. .. Waltz Op. 72
Misses Hattie Eckhardt and Agnes Nicholas.
Gerald Lane (Vocal) .. .. Life's Lullaby
Miss Lena Burke.
(*a*) Schumann .. .. Nachtstück
(*b*) Jensen .. .. Barcarolle
Miss Jennie A. Cutler.
Schütt .. .. Reverie in E♭
Miss Agnes Nicholas.
Brassin .. .. Nocturne
Miss Hattie Eckhardt.
Cantata .. .. "The Gitanella" .. .. Vincent Wallace.

On Tuesday evening the "Recital and Calisthenic Drills," under the direction of Miss Trotter, was held in the school-room of the church. This was a most enjoyable and successful affair, and Miss Trotter may reasonably be proud of the results achieved by her in so short a time. The audience was large and enthusiastic, and at the close of the entertainment Miss Trotter's many friends pressed forward to offer their congratulations upon its success. The programme was as follows :—

PART I.

Plain Wand Drill
Recitation .. .. .. "Fourteen to One" .. .. E. S. Phelps
Miss Tena Kerr.
Recitation .. .. .. "Mice at Play" .. .. .. Neil Forest
Miss Mabel Moule.
Dumb Bell Drill
Recitation .. .. "Divided" .. .. .. Jean Ingelow
Miss Olive Clemens.
Fancy March
Recitation .. .. "His Majesty the King" Rudyard Kipling
Miss Ethel Thomson.

PART II.

Wand Twist Drill
Recitation .. .. .. "Aux Italien" .. .. Bulwer Lytton
Miss Marion Calvin.
Recitation .. .. .. "The Fate of Peter" .. J. W. Tompkins
Miss Meta Ryrie.
Pantomime .. "The Blind Girl of Castèl Cuillè" .. Longfellow
(With Illustrative Reading.)
Poseés Plastique
The Graduating Class.

Wednesday was Alumnæ Day, and in spite of the unfavorable weather there was a good attendance of former graduates at the business meeting in the morning, and at the Alumnæ Banquet in the evening. As a full account of this will be found in another column, suffice it to say that it was a well-managed and thoroughly delightful affair, which will make another pleasant memory of Moulton for all who were present.

The Graduation exercises were held on Thursday evening. The programme was as follows :

Invocation
Rev. W. W. Weekes.

Piano . . . . . Moment Musicale, No. 2 . . . . Moszkouski
Miss Jennie A. Cutler.

Essay . . . . . Respice Finem . . . . . .
Grace Evelyn Boggs.

Essay . . . . . Eyes and no Eyes . . . . . .
Winifred S. Thomson.

Vocal Trio . . . . "Lift Thine Eyes" (Elijah) . . Mendelssohn
Misses Smart, Burke, Hoffman.

Essay . . . . . The Empire of Silence . . . .
Marion Calvin.

Essay . . . . . Ideals . . . . . .
Olive Mae Clemens.

Soprano Solo . . . . "O Redeemer Divine" . . . . Gounoud
Miss Smart.

'Cello Obligato—Mr. Hahn. Accompanists—Mr. Coles, Organ.
Miss Helmer, Piano

Address to the Graduates
The Principal.

Presentation of Diplomas
The Chancellor.

Awarding of Prizes

College Song
"God Save the Queen."

The church had been beautifully decorated by the young ladies of the Third Year, with plants and flowers, and the colors of the Senior Class, yellow and white. The class Motto, "*Carpe Diem*," stood out clearly among the mingled colors. The seats reserved for the students of the College were tied with the colors of the various classes, and each class in the procession of white-robed girls was preceded by a girl usher to untie the dainty streamers.

After Miss Dicklow and Chancellor Wallace had taken their places on the platform, the pupils took their seats and the proceedings began. The music was good, and enthusiastically received. Miss Cutler, the only graduate in music this year, played with taste and skill, and Miss Smart was in excellent voice, rendering her solo with great expression, while Mr. Hahn's cello obligato was the perfection of an accompaniment. The essays delivered by the graduates were pronounced by competent critics above the average, and were without exception, well and clearly read, while it is almost unnecessary to add, that the readers were very charming in their simple white gowns.

Miss Dicklow's address to the graduates was brief and to the point, her text being the Class Motto, "Seize the Opportunity." She impressed upon them the necessity of making the most of their lives, not for themselves, but for the good of those around them, and expressed the hope, that each one would choose the better part, and strive to live an earnest and a helpful, rather than a frivolous and selfish life.

The presentation of diplomas was as follows: To Misses Calvin, Clemens and Boggs, for completion of the Matriculation Course; to

Miss Conger, for the English Scientific Course, to Miss Winifred Thomson, for the Modern Language Course, and to Miss Jennie Cutler, for the Music Course.

The prizes were awarded amid great applause, every one having been the object of steady and faithful work, and of no little friendly rivalry during the year. The honors of the Senior Class were carried off by Miss Calvin, who received the prize of $25 bestowed by Miss Dicklow. The Alumnæ prize, for the Third Year, of $10 in books, was awarded to Miss Edith Davis. Mrs. A. R. McMaster's prize of $10 in cash, established for the Second Year, was awarded to Miss Belle Harrison; and for the highest standing in History and English in the First Year, a set of George Eliot, the gift of Mr. D. E. Thomson, fell to the lot of Miss Lena Burke. Two prizes in music presented by Mr. Suckling, completed the list, the first, for instrumental work, being awarded to Miss Cutler, and the second, for vocal, to Miss Lena Burke. The Chancellor expressed the hope that another year a prize would be established in the Preparatory Department, which was without any such incentive to work. Later in the evening, the friends who gathered at the College after the exercises, were much pleased to hear that Hon. Mr. Harty, M.P.P., had offered a prize of $5 to be awarded this year to the pupil in the Preparatory Department who had done the best work. Amid great applause, the Chancellor announced that it would fall to the lot of Miss Mary Craig.

The following pupils received honorable mention for their excellent work and high standing during the year: In the Fourth Year, Olive Mae Clemens; in the Second, Nora Alice Shenston; in the First, Margaret Stenhouse and Emma Fox.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

S. R. Tarr, B.A., F. H. Phipps, Editors.

The closing exercises of Woodstock College were held on Wednesday, June 2nd. The seating capacity of the chapel, beautifully decorated for the occasion, was taxed to its utmost. After invocation by Rev. R. R. McKay, B.A., the following programme was rendered: —Music, College Quartette; competition in public speaking; clarionet solo, Lester Riggs; reading of prize essay, W. E. Bowyer; presentation of medals, scholarships and prizes; valedictory, F. H. Phipps; music, selected; presentation of diplomas, by Chancellor Wallace; Principal's address to the graduating class.

The competition in oratory formed a most interesting feature of the programme. Mr. Alexander's address on moral courage was a forceful and inspiring one. Mr. Gazley, the winner, spoke pleasingly and practically upon "The Way to Success." Mr. Bowyer's essay on music showed very considerable literary ability, as well as an appreciative grasp of the significance and purpose of his favorite art. The

valedictory by Mr. Phipps was considered by all as one of the best of the many similar farewells which have been spoken in the old halls. The Principal's address, eloquent as it was earnest, formed a fitting close to the formal programme. The Chancellor of the University referred briefly to the late Principal Bates, whose noble work his successor, Mr. A. L. McCrimmon, M.A., has so ably carried on. The prize-winners and graduates are given below :—

Governor-General's medal—S. H. Arkell. Fourth year—Hiram Calvin Scholarship—H. B. Coumans. Wm. Davies prize—R. E. Guyatt. Third year—S. J. Moore Scholarship—H. McDiarmid and V. A. Ray. Dr. McLay prize—G. Thomas. Second year—D. W. Karn Scholarship—W. C. Pearce. First year—Rev. Dr. Thomas prize —S. J. Moore. Special prizes—Miss Jeanie Hendrie prize in drawing —C. B. Fraser. Mrs. Joseph Codville prize in essay writing—W. E. Bowyer. J. J. McNeill prize in public speaking—A. Gazley. Bartlette gold medal in manual training—V. A. Ray. M. S. Clark silver medal in manual training—E. Scarlett.

Graduating class—Herbert Arkell, Teeswater; Frederick Armstrong, Rangoon, Burmah ; William Bowyer, Woodstock ; Homer Brown, Woodstock ; Hiram Coumans, Lockport, N.S. ; Horace Elliott, New Sarum ; Albert Gazley, Barrie ; Richard Guyatt, Binbrook ; Lewis Kipp, Gobles ; Wilson P. McDonald, Toronto ; Frank Phipps, Fullarton ; Donald White, Woodstock ; Fred. Wellwood, Wingham.

Refreshments were served in the dining-hall at the close of the afternoon meeting. At 8 o'clock the annual Alumni exercises were held in the chapel. The very large audience which listened to the excellent programme of the evening included many former students of the institution. As at the earlier meeting, a large number of visitors were seated with the Faculty upon the platform. Among these were Chancellor Wallace, Prof. M. S. Clark, D. W. Karn, Dr. Bartlette, Wm. Carlyle, P.S.I., J. W. Russell, B.A., Revs. Cowsert, W. J. McKay, R. R. McKay and Roberts. The evening meeting was opened with prayer by Chancellor Wallace, after which there was rendered the following programme :—Piano solo, Leo Riggs ; President's address, Rev. W. H. Cline ; vocal solo, Wm. Bowyer ; paper, "Joel Chandler Harris and Plantation Folklore," Mrs. Geo. Sale ; selection, College Quartette ; recitation, F. E. Brophy ; vocal solo, Miss Edith Johnson ; address, "The Longest Reign in British History," John Vichert ; clarionet solo, Lester Riggs.

The annual business session of the Alumni Association was held after the public meeting The following officers were elected for the ensuing year :—President, Rev. C. C. McLaurin ; 1st Vice-President, Miss Carrie Holtby ; 2nd Vice-President, Mr. S. E. Grigg ; Treasurer, Mr. N. S. McKechnie ; Secretary, Mr. D. K. Clarke.

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